THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Garet Garrett—Isaac F. Marcosson—Samuel G. Blythe—Hal G. Evarts
John Taintor Foote—Samuel Hopkins Adams—Ben Ames Williams

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"STARTING THE NEW YEAR RIGHT"

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Knotted cords and loops—"frogs," we call them now—and ribbons were used to fasten clothing long before buttons. Until the fifteenth century, button-like knobs or discs were used solely for ornament. Curiously and beautifully wrought in ivory and precious metals, they enriched the garments of the nobility.

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Your Adler Collegian dealer has smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY
Milwaukee

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THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

Hart Schaffner & Marx overcoats they look expensive —they're economical

They "look it" because they ARE fine; nothing but the best woolens, style and tailoring go into them They're economical because they wear so long

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THE PUBLIC DEBT MANIA

By Garet Garrett

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IF THE Mississippi River were suddenly to change its mind, turn eastward and deliver itself into Chesapeake Bay, a very large pattern of human affairs would be deeply altered. This does not require to be argued. You admit it as a self-evident hypothetical fact. Well, but a sudden change in the course of another kind of stream, which we may call a billion dollars of capital annually, would in time produce phenomena no less radical.

That has occurred. Yet the imagination is not stirred. Why? Because it is a thing that cannot be visualized as a single physical event. The evidence is scattered in a thousand places. The consequences are unexpected. They touch the pride and shape of cities, the destinies of those who increasingly live in cities, the vital conditions of agriculture, the cost of food, the fate of private enterprise, public morality and the nature of government. They somewhat cause that frightful creaking sound in the bearings of our railroad machine to grow worse instead of better. They act invisibly on our pocket nerves, in some instances pleasantly, in most instances very disagreeably. Everyone knows the disagreeable sensation perfectly. Few understand the cause of it. Take this one effect—it is perhaps of all of them the easiest to illustrate.

A Shifting Burden

SEVEN million persons in this country earn from twenty to two hundred dollars a week. Taking them all as one, their average is fifty dollars a week. And each year they have a composite conversation with the United States Government like this:

"What was your income last year?"

"Fifty dollars a week."

"How did you get it?"

"Earned it."

"Go over there and pay the Federal tax collector two hundred and sixty-three millions."

The sum increases each year. It is an alarming fact, not in itself but in relation to another fact. For there is another type of conversation held each year between the United States Government and a small but growing group of persons, and it goes like this:

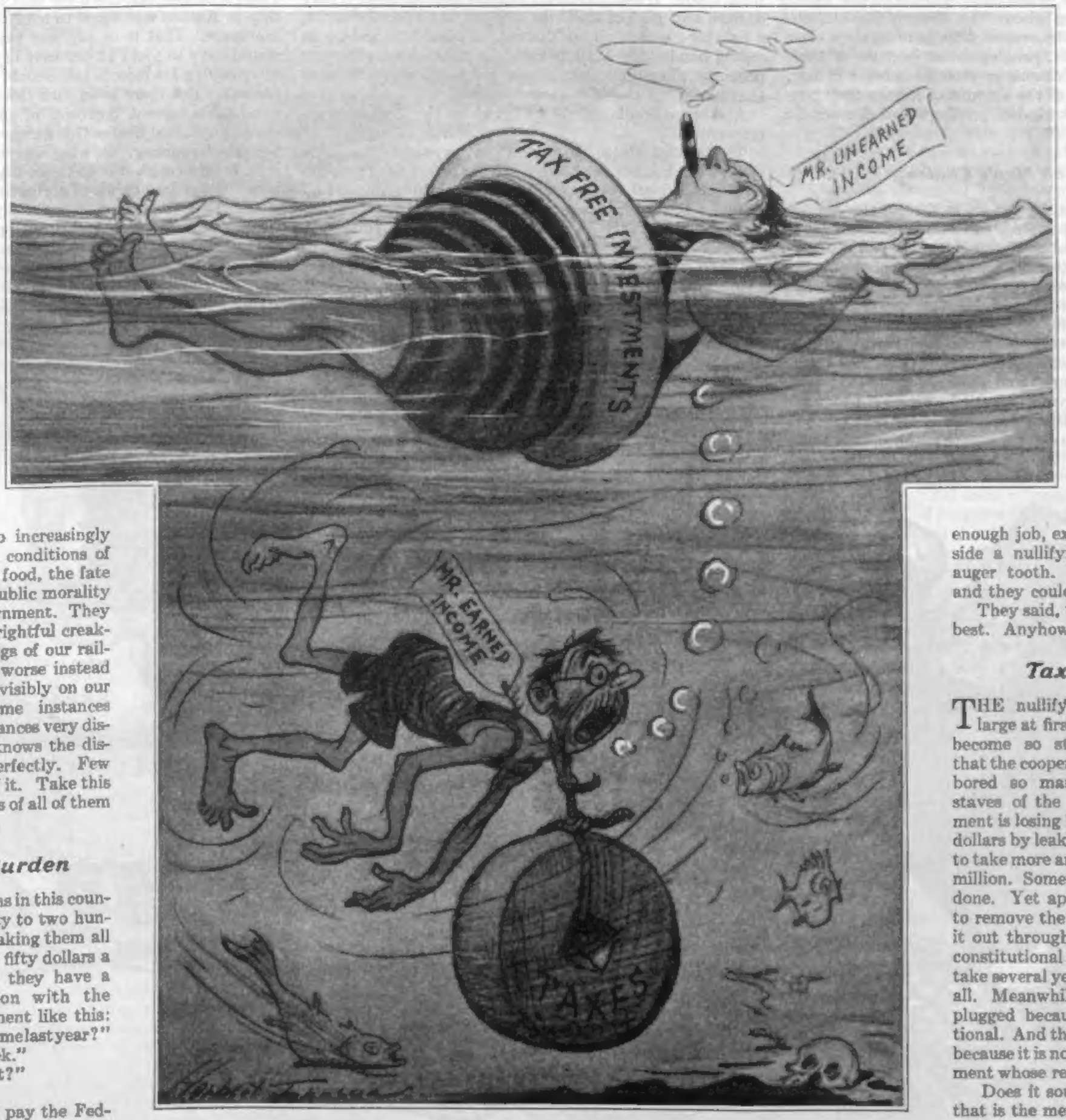
"What was your income last year?"

"A thousand dollars a week."

"How did you get it?"

"From bonds which under the Constitution of the United States cannot be taxed."

"The collector will pass you out. There is nothing to pay."



THE LIFE PRESERVER

What does it mean that the sum collected from the seven million is each year larger and that the number of persons having that pleasant second type of conversation steadily increases? It means that the burden of supporting the Federal Government is quietly shifting from unearned to earned incomes. Statistically, it appears that the proportion of the income tax paid by those earning less than one hundred dollars a week increased in one year from 10 to more than 15 per cent of the total. That is what the Government is alarmed about. It is not at all as it was meant to be. What has happened?

When the journeymen coopers at Washington headed and hooped the income-tax law it was a good-enough job, except that they left inside a nullifying fact with a sharp auger tooth. The coopers knew it, and they could not help it.

They said, "We must hope for the best. Anyhow, it's Constitutional."

Tax Leakage

THE nullifying fact was not very large at first. But it grew. It has become so strong and industrious that the coopers stand aghast. It has bored so many holes through the staves of the law that the Government is losing hundreds of millions of dollars by leakage. That is why it has to take more and more from the seven million. Something will have to be done. Yet apparently the only way to remove the boring fact is to coax it out through the bung-hole with a constitutional amendment. That will take several years, if it can be done at all. Meanwhile the holes cannot be plugged because they are Constitutional. And the nullifying fact thrives because it is nourished by the Government whose revenues it lets away!

Does it sound preposterous? But that is the merest statement of it.

The real name of the nullifying fact is tax-exempt securities.

"Oh!" Precisely. In a tone of having been let down you said "Oh!"

In the whole length and breadth of that name there is not one shudder. Most of our economic horrors call themselves by tame, innoxious names, or hide their works in technical terminology, so that people shall not get excited about them until it is too late. They count on the probability that people will not attend to difficult facts—such facts as these: Each new hole bored in the income-tax law by tax-exempt securities makes it easier for those who are already very rich to stay that way and harder for everybody else to get rich at all. It is obvious, but who says so?

You would not call R. C. Leffingwell, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, an excitable man. At a hearing before the Ways and Means Committee of Congress on tax-exempt securities, he said:

"This country has been a land of opportunity, and today's rich men got to be rich when the money they saved was theirs and not the Government's. . . . By virtue of the exemptions awarded to the fortunes already existing you are confirming in their monopoly of the country's capital the rich men who got to be rich men before the war, and you are denying to the men who had not got there before the war the hope of ever getting there. You have taken away a very important stimulus to effort and you have created a sense of social wrong that is a very grave problem."

Each new hole bored in the Federal law by tax-exempt securities for the escape of the big taxpayer makes it necessary for the Government to take more from the average taxpayer—from the seven million—and the end of this cannot be indicated save by strong words.

You would not say that Edwin R. A. Seligman, professor of political economy at Columbia University, was a man who preferred the alarming word. Testifying before the same committee, he said:

"The issue of tax-exempt securities creates a class of nontaxable individuals. That constitutes the fundamental infraction of democratic justice in taxation. In France, under the ancient régime, the clergy were not taxed, the nobility were not taxed, the lawyers were not taxed. It was this series of class exemptions and privileges which finally helped to bring about the French Revolution. What we are doing at the present time is to create a class of privileged individuals, privileged not because of their theology, of their escutcheons or their knowledge of law, but privileged because of the amount of money they possess. That is the worst kind of privilege in a democratic community."

The Rich Man's Choice

EACH new hole bored by tax-exempt securities creates a prejudicial instance. At the same time and place E. A. Harriman, a member of the National Tax Association and of the Committee on Jurisprudence of the American Bar Association, said:

"The Wall Street Journal said the other day that a man with a fortune of $75,000,000 bragged that he had paid no income tax for several years. Now, the Wall Street Journal is not a radical sheet; but if you will take that same statement and put it in a radical newspaper, what effect does it produce? It produces the effect that there is a class of people in this country who are exempt from the duty to support the Government, and that to my mind is a very serious political consequence."

But what are tax-exempt securities?

The first issue of Liberty Bonds is tax free, and subsequent issues are partially exempt; but these exemptions will largely lapse this year. That is a closed chapter. The Federal Government is not now issuing bonds. Land-bank bonds, now issuing under the supervision of the Federal Government, are tax free. However, they were made so by act of Congress for the benefit of farmers, and Congress has the right to change its mind. This, therefore, is a controllable factor, not very serious yet, and tends only to confuse the problem.

The deluge of tax-free bonds is from states, cities, towns, boroughs, villages, townships, counties and minor political subdivisions upon which state legislatures confer the independent power to incur debt. The list of minor political subdivisions includes school districts, library districts, improvement districts, sanitary districts, irrigation districts, reclamation districts, lighting districts, boulevard districts, levee districts, sewer districts, highway and road districts, ditch districts, dike districts, slough districts, fire districts, special districts—districts for anything you like.

All these political subdivisions issue bonds independently of each other in their separate sovereign pleasure. Generally the constitution of a state imposes a limit upon the amount of money a city or town or county may borrow. That is not in the least embarrassing. When that limit is reached it is only necessary to create a new political subdivision. If a city is up to its limit as a borrower it may declare any part of itself an independent school district, a lighting district, a park district, or what not, and go on selling bonds—the same people, the same place, the same property altogether, but a new political entity to issue the bonds.

And these bonds cannot be taxed by the Federal Government!

The United States Supreme Court says so. The states cannot tax the bonds of the Federal Government; therefore, the Federal Government cannot tax bonds issued by or under the authority of the states.

This had been true for a long time. Never had it been otherwise. So long as the states and municipalities had to sell their bonds in fair competition with bonds of all other kinds, on their merits, there was no problem. Then came the Federal income tax. It was a new principle in our scheme of things, a graduated progressive tax on one's income, rising from 4 per cent on small incomes to as much as 73 per cent on incomes of $1,000,000 a year or more.

Now imagine yourself in this dilemma: You have an income of $1,000,000 a year from taxable bonds and mortgages. The Government suddenly steps in and demands that you hand over nearly three-quarters of it. It is the same as to lose three-quarters of your wealth by a visitation of Providence. Meanwhile there are certain bonds—namely, the bonds of states, cities, villages, counties, and so on—that are legally tax free. If your money were invested in bonds of that character the Government could not touch a penny of your income. It would all be tax free. What would you do? You may think you would be romantically patriotic and pay over to the Government each year three-quarters of your income as a duty of love, saying, "I am rich. I can afford to pay." Well, let that stand. You would. You are that exceptional person. But suppose, then, you had some new money to invest. On one hand are the taxable bonds of railroads and gilt-edged farm mortgages yielding 6 per cent, of which the Government will take 4½ per cent, leaving you only 1½ per cent net, and on the other hand are good 5 per cent municipal bonds the income of which would be all your own. The Government could not touch it. Which would you buy?

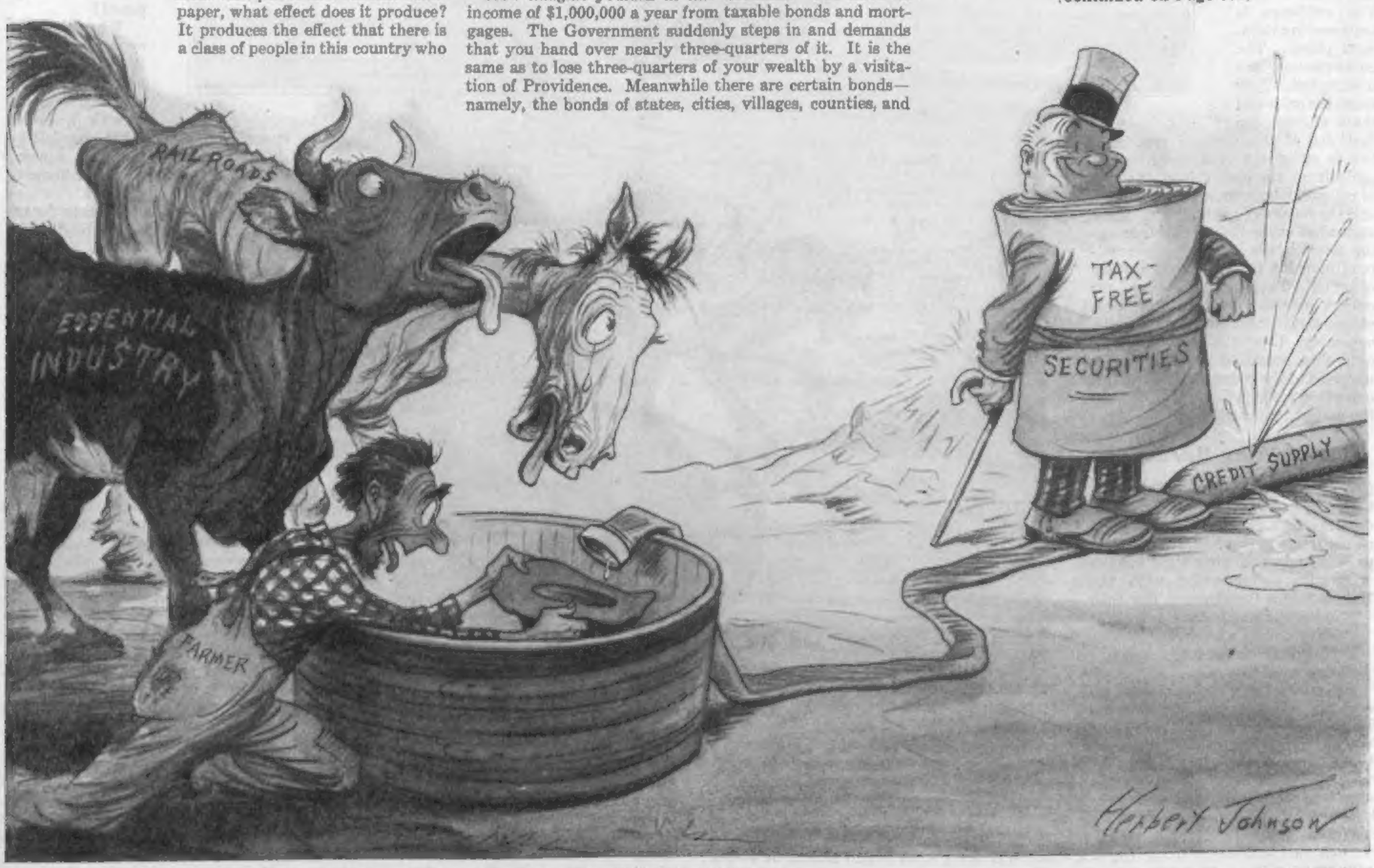
Never mind. You need not say. You have only to see what people generally, as people, would do. They would buy the tax-free bonds. At any rate, they have.

The Demand for Municipals

NO SOONER had the Federal income tax begun to take away the half or more of large incomes than banking houses everywhere began to issue tables showing the advantages of tax-exempt state and municipal bonds over every other kind of bond—even over Liberty Bonds. These tables became as familiar and as standard as calendars. They showed that for an investor with an income of $250,000 or more a year, subject to the high surtaxes of the Federal income tax, the 5 per cent tax-free bond of a township in Kansas was equal to a 12 per cent taxable bond or mortgage. That is to say, any taxable bond or mortgage would have to yield 12 per cent in order that the investor, after paying his income tax, should have 5 per cent left for himself. But there is no such thing as a good 12 per cent bond. No solvent borrower of capital, no business, not even the United States Government, can afford to pay 12 per cent for money. So what was the natural result? Rich investors, all with one impulse, began to put their money into the tax-free bonds of states and municipalities. The demand for them became suddenly enormous. And it is a law that demand will create supply.

Overnight, as it were, in a manner quite miraculous, the forty-eight states, thousands of cities, towns, boroughs, villages, counties and townships, to say nothing of an indeterminate number of minor political subdivisions called districts, find themselves standing at an open door. Not only is it easy for them to sell bonds. They are encouraged and solicited to do so. Their committees are met on the

(Continued on Page 109)



HAVE A HEART!

THE GREAT DEMOLISHER

By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE English have a commendable and patriotic custom of linking the present with the past by marking with tablets, inscriptions, monuments and similar memorabilia places where Englishmen said or did momentous things. As you walk through London you see these records and reminders. Here Newton lived. Here Thackeray wrote. Here Johnson talked. And so on, not only in London but all through England you find these memorials, these spurs to the recollection and admiration of the men who played a conspicuous part in the politics, the literature, the art, the science and the making and maintaining of the country.

So in future years the wayfarer in Newcastle should find on the walls of a certain public hall a tablet on which are inscribed these words: "In this hall, on Friday, November 10, 1922, the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, spoke these words: 'I am quite certain if this government is returned we shall be able to bring expenditure into some manageable shape and give some relief to the overburdened taxpayer'; thereby bringing about, at a later period, the downfall of the government of which he was a member."

The wayfarer in Newcastle will find that tablet on that hall if the future tablet placers are alert in and understanding of their obligations, because when the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer, or, as we would put it in the United States, Secretary of the Treasury, said that, he sealed the doom of the Bonar Law government just as certainly as he also helped to return it at the moment. The Right Honorable Baldwin, goaded to some statement about taxation by taxpayers, who are almost crushed under the imposts laid on them by the Lloyd George government, and consequent of the war, and the peace, both of which, as the taxpayers held it, were entirely up to the responsibility of Lloyd George, stepped out and made that pleasing but political promise. He was electioneering at the time, doing his bit to help return the newly formed government, of which he was a member, and thereby helped return it in a greater degree than any other speaker whatsoever. But, as the tablet should say if it is to be historically correct when it is placed in years to come, thereby also he helped destroy it. Indeed, thereby he did destroy it, as the future will prove.

Back to Tranquillity!

A GENERAL line of comment on the recent English general election has been that it resembled the American presidential election of 1920 in its demonstrations and results. That is true. The mistake of the comment is that the superficial aspect of it is considered rather than the basic aspect. The slogan of the Republicans in the United States in 1920 was "Back to normalcy." The slogan of the Conservatives in England in 1922 was "Back to tranquillity"; and the two slogans mean about the same thing. The people in the United States were harassed by disturbed conditions, which they laid at the door of the Democrats, and they turned the Democrats out. The people in England, Wales, Scotland and Ulster were harassed by disturbed conditions, and they revolted against Lloyd George's government, which they held responsible. So far the analogy is in order.

In fact, the battle cries are interchangeable. Normalcy means tranquillity and tranquillity means normalcy, and the meanings cover like a tent the whole range of political and governmental harassements. That, too, is what both the Republican politicans in the United States and the Conservative politicians in England meant the people to understand. The people did not accept the all-embracing, all-covering definition, as was discovered both in the United States and in England. They interpreted normalcy to mean reduced taxation in our country, and the Republicans, although they knew if they won they would be heirs to an impossible economic situation, assented to that definition. They promised to reduce taxes. They didn't and couldn't reduce taxes. Hence, the results of the elections in our country in 1922.

The Conservatives were in the same case. They had pushed out the boisterous and extravagant Lloyd George government, had taken over the control of the country, and they were before the people in an appeal for the vote of confidence that would enable them to carry on. In the earliest days of the campaign this same Chancellor of the Exchequer, Baldwin, had in a moment of unpolitic frankness told the economic truth about the Kingdom of England. He said: "I do not mean that this government, or any other government, can in any circumstances make such a reduction of expenditure in a moment that you are going to get its reflection in reduced taxation."

The campaign had not progressed very far before the Conservative managers discovered that, as we Americans would put it, the Right Honorable Baldwin had spilled the beans. They discovered, what the Republicans discovered in 1920 in the United States, that the only vital issue in their campaign was taxation. They tried desperately to shift interest to the Near East, to the Turkish affair, to general foreign relations, to Germany, to Russia—anywhere; but the English people were not taking any. The issue they had in mind was taxation, and the reduction thereof. What about that? If Bonar Law was supported by a majority in the House of Commons would that majority cut down taxes? That was the question, persistent, insistent, national. That was the underlying equation. That was what was in the mind of every voter, man and woman, either expressed or unexpressed. But there.

The One and Only Real Issue

THIS had been proved in another but most illuminating way at the borough elections. These had been held just about the time the general-election campaign began, and the results had been astonishing. Labor, which had had control of most of the borough councils, lost tremendously. Labor candidates were mowed down all along the line. Inquiry developed the fact that the reason for these local labor reverses was the protest of the people against various extravagances of expenditure by these borough councils, which meant, of course, increased local taxes and rates. The tax protesters got in their work in the boroughs. They slaughtered the Labor councilmen at the polls.

Wherefore, the Conservatives had to do something, say something; and Baldwin did it and said it. A few days before the campaign closed he was quite certain that something could and would be done to reduce taxation; and his side got in on that promise. Likewise, one of these days it will get out on that same promise.

Professional and practical politicians do not admit it, but the fact is that elections nowadays, both in our country and in England, have but one real issue. That issue is taxation. It is the custom of statesmen on both sides of the ocean, and of publicists, to multiply issues, and to try to fog the minds of the people with a variety of policies that in effect shall tend to prevent concentration on any single or vital point. One issue is not healthful for the politicians, and not complex enough for the publicists. Variety of policy and generality of promise are ordinarily the processes by which success is attained. Outwardly, in these days, the politicians and the publicists may seem to accomplish their object. At least, they work hard at it, and they apparently satisfy themselves that they have deluded the public.

Then comes the smash. They can't delude the people. They can't talk away, or explain away, or in any other manner cause to vanish the cruel, implacable, crushing burden of taxation that the course of war events and the even more expensive course of peace events have compelled them to lay on the people. The political Utopia, of course, would be a Utopia of no taxation. Also, that would be the popular Utopia, but both in the United States and in England that Utopia is even less than a dream. It is an illusion of the utmost fantasy. It is no good to tell an electorate that taxes are necessary. It is no good to point out that increased expenditure entails increased obligation on the impost payers. It is no good to present economic, political, patriotic or any other sort of arguments and justifications. They simply will not go down.

A taxless but remote future, or a lightly taxed future, holds out little compensation to the individual in England, say, who not only must pay six shillings in the pound to the income-tax collector but must pay rates, taxes and impost of every conceivable sort to the numerous and ubiquitous tax collectors of other designations. There is no theory about digging down in one's pocket and paying

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A WEDDING GIFT

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

GEORGE BALDWIN POTTER is a purist. That is to say, he either takes trout on a dry fly or he does not take them at all. He belongs to a number of fishing clubs, any member of which might acquire his neighbor's wife, beat his children or poison a dog and still cast a fly, in all serenity, upon club waters; but should he impale on a hook a lowly though succulent worm and immerse the creature in those same waters it would be better that he send in his resignation at once, sooner than face the shaken committee that would presently wait upon him.

George had become fixed in my mind as a bachelor. This, of course, was a mistake. I am continually forgetting that purists rush into marriage when approaching or having just passed the age of forty. The psychology of this is clear.

For twenty years, let us say, a purist's life is completely filled by his efforts to convert all reasonable men to his own particular method of taking trout. He thinks, for example, that a man should not concern himself with more than a dozen types of standard flies. The manner of presenting them is the main consideration. Take any one of these flies, then, and place it, by means of an eight-foot rod, a light, tapered line and a mist-colored leader of reasonable length, on fast water—if you want trout. Of course, if you want to listen to the birds and look at the scenery, fish the pools with a long line and an eight-foot leader. Why, it stands to reason that ——

The years go by as he explains these vital facts patiently, again and again, to Smith and Brown and Jones. One wet, cold spring, after fighting a muddy stream all day, he reëxplains for the better part of an evening and takes himself, somewhat wearily, upstairs. The damp chill of the room at whatever club he may be fishing is positively tomblike. He can hear the rain drumming on the roof and swishing against the windows. The water will be higher than ever tomorrow, he reflects, as he puts out the light and slides between the icy sheets. Steeped to the soul in cheerless dark, he recalls numbly that when he first met Smith and Brown and Jones they were fishing the pools with a long line. That was, let's see—fifteen—eighteen—twenty years ago. Then he must be forty. It isn't possible! Yes, it is a fact. It is also a fact that Smith and Brown and Jones are still fishing the pools with a long line.

In the first faint light of dawn he falls into an uneasy, muttering slumber. The dark hours between have been devoted to intense thought and a variety of wiggles which have not succeeded in keeping the bedclothes against his shoulder blades.

Some time within the next six months you will remember that you have forgotten to send him a wedding present.

George, therefore, having arrived at his fortieth birthday, announced his engagement shortly thereafter. Quite by chance I ran across his bride-to-be and himself a few days before the ceremony, and joined them at lunch. She was a blonde in the early twenties, with wide blue eyes and a typical rose-and-white complexion. A rushing, almost breathless account of herself, which she began almost the moment we were seated, was curious, I thought. It was as though she feared an interruption at any moment. I learned that she was an only child, born and reared in Greater New York; that her family had recently moved to New Rochelle; that she had been shopping madly for the past two weeks; that she was nearly dead, but that she had some adorable things.

At this point George informed me that they would spend their honeymoon at a certain fishing club in Maine. He then proceeded to describe the streams and lakes in that section at some length—during the rest of the luncheon, as a matter of fact. His fiancée, who had fallen into a wordless abstraction, only broke her silence with a vague murmur as we parted.

Owing to this meeting I did not forget to send a wedding present. I determined that my choice should please both George and his wife through the happy years to come.

If I had had George only to consider, I could have settled the business in two minutes at a sporting-goods store. Barred from these for obvious reasons, I spent a long day in a thoroughly exhausting search. Late in the afternoon I decided to abandon my hopeless task. I had made a tremendous effort and failed. I would simply buy a silver doodab and let it go at that.

As I staggered into a store with the above purpose in view, I passed a show case devoted to fine china, and halted as my eyes fell on a row of fish plates backed by artfully rumpled blue velvet. The plates proved to be hand painted. On each plate was one of the different varieties of trout, curving up through green depths to an artificial fly just dropping on the surface of the water.

In an automatic fashion I indicated the plates to a clerk, paid for them, gave him my card and the address and fled from the store. Sometime during the next twenty-four hours it came to me that George Potter was not among my nearest and dearest. Yet the unbelievable sum I had left with that clerk in exchange for those fish plates could be justified in no other way.

I thought this fact accounted for the sort of frenzy with which George flung himself upon me when next we met, some two months later. I had been week-ending in the country and encountered him in the Grand Central Station as I emerged from the lower level. For a long moment he wrung my hand in silence, gazing almost feverishly into my face. At last he spoke:

"Have you got an hour to spare?"

It occurred to me that it would take George an hour at least to describe fully his amazed delight at the splendor of my gift. The clock above Information showed that it was 12:45. I therefore suggested that we lunch together.

He, too, glanced at the clock, verified its correctness by his watch and seized me by the arm.

"All right," he agreed, and was urging me toward the well filled and somewhat noisy station café before I grasped his intention and tried to suggest that we go elsewhere. His hand only tightened on my arm.

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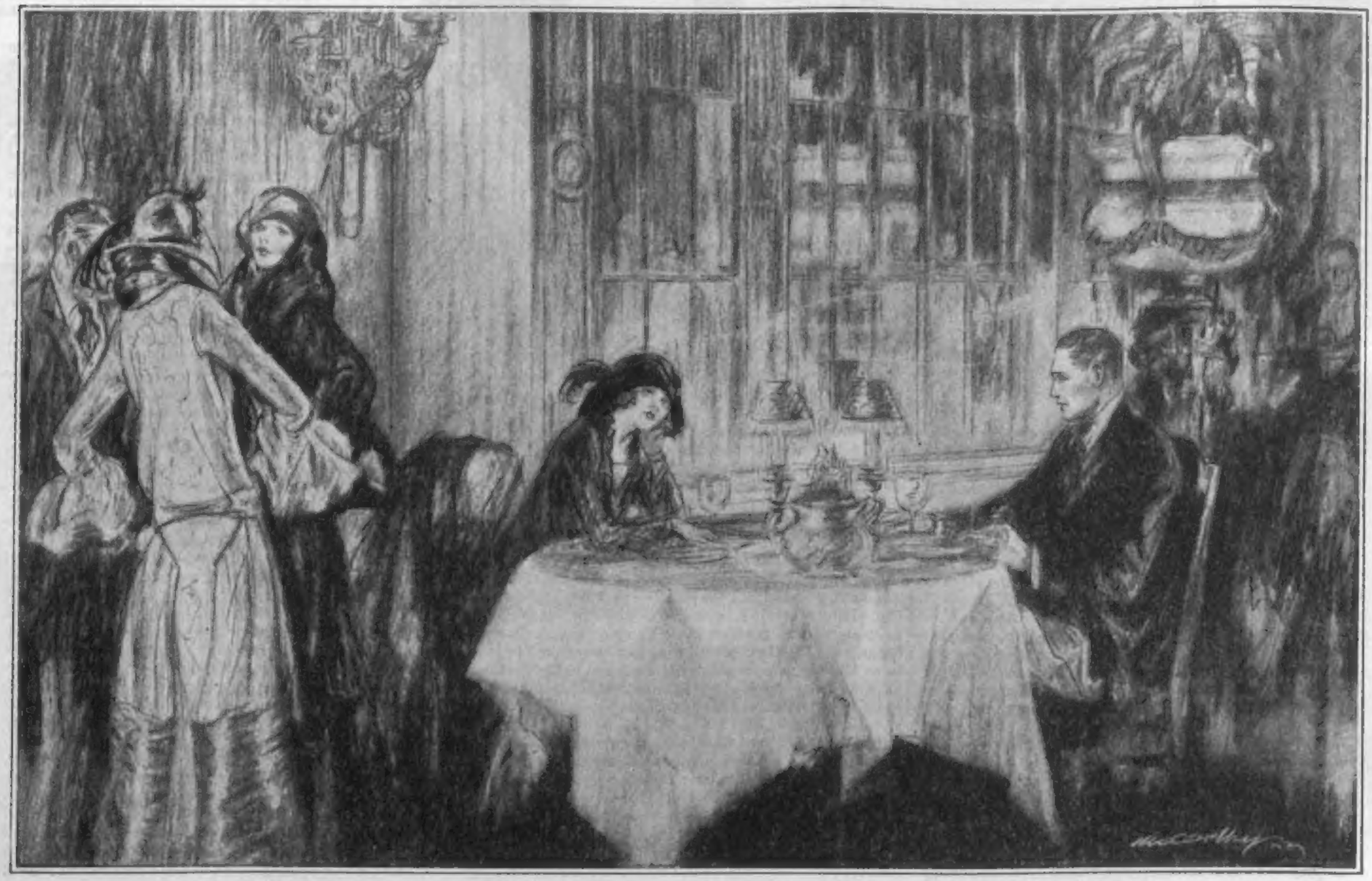


Quite by Chance I Ran Across His Bride-to-Be and Himself a Few Days Before the Ceremony, and Joined Them at Lunch

VANDORN'S HIRED HELP

"Bill! What are You Doing There?" "Reading." "Oh, of Course! In the Pitch Darkness"

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BUSINESS hours were over. Therefore the knock on the door of Hayden & Hayden's office seemed, to the person most interested, irrelevant. She suspected that it was also incompetent and immaterial. Most of the calls for the past two months had been, from a practical viewpoint. She continued to dictate in a highly leisurely meter:

"—— can—assure—you—comma—a—specially—advantage——"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted a voice, also feminine, from a half-screened corner. "How many m's in comma?"

"You're not spelling it out, are you?" demanded the dictator. "Good heavens, Edna! Of all the ——"

"I'll never volunteer to type your stupid letters again," returned the voice, aggrieved. "Isn't that somebody knocking?"

"Yes, darn 'em! I suppose I'll have to let 'em in."

"It's usual. But wait till I gracefully withdraw from sight," which she effectually did by pulling the screen around her corner.

The other girl threw the door open. A man stood blinking at her. He had mild blue eyes, a benign expression not lacking in shrewdness, an uncompromisingly new serge suit which fitted him like the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, a thin black tie fastened beneath a rigidly upright collar, a deprecatory smile and an air of invincible respectability. For background to this reassuring presentment there was the most radiant automobile that the girl had ever seen in her life; it was even newer than the man's clothing. A comfortable elderly woman sat restfully in it. One comprehensive glance catalogued in the girl's swift mind all that was essential for her to know as a starting point:

The pair were man and wife.

They were country folk with money, probably recent.

They were prospects.

"Won't you come in?" she invited.

The visitor examined the back of an envelope which he held.

"'For terms,'" he read, "'apply to Hayden & Hayden, Specialists in Suburban Real Estate, Kindermont Center, Long Island.' I'd like to see Mr. Hayden, ma'am," he said tentatively, "if it ain't too late."

"It isn't. Sit down, won't you?"

"Either Mr. Hayden," pursued the caller, producing a blue bandanna of noble proportions and chaste design, wherewith he carefully wiped his forehead.

"I'm both," said the girl.

The man looked again at the envelope, then at the girl. "Both what?" he inquired.

"Both Haydens. I'm the firm. My name is Keith Hayden."

"Howdy-do," said the visitor with prompt politeness. He walked to the door and projected his head outside. "She says," he announced, addressing the occupant of the candescent automobile in a confidential tone which was plainly audible above the roar of the incoming 5:49 train, "she's the reel-estate concern herself. D'you s'pose she is?"

"I wouldn't be a mite supprised," shouted back the comfortable-looking woman. "You never can tell about these new women. I'll take a look."

She rose deliberately, descended, and paddled with short thick paces across the sidewalk. "Why, she's reel young," she remarked, but without disparagement, "and pretty as a picture!"

Her husband reached out and took her by the arm with a touchingly appropriative gesture.

"Ma ——"

"Mother," corrected the comfortable woman placidly.

"Mother, make you acquainted with Miss Hayden & Hayden. My wife."

The girl came forward and shook hands. "I'm very glad to see you. What is the name?"

"My name is Mr. Vandorn. Ma's is Mrs. Vandorn," said the first comer.

"You wished to see me about ——" The real-estate firm paused invitingly.

"That piece of proputty down on the Shore Road; white house with poplars, and hollyhocks along the path."

"I do love hollyhocks," said Mrs. Vandorn contentedly. "They're so humly."

"So they are, Mrs. Vandorn," confirmed the girl. "And those on the Farwell place are the finest anywhere around here. That's a wonderful bargain, that place. The owner has special reasons for selling."

"We don't aim to buy," said Mr. Vandorn. "Not right off anyways. The sign says 'For sale or to rent.'"

"That can be arranged, too," replied the girl with a shade of disappointment in her voice. "We're asking two hundred and fifty for the place, all furnished."

"Two hundred and fifty?" repeated Mr. Vandorn. "A year?"

"A month," said the agent firmly.

"Snake's sake!" ejaculated Mr. Vandorn. "Why, I couldn't get the half o' that for the best three-hundred-acre farm in C'yugy County."

"Don't get excited, Andrew," soothed the comfortable Mrs. Vandorn. "We can afford it, can't we?"

Mr. Vandorn gulped like one suddenly recalling something. "Yes, ma ——"

"Mother," interrupted Mrs. Vandorn urbanely.

"Yes, mother; we can afford most anything," he concluded, his mild eyes growing big with the wonder that had not yet palled.

"Who sent you to me?" inquired the agent.

"Nobody. We been living in a New York hotel and looking for a home to settle in, running around in this car we just bought us. This is the likeliest place we've seen yet."

"It's really a lovely house," said the girl with professional enthusiasm. "We'll run right around now and go through it, shan't we?" They spent an hour in minute inspection. After the return to the office, where Mrs. Vandorn held private consultation with her husband, she delivered the family verdict.

"It suits."

"Then," said the agent, striving to conceal the almost unseemly elation aroused within her by the first real stroke of business in over a month, "we can make out the lease, beginning with—shall we say October first? That's ten days off."

"There's just one more thing," said Mrs. Vandorn.

"What's that?"

"Help."

Miss Hayden's expressive face registered apprehension. "Servants?" she said.

"A hired gal," returned Mrs. Vandorn firmly.

"Oh!" said the agent weakly. She had feared it; in fact, she knew it was coming.

The last specimen of cook in the wild state, known within the twenty-mile radius around Kindermont Center, had been captured and caged three months previous, only to break out and escape after six weeks; the others of the species were supposed to have migrated years before.

As for general houseworkers, it was rumored that the Suffolk County Historical Society had one in its possession, stuffed.

"I thought perhaps you and Mr. Vandorn would prefer taking your meals at the inn. It's very nice," was the hopeful suggestion of Hayden & Hayden. It met with an unfortunate reception.

"I'm sick to my stummick of hotel vittles," said Mr. Vandorn pathetically. "Let alone the prices. I like home cooking. Ma's a wond ——"

"Mother," said Mrs. Vandorn serenely.

"Mother's a wonderful cook."

"That's the solution then," said the agent, glowing hopefully toward Mrs. Vandorn.

"For twenty-seven years come April," said Mrs. Vandorn, "I've been cooking for Andrew Vandorn. He's easy to do for; I'll allow him that. He ain't pernickety. But I want a rest."

"It will seem like a rest, really," argued the girl, "cooking by electricity, after being used to a coal stove."

"I want hired help, and I'm going to have it," announced Mrs. Vandorn placidly.

"So you shall," declared her husband.

"A nice decent gal that I wouldn't be ashamed to have at my own table ——"

"A good pie cook," put in her husband.

"She's got to know how to make riz biscuit."

"And have a light hand with buckwheat cakes."

"We'd expect her to keep fittin' hours."

"And not have a lot of fresh young fellers traipsin' in and out of the house every evenin'."

"She's got to know dust without its bein' pointed out to her with a broom handle."

"Hadn't she ought to be a church member, ma-other?"

"It'd be better, of course."

"Let me suggest," put in the agent when she was able to wedge a word in sidewise between them, "that you try to get a man and his wife from the city."

"Snake's sake!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Vandorn. "Whadda we want of a man? Ain't one around a little place like that enough? I'll do the chores. Gosh knows I'll have time on my hands!"

"A hired gal," said Mrs. Vandorn with undiminished amiability and unmollified determination. "I'll pay as high as"—she gathered herself for a decisive stroke—"five dollars a week."

In the Radiance Appeared the Figure of Andrew Vandorn, Standing Like an Avenging Figure at the Top of the Stairway

"The servant question is a little difficult here," began Miss Hayden. "Girls don't like to come out from the city, and ——"

"Your sign says 'All commissions promptly executed,'" pointed out Mrs. Vandorn cheerily. "And I can see by your face you ain't one to go back on your given word, written or spoken. This is a commission. You get me a hired gal and we'll rent the house. If the roof don't leak and the cistern's good and they ain't any bad smells or anything I wouldn't be a mite supprised but what we'd buy, come New Year's."

"Ping—ping—pinkle—ping—ing—ing!" sounded in thin, insistent tintinnabulation from the typewriter, unmistakably a signal.

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Vandorn mildly.

"Oh—er—just my typist. Seems to be having trouble with her machine. Excuse me a moment. I'll see what's wrong."

She withdrew behind the screen. The typist silently pointed to the sheet of paper, upon which stood forth the following cryptic message: "PtoMise to gett tHem q girk."

Rightly interpreting this, Miss Hayden wigwagged the query "How?" with an expressively wrinkled forehead.

The volunteer typist's forefinger, tapping herself repeatedly upon the chest, seemed to indicate, "Leave it to me." The finger, aided and abetted by its mate on the other hand, then clicked off the instruction: "zsK fpr Time to gEt one."

The real-estate agent nodded and returned to her prospects.

"Could you give me until the first of the month?"

"That'll be all right," the Vandorn family agreed.

"And meantime," suggested the girl in her most persuasive manner, "how would you like to move in and try running the place yourselves, for a little?" She cherished the faint hope that if they once tried it they might stick to it.

"I don't mind for ten days," agreed the serene matron. "But on or before the first, hired help walks into the house or I walk out."

The agent produced a lease form. The Vandorns read it over, clause by clause.

"I don't see no hired help in this paper," said Mr. Vandorn mildly.

"It's a regular form," explained the girl, "and there's no provision ——"

"I want the help in the lease," said Mrs. Vandorn with inflexible amiability.

The hired help went in. The Vandorns went out.

"Now," said Keith Hayden, "perhaps you'll come out from behind that screen and tell me where you expect to get a hired girl."

The amateur typist emerged. She was a medium-sized, expensively furnished girl with serious eyes, a mouth made for mischief, and a general air of cheery and trustful irresponsibility. Also she was quite inexplicably pretty; inexplicably, because there was nothing in any one of her features to justify the general effect.

"Haven't the ghost of an idea," was her blithe response.

"Then why did you tell me to promise them?"

"I thought I'd already explained to you that I've absolutely got to rent my house."

"It wasn't an explanation. It was only a statement without a reason."

"The reason's simple. I'm broke."

"It's your own fault."

"It isn't. It's grandpa's. Why should he have made such a bonehead will?"

"Why should you go prancing around Europe buying everything you saw when you didn't have money to pay for it?"

Miss Minturn dimpled. It was rather a pity that the process, which had a distinctly alluring quality of its own, should have been wasted upon Keith Hayden, who was in a sternly practical frame of mind, besides being of the wrong sex. "I didn't," she denied. "I left a lovely little Italian prince that I could have had at a real bargain."

"Don't you think," inquired the other, "that the war countries are in a bad enough fix without you rushing about the map totally unchaperoned, making more trouble for them? It isn't proper."

"Where have I heard that stuff before?" murmured the unimpressed Miss Minturn.

"Probably from your suffering family."

"Haven't any left but cousins. They don't mind—much."

"If they don't I suppose nobody does."

"You're wrong. Denny Wood does."

"New name in the casualty list. Who's Denny Wood?"

"Mr. T. H. Denniston Wood. That's all."

"It's enough. Did you meet him on your European tour?"

"You might call it meet. I touched him. Otherwise I might have starved in sunny Rome. That was after I got robbed at the hotel."

"Oh! And was the obliging Mr. Wood a fellow guest?"

"No, indeed! I found him at the embassy, where I went to get helped out of the scrape. That's what embassies are for—as I explained to him. He didn't seem to have realized it before."

"And he gave you money?"

"Loaned it. Enough to go on with till I could cable. Then he took me out to luncheon. He couldn't help it."

"I'll bet he couldn't help it!" asserted the other, studying Miss Minturn's demure face. "No man could."

"It wasn't that at all. I did a hunger flop. It was an awfully good one. Like the one I used to do in college theatricals. Remember?"

"Proving once again the advantages of the higher education."

"He gave me a wonderful feed and a highly improving lecture. He said it was neither safe nor respectable for a girl of my age to be alone in Rome. He gave me to understand that he was quite straining a point of etiquette in taking me out unchaperoned. He strained quite a few points before I was through with him."

"Luncheon points?"

"Luncheon and dinner and rides and—and happenings."

"Happenings? What kind of happenings?"

"Oh, conventional. Couldn't be anything else with T. H. Denniston. He wears white spats. I think it was the twelfth or maybe the thirteenth time we were out together that he kindly offered to divert my unrespectable career into safe channels by marrying me."

"That was considerate of him!"

"Wasn't it? I suppose he felt he had to—after he'd kissed me."

"Oh! He kissed you, did he?"

"I made him, poor boy! He was almost as much shocked at himself as he had been at me."

"Eddie; you're a fiery and untamed little demon. What did you do it for?"

"I thought it might be interesting."

"Was it?"

"Not specially—that time."

"And afterward, was it?"

"We-ell, to tell the truth, it began to get too interesting. So I ran away from Rome and Mr. T. H. Denniston Wood."

"Did you lose interest in the handsomely initialed gent?"

"No. I was gaining it. That was the trouble."

"Then why didn't you stay and marry him?"

"Haven't I told you? He's so poisonously respectable."

"What if he is? You're rather respectable yourself, aren't you?"

"Certainly not. I'm only decent. It's quite different."

"What's the difference?"

"Oh, hire a dictionary," sighed the visitor. "Denny could tell you if he were here. Poor Denny! He had a fit the first time I called him that; but he got broken to it later and even seemed to like it. He's a horrid snob, you know."

"I can't quite see you matched up with a snob," admitted her friend.

"But he's an awfully nice sort of snob," defended the girl dreamily. "Of course he's boringly particular about other people's behavior and manners and morals and all that, but maybe just a little stricter about himself than he is about others."

"Because he's an egotist and thinks more of himself than anyone else."

"Maybe. Anyway it was a temptation to marry him and get out of all my money troubles."

"I still don't see why you didn't."

Miss Minturn lifted a limpid but slightly troubled brown gaze to the other girl's face. "Just for that reason. If ever I did marry Denny Wood I'd want to be sure it wasn't for his money. And I certainly do need some right now."

"How badly do you need it?"

"Seventy-seven dollars and ninety cents between me, the poorhouse, and January first, 1923."

"Won't the lawyers advance you any?"

"Those old stick-in-the-muds!" A lively red arose in Miss Minturn's cheeks. "As soon as I landed, last week, I went to pay them a—a financial call. The whole darn firm charged on poor little me like the soldiery in a comic opera, lecturing all at once, till I told 'em where to go and walked out on 'em with my nose in the air. I'd starve or—or work before I'd go back there."

"And how much do you get January first?"

"Only twenty-five hundred. Not half enough to see me through to my twenty-fifth birthday, when I land grandpop's whole wad. The question is, how to live till then. That is, it was until we rented the house."

"That house is far from rented. And if I miss this chance —— Have you any idea of real-estate conditions in this part of the map? Why, after August first in Kindermont Center you couldn't lease a location on a fat man's neck to a hungry mosquito. I need the commission as badly as you need the rent."

"Just like grandpop to leave me a house in a flivver locality like that. Praises be, I've never tried to live in it! But don't you worry, Keith. I'll get 'em a servant if I have to have one made to order."

"Servant, nothing! What they want is hired help. The species is totally extinct around here."

"Well, we've got to rent the house, haven't we?"

"We certainly have."

"All right. Then the only thing to do is to fulfill the conditions. And we'll do that if ——"

"If what? Go on."

"—— if I have to take the job myself."

"Come off, Edna! You've been going to the movies. What do you know about hired-helping?"

"Didn't I elect domestic sci' in college?"

"You did. Because it was a snap. What did that give you in the way of cooking dinner, washing dishes and making beds?"

"I guess I could learn."

"Don't bluff, Edna. This is life or death."

"Life by eating or death by starvation. I've got until the first to scrape up a hired gal. If I haven't got one by then I'll tackle it for a month."

(Continued on Page 33)

She Stood on the Steps Above Him, a Marvel of Witchery in the Cloud-Filtered Moonlight

THE NIBBLERS—By Hal G. Evarts

OUR national-park system is unquestionably the greatest thing of its kind in existence. Not only is this true of the whole but equally so of each unit. Each one possesses an individuality, some outstanding characteristic which gives it a place in the chain yet sets it apart from the others, and this chief feature of each unit is probably unequaled in any other area of similar size in the world. Nowhere else on the globe is there any such vast gorge as our Grand Cañon, or such big trees as those of our Grant and Sequoia parks and the Mariposa Grove of Yosemite. In no area of similar dimensions could one find the same amazing range of colors, coupled with the mighty rock walls and dizzy cañons, the bewildering whirlpool of tinted spires and minarets, that is found in Zion Park, or the vast variety of freak phenomena set down among the green hills of the Yellowstone. Nowhere else is there any massing of scenic effects—the rushing succession of ragged sky lines, appalling chasms and misty, ice-girdled lakes, the whole of it shot through with the dead white of glaciers and the silvery streaks of a thousand frothing cataracts—to equal those that combine to make Glacier Park the outstanding scenic marvel, not only of America but of the world. Each of the others is as distinctive in its way.

A Nation's Heritage

NOW all this is yours. It has been set aside for you, a series of playgrounds of a scope and magnitude that have never even been approximated by any other nation. The chain encompasses a variety of interests ranging from the palms and cactus of desert landscape to lofty mountain ranges crowned with perpetual snow, and all gradations in between. The best that the nation has to offer is there for you to choose from; and once you have selected the spot which most appeals to your individual taste as the one best bit of the great outdoors, you have the further privilege of enjoying it in the fashion most agreeable to your individual preferences.

If your time is limited you may speed through your favorite territory in an automobile and be lodged at hotels equipped with every modern convenience. You may enter in your own car and pitch your own camp at any one of the numerous free camp sites that are scattered through every national park, and there recreate to your heart's content. If you seek quiet rather than entertainment you may stop at outlying camps or chalets. You can hit the back-country trails on horseback or on foot, remaining one day or a hundred as you choose; for the parks are yours—yours today as they should be the heritage of your sons and daughters tomorrow.

You realize, of course, that if these various marvels had not been retained as the joint property of the public, but instead had passed into the hands of individuals or concerns for private exploitation, we would be paying through the nose for the privilege of visiting them today. The reason we are not paying that toll now is our good fortune, derived not from our own efforts but through the efforts of a little group of public-spirited citizens, men with vision and perspective, who have been waging an uphill fight against big odds, spending their own time and their own money to keep our property intact. They have been doing this to help you. What are you doing to help them or to help yourself?

Approximately 5,000,000 people have spent all or a part of their vacations in the various national parks in the past five years. Any one of them would rise in his wrath and join the uproar if it were suddenly announced that the national-park system was to be scrapped; that it was to be thrown back into that part of the public domain which is open to application for individual ownership or concession for private enterprise and exploitation. He would resent that with exceeding bitterness and imagine that he had been betrayed.

Above—Overhanging Rock and, at the Left, Half Dome, Yosemite National Park. The Crest of the Sierras Is Visible for About One Hundred Miles

At the Left—Teaching Him at an Early Age to Sit Up and Take Notice of the Natural Beauties of Yosemite National Park

Lake St. Mary, Glacier National Park, Which It Has Been Proposed to Use for Irrigation Purposes

Private Greed for Public Land

THERE will, of course, be no such announcement that the park system is to be abolished as a whole; but will not the end be the same if it is riddled a bit at a time, destroyed piecemeal until only the shell remains? Learn, then, that this very process of disintegration is at work today. In the vicinity of every park there are groups of individuals who still look upon it as fair game for private interests. These groups are making every effort toward obtaining possession of some one or another area which belongs to you and utilizing it for their own private purposes. All round the system there are scores of greedy little projects nibbling at various parks, local schemes of more or less magnitude that are gnawing at the very foundation of the whole, and which, if you permit them, will very soon whittle the structure of your national parks down to the vanishing point. This is no conjecture of possibilities in the vague future, but a flat and positive statement of what is going on today!

In Glacier Park the Sherburne Lakes have been dammed and the Swift Current Valley, gateway to one of the most magnificent spots in the world, flooded for a reservoir site. The lower Two Medicine Valley is the site of another small reservoir, and there is continual agitation toward utilizing Waterton Lakes and St. Mary's Lake for irrigation purposes.

The Hetch-Hetchy Valley in the Yosemite Park will be flooded within a year to provide a power site for the city of San Francisco. Los Angeles, encouraged by the precedent which the granting of this project established, hastened to file similar application on the Merced River above both Vernal and Nevada falls.

Another precedent will soon be established. In the high Sierras of California there is an area which should by all means be incorporated in a national park and so preserved for you, but in order to gain possession of that territory the park service is being forced to throw out three whole townships of the Sequoia National Park and turn it back into the public domain, where it will be available for immediate exploitation. The area to be cast out includes, for one item, the Garfield Grove, one of the few remaining stands of the big trees of any importance. All through the country there are predatory groups eagerly awaiting the day when that precedent of removing a portion of a national park shall be established and so strengthen the position of their own pet projects.

PHOTO. BY CHAS. H. KERR

Above—Grinnell Mountain Towering Above Lake McDermott, Glacier National Park, Montana

COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

At the Left—Arch Rock Between El Portal and Yosemite Valley, Yosemite Park, California

The Highest Cataract in the World—Yosemite Falls. Total Drop 2565 Feet

Year after year there is an organized effort on the part of Montana interests to dam Lake Yellowstone; a similar demand by individuals in Idaho that the Falls River Basin and the Bechler River country be ceded to them for a reservoir site. Most of the national parks are grazed by the stock of surrounding settlers, and constant pressure is brought to bear on the authorities to induce them to open the few areas now closed to grazing.

Individuals have located mining claims in the Grand Cañon National Park. The fact that these locations have been held invalid by the courts means only temporary success for the park service and for you.

Game laws have actually been lobbied through state legislatures under the guise of conservation measures, when in reality they would operate to exterminate thousands of head of game migrating out of some national park. And to what end? That when once the game was gone a handful of local stockmen could point to the fact that good feed was going to waste and stand upon their fancied rights to run their cows and sheep upon the free grass

Did you know all this? Those are but a few of the projects directed against your national parks. Does it presage well for their future? You would hotly resent any suggestion to the effect that the whole park system should be junked. Is there any good reason why you should not exhibit a similar resentment over this nibbling process which is working toward the same inevitable end?

A Pin-Point Perspective

A NUMBER of these exploitations have already been crowned with success. All those cited, and a host of others, would long since have been allowed, leaving the national parks but a riddled shell, had it not been for that thin line of men who have steadfastly opposed such pilfering.

Every such project appears in the benevolent guise of a great movement to promote the prosperity and happiness of the public. An analysis of the facts will prove that in almost every instance it is simply another effort to place the fancied present-day interests of a few individuals above the actual present and future interests of the whole American people.

There are two chief factors that operate toward the success of these schemes to hack out the choicest parts of your national parks. First, there is what might be termed the local slant—the attitude of little communities that have become narrow and provincial from isolation, and have acquired, through constant local introspection, a pinpoint perspective, the gimlet hole of the residenters' viewpoint through which the seeming expediency of any trivial local issue looms to the exclusion of all else. In other words, it is the local as contrasted with the national outlook. These parks are national institutions, yet many local people residing in the vicinity of every one give voice to the contention that they are residents, making a living in the country, and that they should, therefore, be allowed to utilize the parks as they see fit.

The second factor is the gullibility of the public. It has been rumored that a sucker is born every minute, and it is almost a proverb among promoters and con artists that a man is weakest on the side of his pride. Find a man with a pride, some stiff-necked, unyielding sense of superiority along some certain line, then work on him from that angle and the result is certain; and the American public has a pride. For generations every spellbinder who wanted something for nothing has dangled that pride before the people and enlarged upon it. It has become a national watchword, so much a part of us that it should be incorporated into a national anthem—Practicality!

Hitting a Man's Pride

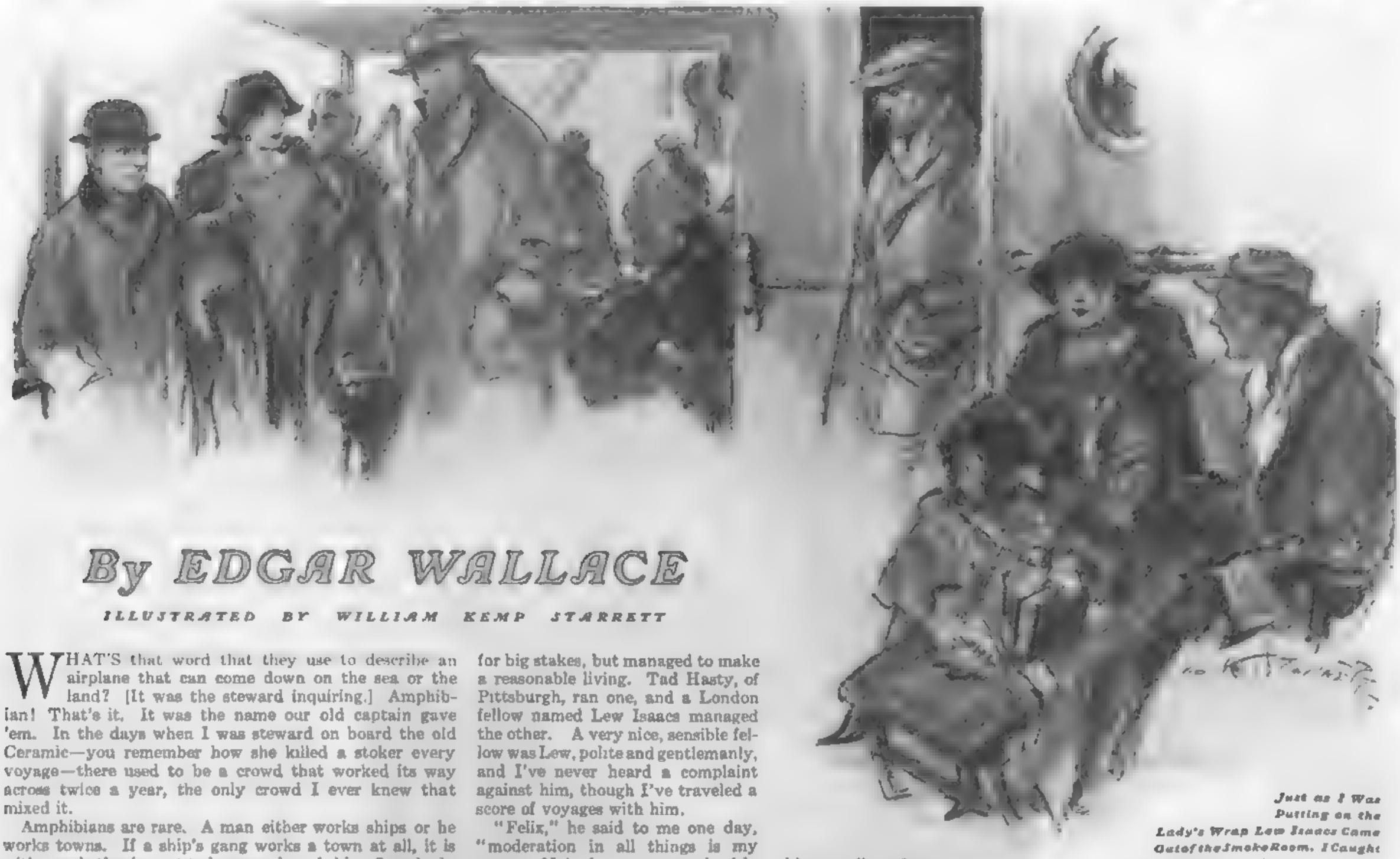
THE American public is pridefully, arrogantly, savagely practical. We confess it, but it's like a first love affair: we do so ardently wish to be assured and reassured. The spellbinder assures us—the whole relay of them reassures us. There used to be a fighting word, but it has become obsolete. The term "impractical" has taken its place. So the hokum artist faces his audience and hammers home his point He sees before him a practical, hardheaded crowd, every man of them, and expresses his heartfelt gratification; for he does, above all things, enjoy addressing a body of practical men of affairs, men who must be given cold practical facts and cannot be swayed by mawkish sentiment. He can see that by our faces We're with him. He has proved himself a man of some discernment, for he sees us as we see ourselves. After that he turns on the hokum and stampedes us into most any sort of darn foolishness—just another instance of bunking a man through his pride. I've been gulled that way often, haven't you? Not long since, any man could approach me with the opening remark about what a practical, hardheaded chap I was, to be sure, and right off I'd show him the inside of my heart and my bank book was open. Not any more! That sort of preface recalls a long chain of disaster and I want to show him my teeth and open my knife. And, at that, I still like to hear it, don't you? After all, it proves that we have something of value or he wouldn't want it.

And that is exactly the way we're being bunked out of our national parks. We have something of value that they want and it's up to us to stop letting them have it.

The project of every local group comes to the surface in the guise of practicality and is displayed as a work of great public

(Continued on Page 42)

The Buoy That Did Not Light



Just as I Was Putting on the Lady's Wrap Lew Isaacs Came Out of the Smoke Room. I Caught One Glimpse of His Face

By EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

WHAT'S that word that they use to describe an airplane that can come down on the sea or the land? [It was the steward inquiring.] Amphibian! That's it. It was the name our old captain gave 'em. In the days when I was steward on board the old Ceramic—you remember how she killed a stoker every voyage—there used to be a crowd that worked its way across twice a year, the only crowd I ever knew that mixed it.

Amphibians are rare. A man either works ships or he works towns. If a ship's gang works a town at all, it is with people they've got to know on board ship. Somebody said that a ship is like a prison, with a chance of being drowned. It is certainly a bit too restricted for people who want to sell gold bricks or have had a lot of money left to them to distribute to the poor, provided they can find the right kind of man to give it away.

The point I want to make is this, that the ship crowd and the land crowd very seldom work together, and if the land people do travel by sea they've got to behave themselves, and not go butting in to any little game that happens to be in progress in the smoke room. The ship crowd naturally do not go to the captain or the purser and complain that there is an unauthorized gang on board eating into their profits. The case is settled out of court; and when you've real bad men traveling—well, I've seen some curious things.

There was a fellow, quite unknown to me except from hearsay, called Hoyle. He was a land man in a big way. Banks and bullion trains and post cars were his specialty; but there was hardly a piece of work he couldn't do if there was *money* to it.

If he'd kept to land work, where by all accounts he was an artist, he'd have been lucky. You can't properly work both. I've had that from some of the biggest men that ever traveled the sea. What my old skipper called the barons of the nimble pack work in a perfectly straightforward manner. All they need is a pair of hands, a pack of cards, a glib tongue and a nut. Sometimes they use more packs than one, but there is no fanciful apparatus, no plots and plannings, guns, masks or nitroglycerin. It's a profession like doctoring or lawyering, peaceful and, in a manner of speaking, inoffensive. When a land crowd come barging into the smoke room they're treated civilly so long as they're traveling for pleasure. Otherwise—well, it's natural. If you're poaching a stream you don't want people throwing half bricks into it. There's only one sensible way of being unlawful when you're poaching, and that is to poach.

I've seen a bit of amphibian work and I'm telling you I don't want to see any more. In the year 19— we went out of Southampton with a full passenger list, the date being the twenty-first of December, and we carried to all appearances as nice a passenger list as you could wish to meet. Mostly Americans going home, though there was a fair sprinkling of British. We had a couple of genteel gangs on board—fellows who never played high or tried for big stakes, but managed to make a reasonable living. Tad Hasty, of Pittsburgh, ran one, and a London fellow named Lew Isaacs managed the other. A very nice, sensible fellow was Lew, polite and gentlemanly, and I've never heard a complaint against him, though I've traveled a score of voyages with him.

"Felix," he said to me one day, "moderation in all things is my motto. Nobody was ever ruined by taking small profits. A man who loses a hundred dollars or twenty pounds doesn't squeal. Touch him for a thousand, and the pilot boat comes out looking like an excursion steamer, it's that full of bulls. A hundred dollars is speechless, Felix. It may give a tiny squeak, but it apologizes immediately afterwards. A thousand dollars has a steam siren, and ten thousand dollars makes a noise like a bomb in a powder plant."

He and his two friends used to share the same cabin. One was always dressed quiet and respectable, and never went into the smoke room at all. He used to sit upon the deck, reading a book and getting acquainted with the serious-minded people from the Middle West or the North of England mill owners who think they're sporty because they own a couple of greyhounds that get into the second round of the Waterloo Cup.

Lew was on very good terms with the Pittsburgh crowd, and I've seen them drinking together and exchanging views about the slackness of trade and the income tax and things of that kind, without any ill word passing between them.

A ship isn't out of port twenty-four hours before a steward knows the history of everybody on board; and the smoke-room steward told me that there was nobody else on board but the Pittsburgh crowd and this man Lewis and his friends. In fact, it looked so much like being such a quiet voyage, that only the little cards warning passengers not to play with strangers were put up in the smoke room. If the Flack gang had been traveling we'd have put up the usual warning with four-inch type.

I had eight staterooms to look after—Numbers 181 to 188, F Deck. A Chicago man had one; a Mr. Mellish, who was a buyer for a St. Louis store, had another; a young English officer, Captain Fairburn, attached to the British embassy, had another; and the remainder were booked by Col. Roger Markson for his party. There was the colonel, a tall, solemn-looking man; his wife, who was younger than him, and always seemed to be crying in her cabin; his son, a slick young fellow, generally dressed to kill; and there was Miss Colport.

I don't take much notice of a passenger's personal appearance. I judge 'em by their hairbrushes. There's woodens—generally missionaries or fellows like reporters, whose passage is paid by somebody else; there's ivory backs—the captain's was ivory; and silver backs and horn backs, with now and again a gold back. Gold backs are usually on their honeymoon. I can't remember whether this Miss Colport was an ivory or a silver. Maybe she was silver, for she was Markson's secretary and he'd got her in London, where she was stranded and anxious to get home. Not that she had any friends in New York; by all accounts she came from the West, and went to London to take up a position as stenographer to an uncle, who first went broke in the rubber slump and then died.

I knew she was a good looker long before I saw the trouble she was making with the British embassy.¶ This captain used to be up hours before breakfast waiting for her on deck. Whether they knew or did not know each other before they came on board, I can't say. I should think not. On board ship you get an introduction from the after-combing, as they say. The colonel and his son had breakfast in bed for the first day, for the Ceramic is a cow of a ship, and she'd roll in a saucerful of milk.

Anyway, somebody must have given them the word that their young-lady secretary was getting acquainted with the British Army, for the second morning out young Markson—Julius by name—told me to call him at seven. And about five minutes after he'd climbed to the upper deck Miss Colport came down, looking very pink in the face, and not a bit pleased.

Julius was mad about the girl. Used to follow her about like a tame cat or a wild tiger, whichever way you look at it. What first got me thinking was a bit of a conversation I heard between him and his father one afternoon when I was polishing the brasses in the alleyway.

"I've got a few words to say to you, Julius," said the colonel. He had a growling, complaining voice at the best of times, but now it was like a file on granite. "If you get any pleasure out of making up to that girl, you're entitled to get it, so long as you're not too serious. I'll do all the serious stuff in that quarter."

"She'll skip to Denver as soon as she lands," said Julius sulkily. And something in his voice told me that they were not father and son. I don't know what it was, but I jumped to that conclusion, and I was right.

I heard the colonel laugh, and it was the sort of laugh that has a hook to it.

"Have I paid her passage to New York to have her skip anywhere?" he asked. "She's going to be very useful.

Min's getting past her work. Colport is the woman I've been looking for."

That's all I heard, but I knew that Min was Mrs. Roger Markson, because I'd heard him call her that lots of times. I had a good look at her after that. She was a woman just over thirty, who used to make up a lot. I began to understand why her eyes were always red and why she was so scared looking when the colonel spoke to her. I knew, of course, that she was too young to be the mother of Julius. At first I thought that she was the colonel's second wife. Now I guessed that none of the three was related. It's a wicked world.

The next day was Christmas Eve, and some queer things happened. It was in the morning that the deck steward met me and asked me to take Mrs. Markson's wrap to her.

I took it up and found them leaning against the rail opposite the smoke-room door. Julius was there, scowling at the captain and Miss Colport, who were sitting together, talking.

Just as I was putting on the lady's wrap Lew Isaacs came out of the smoke room. I was standing behind the lady, looking over her shoulder, and I caught one glimpse of his face. His expression didn't exactly change as he looked at her. I don't know how I'd describe it—I think it must have been his eyes that lit, but he took no further notice and strolled down the deck with his hands in his pockets and his cap on the side of his head.

"I didn't know he was on board!" exclaimed the colonel.

As I fixed the wrap I could feel Mrs. Markson tremble.

"He works this line," she said. "I told you in London."

"That will do, steward," said the colonel, and I had to go away at a moment when, as you might say, the story was getting interesting.

It was a heavy day for me, and heavier than I expected, owing to Santa Claus.

We always do our best to amuse passengers, and on this Christmas Eve a grand fancy-dress ball was arranged, which seemed to be passing off without anything unusual happening. Lew Isaacs spent the evening in the smoke room playing bridge for a dollar a hundred, and the Pittsburgh crowd had got hold of a man in the movie-picture business, and were listening admiringly to all he was telling them about the way he won four thousand dollars from another fellow. This movie-picture man was one of those kind of people you meet on board a ship, who are often sober.

Well, the fancy-dress ball came off, and about eleven o'clock, when people were getting noisy, at what I call the streamer-and-confetti stage, a Santa Claus with a big sack on his back and a bundle of presents in his hand went along all the alleyways, into every cabin he found open, and left a little cellular doll—celluloid, is it? You can buy them for a penny. A little doll without any clothes on except a bit of ribbon, with "A Merry Christmas" printed on it. I saw him; lots of other stewards saw him; the purser saw him and wanted him to have a drink; but, no, he said he had a lot to do, and he was right.

Of course there was trouble in the morning. Nobody who has lost a pearl stickpin or a pair of earrings or a gold watch and chain or a cigarette case is going to be satisfied with a two-cent doll in exchange. That old Santa Claus had cleared out every cabin of its valuables, and there were very few people on board who enjoyed their Christmas dinner. The fortunate thing, from the stewards' point of view, was that everybody had seen this jolly old gentleman with white whiskers, and one or two had slapped him on the back. They were all anxious now to slap him almost any place, so long as they could lay hands on him.

Every steward on board, all the ship's officers and some of the engineering officers spent Christmas Day making a thorough and systematic search of all the cabins. Naturally the first people to be suspected were the stokehold staff. I say "naturally," because it is a popular idea among ships' officers that if anything is pinched it is a stoker that did it. Then the third-class saloons were searched, bags and boxes were opened; then finally—and it was the first place they should have looked—they had a tour of inspection of the first-class accommodation.

One of the first persons they sent for was Mr. Lew Isaacs.

"Now, Isaacs," said the first purser, "you know what happened on the ship last night. I want you to help me. You needn't tell me that you and your friends were playing cards in the smoke room, and that all your crowd was there, because I know that. Who else is on board?"

"If I never move from this carpet, Mr. Cole," said Lew very earnestly, "I have no more idea who did this job than an unborn child. I am not saying," he went on, "that if there was a gentleman on board engaged in that kind of business I should give you his name, because my motto is Live and let live. But it so happens that there isn't anybody that I know. When I heard about this you could have knocked me down with a feather," he said. "Naturally it's not to my interest to make people suspicious and tighten up their wads, and I consider that, from my own point of view, the voyage has been spoilt, and every particle of enjoyment has been taken out of it."

"That's all very well," said the purser, looking at him hard—I heard all this from Lacey, who does for the purser—"but there's been a complaint made, and your name has been mentioned by Colonel Markson. He says he knows that you are a card man and a dangerous character."

Lew shook his head.

"I don't know the colonel," he said, "except by sight. He's probably mistaken. It's easy to make mistakes. The first time I saw him I mistook him for a fellow named Hoyle that's wanted in London for the London and City Bank affair—they got away with twelve thousand pounds. Tell him that, will you, and apologize to him for my mind harboring such libelous thoughts?"

On Christmas evening I saw the colonel talking to young Captain Fairburn at the door of Captain Fairburn's stateroom. They were very friendly and they were both laughing.

"I'm afraid I shall have to give you a check if I lose any more," said the captain.

That was all. When he'd gone down to dinner I went into his cabin. He had been playing cards. How they got to be friendly I don't know. You can never keep track of things like that. You see a man and a girl pass without noticing each other the first day out. By the time the Irish coast is out of sight they are meeting on deck at daybreak and getting in the way of the watch that has to scrub down. Before they get to Sandy Hook they are receiving congratulations by wireless from their friends and relations.

Young Captain Fairburn came in after dinner to get some cigarettes.

"Excuse me, captain," I said, "but I don't think I should play cards in your stateroom if I were you."

"Why not, steward?" he asked, surprised. "Is it against the rules of the ship?"

"No, sir," says I, "but it's dangerous."

"Stuff!" said he. "I was only playing with Colonel Markson. You're not suggesting that he is a thief, are you?"

"No, sir," I says.

When people start asking me if I suggest that somebody is a thief, I resign. That is why stewards can't help passengers. Passengers know it all. They're men of the world, by gum!

As soon as I had finished my eight staterooms I had to join one of the search parties that were hunting through the ship for the lost property. Our purser was still certain that matter must occupy space, and we searched space from the crow's-nest to the bunkers. I didn't see or hear anything of what happened in the smoke room, and I never knew till the next morning that the colonel and Julius had played cutthroat poker with young Fairburn, in full view of the smoke room, and that the captain had lost a lot more than he could afford. In fact, the check he gave was for four figures.

The deck steward told me that when they came out on the promenade he heard the colonel say to Julius, "That settles our young friend's matrimonial plans—if he had any."

At this moment I was on the boat deck having my second pipe. I was naturally lying doggo—in other words, invisible—not wishing to be seen by any of the ship's officers or the master at arms, and the night being cold I was wedged between the second officer's cabin and the wireless house. From where I sat I had a limited view, and if the couple hadn't stopped right opposite to where I was I'd have missed everything. But I always have been lucky that way. All that I could hear at first was a woman crying, and somehow I guessed it was Mrs. Markson. Perhaps it was because she was the only woman I had seen crying since the voyage started.

But when I heard the man's voice—why, I nearly jumped. It was Lew Isaacs.

"Oh, Lew, I've treated you badly. I don't deserve anything."

I saw him put his arm round her shoulder, and I knew by the way her sobs were stifled that she was crying on his chest.

"I bear no ill will, Minnie," he said. "I've always said that if you liked Hoyle better than me you were entitled to marry him, old girl."

There was a long silence and then she said, "I'm not married, Lew."

He said nothing for a minute, and when he did speak he seemed to have turned the subject.

"He told the purser that I was in that Father Christmas job. That's the kind of swine Hoyle is. Where's the stuff, Min? You needn't tell me. It is in the calcium canister of one of these life buoys. Had it ready, planted and painted, and substituted it one dark night, eh? It's an old trick of Hoyle's."

My hair almost stood up. Round all the promenade decks are life buoys hooked to the rail. Attached are cans containing a chemical to light up the moment it touches water. The lid of the canister is jerked off automatically as the life buoy is thrown. It was the simplest idea in the world. Hoyle had a duplicate life buoy in his cabin baggage. One dark night—probably the first night out—he'd carry it up to the boat deck and put it in the place of another that he'd throw overboard, after cutting the cord that opened the calcium tin. He wouldn't have a chance of doing it on the promenade, but the boat deck was dark and was easily reached.

They were talking in low tones and I could only catch an occasional word. Then, just as they were turning to go, I heard her whisper, "There he is!"

It was the colonel. I caught a whiff of his cigar before I saw him.

"Halloo! That's Lew Isaacs, isn't it? Meeting old friends, eh, Min?"

"Hoyle, I've got a word or two to say to you. The first is business. You've been breaking into our game tonight with that young officer. Tad is pretty mad about it."

"Got a franchise to work the western ocean, Lew? What do I have to do—get a written permission before I work a ship?"

"That's one thing," said Lew. "Here's another, and that is business too. You told the purser that I was in your Santa Claus game."

"He knew all about you," said the colonel, and I saw the red end of his cigar gleaming and fading.

(Continued on Page 52)

"You've Got a Young Girl in Your Outfit—Secretary or Something. What's the Great Idea?"

HIS BITTER HALF

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FLORIAN SLAPPEY strolled mournfully along Avenue F, his milk-chocolate complexion tinged with the Stygian hue of utter misery. From overhead a genial sun bathed Birmingham's Darktown in warm effulgence, birdies caroled merrily in the trees, children shrilled gleefully, and there came to his ears the chanting of good housewives who, in the seclusion of back yards, cheerfully chased the weekly wash up and down the scrub board.

But of all these sounds Mr. Slappey was gloomily oblivious. His cosmic scheme had but recently been rapped for a row of watermelons. Dame Fortune, after grinning most alluringly upon him, had turned without warning and slapped him on the jaw. Into his hands she had put a small fortune and out of his hands she had unceremoniously grabbed a moiety of it.

It was not alone the losing of the seven hundred and fifty dollars that filled with misery a heart but recently surcharged with joy; rather it was the method by which the evil deed had been accomplished. Florian was sadly aware that he had been adroitly played for a large and juicy sucker, and the sensation was not at all to his liking. His reputation had received a knockout wallop, and Mr. Slappey's spirits were consequently sunken to the nadir of despair.

Unfortunately for Florian he did not see the long low roadster that purred efficiently down the avenue and swung into the curb just ahead of him. Had he been aware of its proximity he might have avoided a scene fraught with acrimony and unpleasant reminiscence. It was not until the handsome gray car had halted and the voice of Mr. Damocles Twigg came to him from the driver's seat that Florian received warning of the presence of his archenemy. And then it was too late.

Florian raised his eyes to gaze upon the leering countenance of Mr. Twigg and the dimply and more or less delectable creature who sat beside him. Magnesia Twigg, bride of four days, was flagrantly pulchritudinous, but her charms affected Florian with a distinct ripple of agony. Nor did he respond to the derisive warmth of the greeting that the bridal pair bestowed upon him. Florian was in no mood to be genial, and the nearness of this particular couple affected him with an almost uncontrollable desire to undertake a job of manslaughter.

The rotund figure of the bridegroom fitted comfortably into the driver's seat of the shiny car, and the dusky full-moon-shaped face was turned with apparent guilelessness upon the debonair pedestrian, who, face to face with the sources of his present abjectness, assumed an insouciance that he felt not.

"Mawnin', Mistuh Slappey."

"Humph!"

The voice of Damocles Twigg took on a nuance of solicitude. "You ain't lookin' so awful good, Florian."

"N'r neither you ain't, Brother Twigg. You looks as though somethin' slipped when you was invented."

"Shuh! Looks never got nobody nowheres. If'n they had, you would of be'n in jail long ago." Mr. Twigg's stout right arm encircled the ample waist of his bride. "Has I introduced you to my wife?"

Florian winced but was game. "I has met the lady," he returned acridly. "In fac' I was recently considerin' makin' ma'iage with her, but fin'ly decided that I oughter choose a good-lookin' gal."

"I woul'n't of ma'ied you if you had of be'n the las' man in the world, Florian Slappey."

"That," contradicted Florian, "ain't what you said when you was suin' me fo' britch of promise."

"N'r neither you di'n't say you woul'n't marry a gal which looks like I."

"Not at fust, Missus Twigg. But after thinkin' things over I decided it was wuth a heap of money to keep fum lookin' at yo' face ev'y day."

Magnesia squirmed. Florian knew that he was covering himself with glory in this set-to, and some of his habitual hauteur returned. The scene, so fraught with potentialities for unpleasantness at its inception, was working out very much to his liking. Magnesia, temporarily squelched, left the verbal duel to her husband.

"Brother Slappey sho' had the cou'age of his convictions," volunteered Damocles smoothly. And then, as though the subject had but suddenly come to mind, he waved a comprehensive hand. "How you like my new car, Brother Slappey?"

"That Feller Is So Mean He'd Steal the Onions Off His Mother's Hamburger San'wich"

Florian eyed it insolently. "What you aimin' to do with it? Go in the ice business?"

Damocles was unperturbed. "No-o. Ise aimin' to use it fo' takin' yo' ex-fiansay on a honeymoon to Hot Boilin' Springs."

"Humph! Some folks don't care what they rides in."

"Tha's me, Florian. I don't care how good my automobile is. I jes' bought this car—that is, I an' my wife jes' boughten it. It cos' us ev'y cent of that seven hund'ed an' fifty dollars britch-of-promise money Magnesia gotten off of you. I thought you might be int'rusted in kinder lookin' the bus over—seein' as it soht of is yourn—yo' money havin' paid fo' it."

Florian was writhing inwardly, but there was no external indication of his perturbation.

"Pretty sediment, I think," continued Damocles suavely, "you payin' fo' the car which I takes yo' ex-fiansay on a honeymoon in. I is sho'ly much obliged to you."

Florian's eyes were turned with covert approval upon the stream lines of the high-powered six-cylinder car.

"Lies is somethin' you don't never tell nothin' else but," he commented.

"Says which?"

"You never boughten that automobile fo' no seven hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

"Florian, seven hund'ed an' fifty is all what I paid fo' this bus."

"Who you bought it offen?"

"Feller you don't know."

"Live in Bummin'ham?"

"No."

"Cullud feller?"

"Uh-huh."

"How come him to sell it to you?"

Damocles was expansively communicative. "He come into Bummin'ham this mawnin' kind of needin' money, an' somebody tol' him I was thinkin' of buyin' a car to take yo' ex-gal on a honeymoon with to Hot Boilin' Springs. An' now the car is mine."

"Where this feller is at?"

"He's went."

"Where to?"

"I dunno. But it don't make no diff'ence. The car is mine—all bought an' paid fo'."

"Well," postulated Florian, "Ise bettin' they is somethin' wrong with it. Bargains like that is always got a kick-back on 'em. They ain't nobody gwine sell no sech of a car as that fo' that price less'n they is a trick in it. Mos' likely you is gwine wish you never had of boughten it."

"You says. But you don' know nothin'. Ise feelin' pretty good this mawnin', Florian. Ise even willin' to take you fo' a drive."

"No, thanks. I ain't aimin' to trus' myse'f in no secon'han' car."

Damocles slipped into gear. "I'll be motorin' along, Mistuh Slappey. I wishes you joy."

The car moved away. Florian fired a Parthian shot: "If Ol' Man Trouble happens to be hangin' around the streets today, Brother Twigg—I hope you accidents into him."

The bridal couple rolled away, leaving Florian staring moodily. Alone, the strain began to evidence itself upon Mr. Slappey. He knew that he had acquitted himself well in the badinage of the moment, but that was nonimportant. The thing of vital interest was the status; Florian knew that he was sadly second best.

The snappy gray car in which the bridal couple rode was, by all the dictates of justice, his. His money—hard earned by the sweat of his brain—had paid for that car. He knew it, and they knew it, and they knew he knew it.

So far as the fair lady was concerned Florian wished her nothing but luck—hard luck. The whole affair smacked of sinister connivance between Damocles and Magnesia with Florian as the connivee. Florian had since learned that through all the breach-of-promise flareup the lady had been betrothed to Damocles.

Mr. Slappey swung moodily into Eighteenth Street and directed laggard footsteps in the general direction of Darktown's civic center. The scene immediately past had not served to raise his spirits, and his thoughts were exquisitely profane. He believed that his Afro-American acquaintances were laughing at him; the thought was intolerable.

"'Lo, Florian."

Mr. Slappey paused. His eye rested suspiciously upon the gangling figure of the overalled colored gentleman who hailed him so cheerily from the doorway of a would-be garage over which hung suspended an optimistic sign:

CASTOR SNIPE'S GARAGE

We Repare Automobiles & Fix Flivvers

Service is Our Middle Name

Let Us Wash & Polish You

We Is the Up-to-Datest Garage in Birmingham

Florian sidled toward the doorway in which Castor stood. He was not averse to speaking with Mr. Snipe. Castor was Damocles Twigg's most intimate friend, and Florian welcomed this opportunity for vicarious vituperation. Castor noted Florian's lugubriousness and was politely solicitous.

"How you feelin', Florian?"

"Rotten."

"How come?"

"When I talks with who I has been talkin' with I craves to chew a pool ball."

Castor's eyelids flickered. "Damocles Twigg?"

"Uh-huh. An' wife." Mr. Slappey stared miserably down the street. "What you reckon that poor tripe is aimin' to do with the money he britch-of-promised offen me?"

"What?"

"Take Magnesia to Hot Boilin' Springs on a honeymoon."

Castor whistled slowly. "Hot Boilin' Springs? Gosh amighty, he's gittin' awful swell!"

"N'r neither that ain't all, Castor. He's done bought hisse'f a automobile."

"No?"

"Yeh."

"Well, I'll be dawg-goned. I seen him an' Magnesia drivin' down the street in a big car, but I never thought it was hisn."

"An' I ain't shuah of it till yet," snapped Florian. "He went an' bought it offen some feller which just come th'oo town. Paid my seven hund'ed an' fifty dollars fo' it. F'rall he knows, it was a stolen car. Mos' likely it was."

"Shuh! Damocles ain't buyin' hisse'f no stolen automobile."

Florian looked up angrily. "In all of yo' haid, Castor Snipe, they ain't one single brain. Not even the fust cousin of a brain."

"Says which?"

"Says sense is the chiefest thing you ain't got none of. If'n you had you woul'n't go on bein' frien's with a feller like Damocles Twigg."

Castor was possessed of faults, but disloyalty was not one of them. "You is sore at him, Florian."

"You said it, brother. Ise so sore that was I all over ointment I'd still be one big ache. One of these days he's gwine git pistol-bit. What that man done me is dirt. An' he'd do the same to you was they anythin' in it fo' him."

Mr. Snipe shook his head in negation. "He ain't aimin' to do me no dirt."

"You think. I thunk the same. But what he an' Magnesia done to me was aplenty. Used to be he was my frien' too. All I'll say is that if he was to die real sudden they could git one grave-digger free of charge."

"Ain't nothin' gwine happen to Damocles," postulated Castor. "He's too slick."

"Ain't no man slick which makes ma'iage with Magnesia."

"He on'y ma'ied her to git that seven hund'ed an' fifty dollars which she won offen you."

"Chances are He's Gwine Git Arrested or Somethin'"

"Yeh—an' with it he goes an' buys a stolen automobile."

"Who says 'twas stole?"

Florian was arguing aimlessly. "Must of be'n. Tha's a sixteen-hund'ed-dollar car good as new. They ain't no cullud boy gwine sell it fo' seven hund'ed an' fifty, less'n he had good reason to git rid of it awful quick Mo' I thinks of it, Castor, the mo' suttin I gits that it must of be'n stole. An' I hopes Ise right."

"You ain't. You bein' right would make Damocles wrong, an' he ain't never wrong."

Florian sneered. "One of these heah days you is gwine wake up, Brother Snipe. An' when you does you is gwine fin' out that the feller which put you to sleep was Damocles Twigg. That feller is so mean he'd steal the onions off his mother's hamburger san'wich. But you listen at what Ise tellin' you—he's gwine git his, an' git it aplenty. Ise bidin' my time. They's a old an' true sayin', Castor, that him which laughs first laughs last."

Mr. Slappey pursued his lonely way down the street. Castor's unswerving loyalty to Damocles Twigg was too much for him. That was Mr. Snipe's weakness—he was too infernally gullible, too prone to attribute to others the sterling qualities that he himself possessed. That perhaps accounted for Castor's business debility—Castor, who had operated his own puny little repair shop for more than a year and did not yet possess a service car.

"Ain't got no git-up-an'-git," ruminated Florian. "Tha's what Castor ain't got."

His thoughts reverted to Damocles and that gentleman's radiant wife and their projected automobile honeymoon to Hot Boiling Springs. They'd go rolling up there in the car that had been purchased with Florian's money.

"I hope that was a stolen car," reflected Mr. Slappey, "an' that it gits took away from him."

There was much food for pleasant thought in the idea that perhaps Damocles and his bride might be deprived of the fruits of their iniquity. But more sober reflection convinced Florian that he was hoping for the impossible. He knew that Damocles was a canny gentleman and that the chances were all against his having blundered into the purchase of stolen property. On the other hand, Damocles himself admitted most frankly that he had not previously been acquainted with the man from whom the car was purchased, that the gentleman was not a resident of Birmingham and that he had departed the city shortly after the consummation of the deal.

"Even if it ain't a stolen car"—Florian was talking to himself—"I wish Damocles could think it was."

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Boston Marble Addressed the Bridal Pair. "Whose Car is That?" He Queried, Designating the Semidisguised Automobile

ORIENTAL LIFE AND LABOR

By Isaac F. Marcosson

POLITICALLY, as we all know, the East was never before so plastic as now, because of the consequences of the Washington Conference. The new alignments will shape the coming centuries. Socially—and by this I mean all the agencies for human service—it is no less receptive. Nor has it ever before been such a factor in the universal productive scheme. China, for example, is the last reservoir of cheap labor, and that miracle of miracles, a low living cost, still obtains. The Japanese worker, in the face of excessive food costs, is slowly emerging from blind acquiescence to the industrial powers-that-be, to an assertion of his rights and privileges.

More momentous than all this is the first manifestation of that destructive unrest which reddened Russia and well-nigh disrupted India. The professional agitator is everywhere. Life in Japan and China for several years has been one strike after another. The ways of the West have found costly and disrupting imitation. We have no monopoly on class conflict.

Wherever you turn you find evidence of evolution in the minds of the masses. Vast change is stirring and it is bound to affect everyone, no matter where he lives or what he does. Labor disturbances are never pretty spectacles, but in the East they have a picturesque background that invests them with peculiar interest.

Since we are dealing with two immense populations—Japan and China total approximately 450,000,000 souls—it is well to get down to concrete facts at once. Trade-unionism and the consequent disorders are more recent developments in Japan, so I will deal with the troubled situation there first.

A Parade of Mitsubishi Workers on Strike in Kobe. Above—Drumming Up a Movie Crowd in Yokohama

Why Automobiles are Scarce

TO UNDERSTAND it you must realize that primarily Japan, like China, is a land of manual labor. More than 75 per cent of the population is in agriculture and it employs the most primitive methods. A Japanese farmer today is a replica of the soil tiller of Biblical days, for his plow is made of wood. Nearly everything is done by hand and the human being is a beast of burden. Nearly 100,000 men are employed on the streets of Tokio alone, and most of them haul handcarts, because Japan has no animal industry. Grazing areas are practically unknown and there are no draft animals. The only horse breeding is for the army.

One reason why you see so few automobile trucks in Tokio and elsewhere is that the human beasts of burden would be deprived of their jobs once they were introduced. It is estimated that one truck would displace at least ten men. As a result your trunks are laboriously pushed or hauled on hand trucks from the station to the hotel. When the Imperial Hotel in Tokio announced that it would employ a motor truck there was a near-riot. The same is true of taxicabs, against which there was a bitter prejudice on the part of the ricksha men. The first taxi chauffeurs were stoned in Tokio and Kobe.

Now you can see why big industrialization in Japan has been delayed. It really began less than a decade ago, but was tremendously stimulated during the Great War, when Japan had a big share of the world markets to herself. Wages were recklessly increased because the business going for the employers was easy. Nobody reckoned with the morrow. When the boom collapsed in 1920 Japan began to face the music. Not the least discordant note was that raised by labor, which suddenly discovered that it had rights. Up to the war the average Nipponese employer was a sort of father of a big family, and his word was law. When he attempted to lower wages trouble developed, because the cost of living had soared with an expanding business and it refused to deflate. Here, in a nutshell, you have the reason why unionism and the accompanying socialistic and even syndicalistic elements have converted Japanese production into a ferment. No one knows how it will end.

Let us take a swift look at Japanese wages. Prior to 1914 the Japanese worker—and this includes the skilled trades—was perhaps the poorest paid employe in the world with the single exception of the Chinese. Despite the immense families—there is no birth control—he managed to eke out an existence because rice was the principal article of food and rice was cheap. In all the wages that I shall now enumerate the yen will be considered at its normal value of fifty cents, and the sen at half a cent.

A Japanese postman got 20 yen a month, a policeman 13 to 25 yen, a school-teacher 13 to 20 yen. These were the so-called higher jobs, especially the two former. The Japanese, like the German, will almost starve himself if he can wear a uniform. Carpenters received 87 sen a day, plasterers 90 sen, tailors of European clothes 90 sen, blacksmiths 90 sen, lacquer workers 1 yen, stonemasons 1 yen, mat workers 75 sen, screen makers 78 sen, clog makers 85 sen.

Compared with American and European standards these wages were pitiful, but you must keep in mind the fact that the Japanese laborer in summer wears very little clothing; many are stripped to the waist, and one or two kimonos will last for a year. As a rule the women wear very few underclothes and no stockings. Most Japanese also wear wooden clogs, which are very cheap and durable. Hence the apparel problem, save for the well-to-do, in those days was not serious.

Women Workers in Japan

MOREOVER, most factory workers then, as now, were further handicapped by unsanitary working conditions. Nowhere are they at a lower ebb. Save in a few big and progressive establishments and in the silk filatures they have not been improved. The woman in Japan is as much a beast of burden as the man. Most of the piles in building construction are driven by cumbersome hand machines operated by females, many of them ancient and withered dames, who sing as they work. Ships are coaled at Nagasaki by begrimed women. In the factories the minimum wage for a girl cotton spinner in 1914 was 28 sen a day. The minimum wage by 1920 had risen to only 75 sen. In the match factories it is slightly higher. As a rule the pay of women has increased at only half the rate of the men's, regardless of service. In Japan woman is regarded as the inferior sex. When families go out the wife usually carries the parcels. Such a thing as deference to female folk in public or private is almost unknown.

By 1919 there had been a considerable increase in all wages. The blacksmith had risen to 1 yen and 10 sen a day, the plasterer to 2 yen, the carpenter to 1 yen and 70 sen, the clog maker to 1 yen and 60 sen, the lacquer worker to 2 yen, and this included board, the bricklayer to 2 yen and 30 sen, and the tile roof layer to 1 yen and 35 sen. In 1921 there was a further increase of from 1 to 3 yen a day in the pay of every skilled worker. Some carpenters and plasterers were getting as much as 5 yen a day.

These increases—and they were typical of the advance in all lines, including household servants—helped to make the artisans cocky, as this incident will show: When I was in Japan last February work was being rushed on the Tokio Peace Exposition. Construction was two months behind the schedule and every effort was being made to complete it. The country was scoured for carpenters, who were offered 5 yen a day. Not one of them would drive a nail until he had been given a guaranty of 10 yen a day.

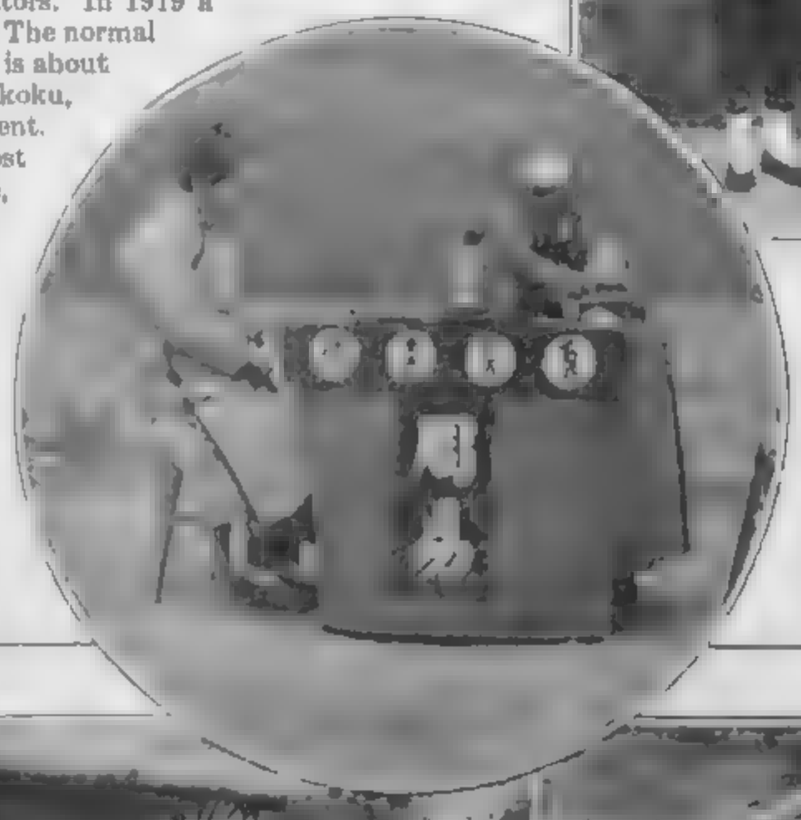
They had the promoters where they wanted them, and capitalized the opportunity. It simply showed that the little Nipponese had got wise to the ways of his Western colleagues.

Everything would have been lovely for the Japanese worker if that universal leveler of rank, the high cost of living, had not stepped in and spoiled the picture. As usual, the prices of food commodities not only kept pace with the expanding pay envelope but in some instances outstripped it. The case of rice, which is the barometer of living conditions in Japan, will illustrate. Everybody, whether of high or low degree, eats rice three times a day as a substitute for bread; and whether you partake of fish, meat or vegetables, the custom of the country is to mix up the white cereal with it.

Not only does rice constitute, with raw fish, the principal article of diet of the great mass of the people but unfortunately it is subject to violent fluctuations. A bad crop shoves up the price, and at once there is hardship. The average yield of Japanese rice an acre is from thirty to thirty-five bushels. The per capita consumption is seven bushels a year. Since the population is about 60,000,000, the country would normally need 420,000,000 bushels of rice yearly. The 1921 crop was only 275,000,000 bushels. Japan had to import rice. The natives will eat only the home-grown article; therefore the increased demand led to an increased price.

Open-Air Chinese Venders of Food are Commonplace Sights

At the Right—A Chinaman Taking His Bird Out for a Walk



At the Left—A Chinese Fortune-Teller Whose Client is Offsetting the Bad News With the Consolation of a Good Cigar

The Street Peep-Hole Show Still Rivals the Movie in Japan

The Corner on Rice

THIS natural condition has been greatly aggravated since 1914 by profiteers and speculators. In 1919 a well-known operator got a corner on rice. The normal price was from 10 to 13 yen a koku, which is about five bushels. It jumped to 60 yen a koku, which is an increase of almost 500 per cent. Not only was the supply short but the cost prohibitive. The people had to have rice, so at Kobe and elsewhere they stormed the shops. This was the first riot of any consequence in the history of Japan, and it was a straw that indicated the trend of things.

So violent was the disorder that the government had to pass a cereal law and establish a bureau of foodstuffs, which went through the motions of checking the profiteers. Like most similar laws it did nothing of the sort. At the time I write this article rice ranges from 36 to 42 yen a koku and is almost beyond the means of the average person.

With wartime prosperity the Japanese, like all other people throughout the world, acquired extravagant tastes. Where the British and American workers spent their money on silk shirts and phonographs and other luxuries they had never known before, their Nipponese mates went in for expensive clothes and fast living. Kimonos, European clothes in fact, everything, including rents—went up. Even the geisha contributed to the spectacle. The principal form of entertainment in Japan is by geisha girls, who, contrary to popular belief, correspond somewhat to our cabaret dancers and singers. During the past five years the cost of hiring these girls has increased about 400 per cent because their clothes are much more expensive. What amounts to a geisha trust exists in Tokio, and the promoters—the girls sign contracts for four or five years' service and are handled in groups—are doing what every other business man does when he controls a commodity and the people must have it.

In 1914 a rich Japanese could give a geisha party and have at least twenty competent girls, excellent food and all the *sake* desired, at the rate of what amounted to $10, American money, for each of his guests. During my stay in Tokio a well-known banker gave a party at a tea house for five Americans. He had the usual bevy of girls and the conventional Japanese menu. The bill for seven people was $400. Thus, the high cost of entertainment, like the high cost of living, is no respecter of persons.

Summing up the situation as affecting everybody, you find that the cost of living in Japan is relatively higher than in any other country in the world, all things considered. You can live at the best hotels in London, Paris or Rome for less money than in a similar hostelry at Tokio or Kobe. The last few years have dispelled the legend that Japan is the country of cheap living and cheap labor.

Japan's Federation of Labor

KNOWING all these facts you can understand why trade-unionism came into being in Japan. So long as he got a wage that fed and clothed him and his family the worker was content to look upon his employer as a sort of benevolent father who provided the means for his existence. The sharp rise in the price of rice awakened class consciousness. Up to that time there had been more or less secret guild organization among groups of factory and other workers. The government, which is run on bureaucratic lines, frowned on them, and it was not until the rice riots in 1919 that the authorities intimated that they preferred open organizations to secret bodies. No change was made in the police regulations, however, which impose intimidation, arrest and imprisonment on inciters or even encouragers of strikes.

The first important Japanese labor organization, the Yuai-kai, which means Workers' Friendly Society, was founded by Bunji Suzuki, the Samuel Gompers of Japan. It antedated the rice riots and was more of a workmen's benefit society than a labor union. In the indignation over the manipulation of rice prices the more radical members quit and organized the Kwansai Rodo Domeikai, meaning Kwansai Labor Federation, in the great factory district of Kobe, Osaka and Kioto. A similar militant organization called the Tokio Rodo Domeikai was formed at Tokio. Subsequently both these groups were taken into the Yuai-kai and the name of the merged body changed to Dai-Nippon Rodo Sodomei, or General Federation of Labor of Japan. It is frankly a labor union, and although Suzuki is president the more radical element is in control. It now has more than 50,000 members, including the Seamen's Union and Miners' Federation. Other classes of labor represented in it are the steel, iron and textile workers, machinists, tailors, furniture makers and shipwrights. Outside the General Federation of Labor there are several independent labor unions local in character, including tramcar men, printers and arsenal workers, who contribute 30,000 additional members to the army of organized labor.

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PASCAL'S MILL

V

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

JUDE PASCAL came into the kitchen. Robert Druce, facing the man, was conscious that Dora Pascal stood motionless behind him, near the stove, watching them both. The young man's perceptions were become preternaturally acute, he seemed to be able to see all about him. The haircloth sofa at the end of the room comforted him by its very presence; it was such a common, ordinary thing, just the sort of thing one would expect to find in an old house like this. There was solace and anchorage in ordinary things: the scene he had just witnessed had been so extraordinary.

And Judah Pascal himself now stood before him. The figure of a man ravaged by a flame. Pascal was tall and gaunt to the point of emaciation. His blue overalls, faded from many washings, fitted him flappingly. The blue shirt, more faded still, though it was buttoned at the throat hung away from the man's neck as though it had been designed for one more robust. His black head was bare; Rob could see iron-gray hairs among the black. Blood streamed down his cheek from the deep cut in his temple; blood stained through shirt and overalls from the gash in his chest. The sleeves of the shirt, buttoned at the cuff, hung down over his hands; and feathers were gummed to these hands with blood. He wore felt boots with rubber shoes over them.

Rob perceived all these things without looking at them; his eyes were fixed and held by the eyes of Pascal. Rob had never seen such eyes; they were inhuman, incredible. Where they should have been white they were yellow; the irises were green. They seemed to glow like phosphorescence, little flickers of flame coming and going in them; and they never winked. The eyes of an owl. No other description could be so apt. For the rest, the man was clean shaven, his chin blue with tortured beard imprisoned there. And for a long moment he stood in the open doorway and looked Robert Druce in the eye.

He Suffered Dora's Attentions Without Stirring

Then Dora Pascal came softly from her place beside the stove; and she had some soft white cloth in her hands. She began to bathe the cut on the man's temple; and after a moment, under the touch of her hands, the rigidity of his posture relaxed. He turned aside from Rob and sat down in a chair, hands pendent at his sides, head resting slackly on his neck. His body seemed to soften, as though while standing he had been drawn taut. Seated in the chair he no longer seemed tall, nor gaunt; seemed rather broad and robust. Rob guessed there must be an immense physical strength in the man. He suffered Dora's attentions without stirring. She bathed clean the cut in his brow and fastened it together with strips of plaster, then slipped the suspender straps of the overalls off Pascal's shoulders and, while he leaned forward, pulled the shirt over his head, baring the wound in his chest. This, Rob now perceived, was a series of perforations rather than a gash. He stepped forward with a suggestion.

"Their talons would be infected," he said. "It is best to be sure you get those holes clean. I would advise laying them open a little with a sharp knife."

Jude looked up at him attentively, listening to his voice as though for some familiar note in it. He nodded assent. "Do so," he said. It was the first time Rob had heard the man's voice. He found it startlingly deep and musical.

They tended his hurts, Rob and Dora together. There was, she said, no antiseptic in the house. "We always wash with soap and water when we are cut or hurt," she explained. Rob nodded. He was busy with the blade of his penknife, at the breast of Judah Pascal. By and by he was satisfied; they had scoured the living flesh with soap and water, while Jude submitted calmly and without movement. The man, Rob thought, must be immune to pain. Dora brought a fresh shirt for him; he drew it over his head. "Dinner's been ready," she explained.

Jude went to wash his hands at the sink; and Rob perceived that a living spring bubbled up beside it, in a barrel set in a well in the floor. He had heard the bubbling before without being conscious of it; heard now, in the moment's silence that succeeded the passing of a train on the track across the valley, the trickling of water almost beneath his feet. This old house, he had been sure, would be full of the sound of running water. He asked Dora about this spring beside the sink.

"It's piped down from the hill," she explained. "The overflow from the barrel goes out into the barn. A tub there." Jude had scrubbed his hands. When he turned back toward the table Dora said to him, "This is a lawyer, from Boston, Uncle Jude."

"Robert Druce is my name," Rob added. He extended his hand. Pascal gripped it firmly, his eyes fixing Rob with a searching scrutiny. "I was sent to see Dora Pascal," Rob told him hurriedly. "Her grandfather is dead. Joshua Hayes. I come in his name."

Jude Pascal heard this in silence. Dora looked at Rob with quick interest, waiting, her lips a little parted. Pascal turned toward the table. "Eat with us," he invited. And with a glance at Rob's bandaged ankle, thick beneath the stocking, he asked, "You have hurt yourself?"

"Twisted my ankle, walking in."

"Sit down," Jude bade, and pointed to a chair at the table.

The two men sat, Rob at Pascal's left. Dora brought boiled potatoes, fried salt pork in its own fat, soda biscuits cold from the morning's baking, pickles and doughnuts. She poured coffee into cracked cups. Food, reduced to its essentials; heavy and remorseless food, with no palliation whatever. When Dora sat down Jude lifted his face a little and closed his eyes.

"Dear Lord," he prayed softly, "forgive, and bless, and do not too harshly chide." Then, with the straightforwardness of a hungry man, he attacked the victuals set before him. Rob, also, was hungry; he found potatoes covered with pork fat had a flavor peculiarly delicious. Dora, he saw, ate little; he perceived that she watched her uncle with some concern.

"Worried," Rob told himself. "Worried about those gashes and stabs he got. What a man!"

The revulsion he had felt a few minutes before was gone; he found himself full of sympathy, of friendliness, of a curiously awed admiration. When Pascal, suddenly pushing away his plate as he finished eating, turned toward the young man, Rob smiled, and saw a faint answering kindness in Pascal's owl eyes.

"From Joshua Hayes?" asked Pascal, half to himself, and Rob nodded.

The other seemed to consider the matter; then he rose and stepped toward the door. "Will you come outside with me?" he asked. "We'll talk of this while Dora clears away."

Rob assented by following him; he had for a moment a curiously guilty feeling, like a lad led off for punishment who does not yet know which one of his crimes has been discovered. Pascal led the way across the barnyard toward the hillside, and upon a flat bowlder fifty yards from the house sat down and crossed his knees, one elbow resting on the upper knee. Rob saw that with the fingers of his right hand he was picking a match to bits, snapping it and tearing at it with constant little movements. He perceived that the man held himself rigidly under control.

"I think it best you talk to me," said Pascal at last. "Dora can hear later."

Rob nodded. "My father instructed me to come," he explained. "Thomas Druce. He was Mr. Hayes' lawyer, and drew his will, and is its executor."

"I had not heard of Joshua Hayes," said Pascal slowly. "The name is strange to me."

"He was Dora's mother's father," Rob explained. He watched the owl-eyed man covertly. If the word was a shock to Pascal he gave no sign; the tightening of his

nerves was not visible to Rob's eyes. He merely nodded; and Rob, on a sudden impulse, touched the other man's knee. "I want to say," he exclaimed boyishly, "that my father respects you, and that I admire you. And—that we both know why Dora was put in your charge."

Judah looked at him then, a curiously youthful look in his eyes, a strange timidity. Rob nodded reassuringly, for the moment the more mature of the two. "Mrs. Worster, who gave Dora to you, told my father before she died," he explained.

Pascal said simply, "Aye, I loved her mother." Rob was silenced by the very simplicity of the other's words. After a moment Pascal added, "Dora is very like her."

Rob smiled in a friendly way and said awkwardly, "That makes it hard for me to tell my errand. I know you must love her dearly; yet I think she ought to come away from this place."

The other seemed to weigh this in silence for a long time. He said once, half to himself, "I supposed that would be your errand." And after a longer interval, so low Rob scarce heard the words, he added, "It comes, perhaps, justly. Happily too."

"You ought both to come away," Rob urged.

Pascal shook his head. "No, I will never go away."

Rob felt silenced; but at length, since the older man did not speak, he found courage to go on with what he had to say. He explained that Dora was urged to come to Boston, accept an education and a training that would fit her to control, some day, a fortune.

"If she stays here," he added, "she will be unhappy. I can see already that she is eager to get away. It must be so with a young girl."

A curious reticence prevented his naming the alternative condition. He felt, though Pascal had said no word, that money had small weight with this man.

This conference between Rob and Judah was a curious one. Little was said, not many words were spoken. Yet an immediate understanding seemed to exist between them. Pascal knew Rob's errand almost as well as Rob himself; Rob, on the other hand, felt the other's assent to it: felt that Judah even welcomed the opportunity for Dora's sake, and would willingly see her go. His respect for the man increased; this must be a sacrifice. He loved Dora, yet he had not the demeanor of one making a sacrifice; seemed, rather, humbly pleased; seemed almost to consider Rob's coming providential.

By and by they rose to go back to the house. Their way, as it happened, lay near the barn, and Rob's eye fell on that cart which he had seen upon his first arrival, its thills propped against the side of the barn. He saw now what he had not seen before, that the cart was equipped with a heavy brake, which was actuated by a stave set within reach of the driver's hand, its lower end jammed into a round iron socket. This stave, Rob perceived, had recently been cut; the bark upon its middle was still green.

He pointed toward it, said in a casual tone, "You lost your brake handle, didn't you." It was a statement, not a question.

Judah seemed at first not to understand; looked toward Rob, toward the cart, and then at Rob again. And Rob felt something within the other man tighten and draw back; saw a harder light in the other's eyes.

"I happened to find the old one on the way in," Rob explained, and was conscious that his voice was unnaturally loud.

"Found it?" Judah echoed in a low tone.

"By that ledge that runs down to the brook," Rob explained eagerly. "It must have bounced out and rolled down there."

Jude made no comment; and Rob, thoroughly confused by the other's demeanor, felt called upon to prove what he had said. He looked about him a little hurriedly, trying to remember where he had tossed the stave when he first came to the barnyard. He saw it, across at the edge of the woods, and went and got it, came back to Jude and extended it toward him.

"Here you are," he said.

Pascal made no move to take it; his eyes watched Rob, then fastened on the stave in Rob's hand. Rob balanced it, tried to smile.

"You could brain a steer with that," he said. "A great heft to it."

Pascal extended his hand and took the oak stick. He did not snatch at it; yet Rob had an impression that the other gripped it with ferocious strength.

With the staff of oak held stiffly in his hand Pascal turned his back on Rob without a word and went into the barn.

VI

YOUNG Robert Druce was left in the mucky barnyard alone, with many things to think about. For a moment he stood looking into the open doors of the barn where Jude had disappeared; then he glanced toward the house. Dora was busy, within there, clearing up the dishes; he could hear faintly the clatter of pots and pans, the clink of heavy pottery. He took a step toward the door; then changed his mind, turned aside, sat down again on the bowlder where he and Judah had sat together.

The great gray house facing him blankly had a threat in its aspect; it oppressed and disturbed him. The two doors in this end were closed; the windows were blank. On the second floor he saw other windows, uncurtained, severely plain. He wondered what rooms they lighted. This huge old structure, ridiculously large for the occupancy of two people, must have many a story to tell. He had a passing impulse to inspect the workings of the old mill, doubtless rusting away now, but decided that would wait till Jude could be his guide.

For the present there were matters enough to occupy him. He found Pascal's demeanor profoundly puzzling. The matter of the oaken stave, for instance; it had in itself no obvious significance. The man had lost his brake handle; later, discovering his loss at the crest of the ridge, where he first needed the brake, he had repaired the loss by cutting a new stick. On the face of things no further explanation was needed. Yet there was something behind the face of things; Jude, a moment ago, had been deeply disturbed. The fact that Rob had found the lost stave had—Rob was sure of this—struck the man with a sudden grim terror. It was like a stroke of fortune which he had dreaded—and expected. There had been a shrinking in his manner when he took the staff. But why? What was there in so simple an incident to disturb this strong man?

And the slaughter of the owls. That was a grisly incident, not easily understood. It appeared to be the result of the sudden fury of a naturally choleric man; yet Jude must habitually have himself under rigid control. He was not one to give way readily to fury; not one to yield to a passing gust of anger; not one to let that anger flame out against helpless creatures. Yet he had torn the birds of prey apart in his hands with a certain ravenous unction, as though the mere act of destroying them somehow salved and soothed the torment of his soul. What was it that tormented him? Was there anything?

Rob's eyes turned to where the feathery bodies still lay; with an impulse to save Judah further offense he crossed and picked them up, one by one, handling them gingerly; and he carried the carrion into the woods and dropped it into a crevice between two bowlders and covered the place with smaller rocks. His hands needed cleaning; he saw a tub of water just inside the barn door, where the spring bubbled, and washed them there. He did not go farther into the barn, lest Jude be within and resent being disturbed. He heard the crescendo roar of an approaching train; it passed puffing up the grade, the engine laboring. Smoke lifted whitely above the trees and drifted away up

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He Came Back Again, Dragging Behind Him the Shattered Skiff Itself

The Princess of Paradise Island

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XIV

SWIFTLY, silently Jeanne Smith closed and bolted the doors of her bedroom, then pulled the shutters of many windows. She snatched up a stocking and rammed it into a crack through which sunshine poured. Then she stood, half stifled, and peered with eyes not normal through the gloom of the shut-in room. She had never seen it like this before, nor had she foreseen this effect. In seeking privacy she had achieved a stuffy twilight. She had been in many a cabin and cottage from which two enemies, light and air, had been banished. In the hour of her exposure she perceived herself showing a racial characteristic. She had looked in vain for these before. She glanced at the bed, minded to fling herself down, bury her face in the pillow and sob, but not a tear would come. She visioned Cepara Turnquest howling in hysterics, and she curled a fastidious lip.

She went to the mirror, bending close in the semidarkness, and shot front and side glances of contempt at a pallid, restrained face. Her composure affronted her; the ordered tidiness of her dress vexed her. She tore it off, breaking some snaps, and pulled down her hair. She put on a bath wrapper, flung herself into an easy-chair and tried to see in the long glass an unkempt lounger. She sprawled laxly, but she could not get the wanted effect. Her muscles appeared controlled; they would not fall about.

She held up a bare leg and studied the outline of her small rounded heel as she had done many a time before. She extended her hand and tried to bend her fingers backwards. She snatched up a hand glass and studied the reflection of her eyeballs. She ran fingers down a tress of her fine hair, playing as on a flute, testing with the tips, searching for an angle which she knew was not there. All this was no new thing and she was moved to it by the unconscious suggestion of the darkened dead-aired room.

A sixteenth, a thirty-second, even a sixty-fourth did it; a single drop infinitely diluted, was enough. Not a hint of it on her body; not a sign in bones or hair or hands or eyes or walk or gestures; not a trace in her mind or thoughts or emotions; she had applied a test again and again to her conduct, and she was almost sure; yet she was now outside the pale. She knew how irrevocably. She had felt that way herself up to the time of her father's death. She had never thought of it; never given individual judgments or considered personal traits; a girl was colored, that was enough; she was one of a herd. Condescension, patience, kindness, firmness—these were for the members of this herd, so long as they were properly respectful and kept their distance. Jeanne knew.

She had foreseen this day, of course. She had lived it over in moments of lassitude, and especially of late, since Cepara Turnquest had become openly insolent. But she had never foreseen the disclosure made in the presence of two young men each of whom had told her that he loved her. She saw their faces, printed singly on memory as she had said her final words on the veranda. She told herself that their look would have been the same if she had said that she was a leper. She had no censures for them. She remembered a young dark-faced scientist who had come to make observations about the rise and fall of tides, and how he had owned up after dinner, and been courteously then and there dismissed to a cottage. She had cut him afterwards, by her father's orders, because he had not said what he was in the first meeting. She had thought this right then. She had not changed now. She had deeply imbibed the pride of the Caucasian and his prejudice against mixed races. She was unique. She was the one person in the world who had seen the shield from the golden side until nearly twenty years of age, and then had it reversed for her.

The Old Man Raised Trembling Hands in a Blessing

She had planned if exposure came that she would remain just where she was, in splendid isolation. She would rule these people just as she had before, just as if she was not one of themselves. She would not go skulking about the world, hiding a secret, fearful of meetings that would expose her, looking furtive-eyed at strangers lest perchance they should know her story. She would not mix with whites, she could not with the others, and hence her clinging to her island refuge. Could she hold it, hold it as mistress and owner? If she found the treasure, yes.

She flung shutters wide, dressed in haste, pulled open doors. Outside one door was sitting a little black girl, sound asleep, a note in her lap. Jeanne carried the note to her shut-in veranda unopened as she considered the problem that had dragged her back from a vain effort to abandon herself to gloom and grief. She had to find something that she had no doubt existed; and she had dismissed the only capable and willing searchers. She had done worse than dismiss them; she had told them to go to the house where the search must center.

They would leave at first chance, of course; they would have that much consideration, but valuable days must be lost. Thus thinking she casually read the love note of Drake Holton. At first glance, thoughts elsewhere, she did not take in its meaning; then she reread. She flung it down, contemptuous, annoyed. These absurd young men would go on thrusting a ridiculous thing they called love into real matters that counted. At the instant she thought no more of it than that, and she used the back of the note to jot down names. Opie, the engineer, and Ahasuerus Martingale, a chocolate-colored Barbadian, intelligent and obedient, must search Causeway House and the laboratory under her direction. She would move to that house herself; that was the solution. Her guests should stay on here undisturbed.

"Halloo, Mr. Holton!"

She saw his immaculate legs and feet through the railings as he passed. She sprang up and unhooked the door. He came up the low steps along the open veranda, and entered her latticed part of it. Sure that a broken and disheveled girl had been hiding in her room, he could not conceal astonishment.

He looked from her face down her fresh dress with a deliberate regard unconsciously impertinent.

"I wanted to say," Jeanne told him, "that my plans have changed. Please tell them they are to stay here—here in this house."

He bowed his head, looking from her to his letter on the table, frowning in perplexity. He had anticipated the gratitude that a drowning girl may be expected to pour out on her rescuer. He had thought that she would fall sobbing on his neck. He had lingered near, waiting for this summons. He had felt her arms clinging, had pictured her as sliding downwards until she was on her knees to him, prostrate, groveling, with upturned eyes shining in humility. His breath had quickened. That proud, beautiful girl at his feet, to be lifted slowly, tenderly, she clinging close; that was a moment to be waited for. So he had run to her

summons in ardent anticipation, drawing his lips in tight, as do some epicures anticipating a *bonne bouche*.

She had forgotten his note, he saw; this girl with colored blood had actually for the instant forgotten his proposal. His condescension, his loyalty had not touched her. She had not taken it all in yet; that must be it. Stunned at the exposure of her secret, she did not understand that everything was changed for her. He eyed her, thrusting out his chin. She seemed to think she was still entitled to all the respect of an hour before. She was self-reliant. She carried herself with a high dignity. He must teach her. To humble this proud beauty was intensely to his liking.

His sense of hearing lagged behind her words, but he caught her meaning at last. She was courteously asking him to leave the island as soon as he could. He could no more than stare at his open note.

"Oh, yes," she said, her eyes following his, and recollection coming to her. "I am sorry. I did forget." She slanted her head a little and looked at him from kindly eyes. "You stand by me. I do thank you. But I was brought up with some beliefs that cannot change because I am their victim. Some lines are not to be crossed."

Forgotten—then refused! An ending so unlooked-for made him dumb. The treasure—it might not be all moonshine; there were grounds for belief in it—and she, standing there, far away from him, lovely, strong, supported by a dignity to which he felt she had no right; a challenge to any man like him.

He would show her.

"What does love care about lines?" he said, his voice charged with feeling. "It is not that I am standing by you; I am thinking of myself, of my love for you, of that alone. Whatever you are, to me you are perfect, wonderful!"

He dropped his voice to a whisper: "I am not worthy of you, but I would try."

"Don't, please don't!" Jeanne's murmur was a little broken, for she was profoundly touched and she felt uplifted, supported. She bent forward, looking into blue eyes that seemed to ask that she should search their depths. "I shall never marry," she said. "You know why."

He stepped back and threw out his arms in a hopeless graceful gesture. He was an actor, who had come from England to Jamaica for his health. On Transom's schooner, an idle passenger, he had been told of an island princess rolling in wealth who loved all things that came from Devon.

"Come from Devon," Transom had told him. "Study this diary of her father's. Marry her and split with me fifty-fifty." So now he brought all his training on the stage and off to the winning of this girl.

"I told you," he said in a changed voice, "that I had been kidnaped. That was because I was your one friend on the island. Your storm warning didn't fool Shortbridge. He laughed—a put-up job. He's gone to Nassau."

"Oh!"

Jeanne saw it all; gone to foreclose the mortgage. She was dismayed.

"These people have claws. They want island, treasure, everything!"

Jeanne could only stare from wide, frightened eyes.

"I have a clew," he said softly, taking her hand and coming close. "You have not a minute to lose. Must I go, with my hand almost on the treasure?"

She drooped her head, not answering.

"Love is selfish," he whispered. "If I find it—if I bring it to you ——"

He heard her quick breathing and he put his arm round her; but she stepped back. She straightened, looked full at him, and nodded her head. He caught her two hands, pulling her almost roughly to him.

"Yours are empty," she said. "Bring the price first." But her gentle manner softened the words.

He dropped the irresponsive fingers. The vain man, piqued, could not hide chagrin. "Don't you care for me at all?" he demanded.

She swept him a curtsy. "A bargain," she said, "is a bargain."

"I will tame you!" he cried, utterly unguarded now. "I'll ——"

To her astonishment he became suddenly incoherent, pouring out hot protestations, humbling himself, begging for a sign of love. She could not comprehend that he had lost his head because she had kept hers. She was aloof, inaccessible, fearless; in all his facile conquests he had met no such antagonist as this. She became for the moment utterly desired. He forgot himself.

"Go find it." She had not meant to speak as one does to an eager dog waving his tail, nor had her arm consciously swept in the gesture which goes with that command; but command and gesture did their work.

Struck to silence he stood, panting, eying her through lids pressed down, hiding lust and cruelty. "I don't deserve this," he reproached.

"I give all that I can. I am sorry it is not more."

"The hand without the heart."

Jeanne shook her head. "I am not mercenary," she said vehemently. "I am not asking for riches or luxury. I am begging, praying for the chance to stay in my home. If you give me that—I—I—will give much in return." She turned and walked slowly into her room.

She was distraught now and would have gone to pieces had not Mrs. Shortbridge appeared at her door and entered without invitation.

"My dear Jeanne," she said, seating herself as one who meant to stay, "you spoke as though you thought we believed that wicked lie."

"It is true, Mrs. Shortbridge," she said. "You mean to be kind, I know, but I am very tired." She closed her eyes.

To this pointed dismissal Mrs. Shortbridge paid no attention. "True?" she echoed contemptuously. "Nonsense! You've been afraid to do anything for fear you'd find it true. You've ended by believing a lie."

Her tones were low and tender, and the emotion that she was holding back made its due impression on the listener. A mother can testify in accents of conviction to a daughter's birth, even though she conceals facts and reasons.

Jeanne eyed her with perplexity. "You seem to like me a lot," she burst out, "and sometimes I believe that you do."

"Always, my dear Jeanne, always."

"Then why has the yacht sneaked off to foreclose the mortgage?"

Mrs. Shortbridge's remarkable quickness of mind was proved in her answer: "For your sake, Jeanne. I wanted to force you away; and now that I shall prove you white you will be glad to see the world."

"Prove—prove?"

"Of course. Easy." Mrs. Shortbridge hazarded a guess: "Your father never hinted that your mother ——" She could not go on. She believed the husband who had deserted her capable of anything.

"Oh, no! How could he?" Jeanne flushed. "He was everything to me," she said, her voice trembling. "I do not blame him. I never have, not for an instant."

"Then clear his memory." The sharp utterance brought a glance of surprise. "What put this delusion in your head?"

"Delusion?" Jeanne shook her head. "Cepara dropped a hint just a month after he died. She asked for money to go to Paris. In France, she said, color lines were not drawn. She got very angry when I refused. She told me that some day I would want to go for the same reason. I thought it unmeaning insolence for a time, but it sank in. One morning I saw that it explained everything—my father's silence, no pictures of her, no memories. Others knew too. I could see it in their manner."

"You looked for it!" Mrs. Shortbridge cried. "Of course you did. The girl may have spread the story too. My dear child, what a load—always with you. And you wouldn't inquire, wouldn't search. I can see that. You were afraid to be sure. Yet it grew into certainty because you lived with it and saw it proved over and again in your imagination."

"You seem to read me through," Jeanne said. "But you're only pretending, you know; nothing else can explain everything. I don't care any more about pretense. There's more proof. I got a letter—found it under my door one morning, just behind where you are sitting. It was penciled in printed letters; anonymous—Cepara Turnquest, I dare say. 'You ought to know about your mother and your little brother,' it said. It contained a death certificate of Caroline Rolle, in Memphis, and her little baby. I have heard of Caroline Rolle. She was a cousin of Mrs. Turnquest's—very beautiful, they say, and almost white, and with a hint of mystery about her."

"Ah!" Mrs. Shortbridge appeared greatly relieved. "Now we have something definite."

"I dare not ask," Jeanne said. She was near to tears now, for hope had sprung.

"No need," Mrs. Shortbridge now boldly lied. "That Bonsal boy"—she leaned forward and dared her first caress; she had feared to break down if she did it before—"do you know what he said? The minute your back was turned he said, 'What rot! I'll soon smash that lie!' He's searching now, of course. Jeanne, don't resent his interference. He couldn't help doing it. Be fair. You know any decent young man would do the same."

Her fingers pressed Jeanne's arm as she saw the tightened lips, the frown. She had heard the fag end of the talk with Drake Holton, had caught Jeanne's last speech. A strange meeting, at a time when Jeanne might be supposed to have collapsed, and in

(Continued on Page 52)

"This One Moves!" He Cried, Gripping the Edge and Pressing Downwards With All His Strength

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 13, 1923

When Justice Nods

MANY a high-minded judge finds himself forced to admit that criminals have at least one well-founded grievance against society—namely, the marked inequality with which justice is at times administered. It is a truism that all man-made laws and their application are necessarily imperfect. No small proportion of our justice is rough and ready, and some of it partakes more of the former quality than of the latter. Granting these things, the practical question is whether or not the administration of our criminal law is more imperfect than it need be.

Everyone who reads the newspapers knows that sometimes the hand of justice falls with the lightness of a caress and at others it descends with crushing power, with no wide divergence of circumstances to justify extreme lenity or untempered severity. Examination of prison records confirms this observation and reveals the disturbing fact that the same institution may harbor half a dozen inmates of precisely similar criminal background, convicted of like crimes committed under like circumstances, some of whom are serving short sentences and others doing terms three or four times as long. Such discrepancies cannot be too deeply deplored; for there is obviously something wrong about any system or lack of system in which similar crimes are so variously punished.

No one supposes that it would be either wise or desirable to rewrite the penal code so that one invariable penalty should be prescribed for each offense. Human nature and human life would themselves have to be standardized before it would be possible to deal sanely with wrongdoing by the establishment of hard-and-fast rules and rigid adherence to them. The harsher the code the easier it is to apply, once a verdict of guilty has been rendered. The rule of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth leaves little to the imagination and nothing to judgment. Clemency is automatically excluded. The statute framed to recognize a dozen shades of guilt, ranging from pale gray to a tint that is almost black, frankly puts the whole thing up to the judge in the belief that he will match guilt and sentence as expertly as he knows how.

It is the duty of the court, within the limits of the statutes, to make the punishment fit not only the crime but the criminal as well; and often this cannot be perfectly or even moderately well done unless the court knows considerably more about the criminal and his past life and surroundings than is commonly revealed in the course of the average jury trial. A dozen circumstances—mental, physical, social, hereditary, domestic, and so on—may have a material bearing upon the degree of the guilt of the accused. If there were any system whereby all these determining factors could be made apparent the court would know how to give each its proper weight and how to strike a correct balance in passing sentence; but, speaking broadly, no such system is in universal or even common operation.

This is what frets the consciences of judges. There is a not uncommon feeling among them that the power vested in them by law is altogether out of proportion to the definite knowledge of individual cases that should govern them in the exercise of that power. Court officers and social-service workers often make superficial investigations of the antecedents of the accused, but in the very nature of things their inquiries cannot be sufficiently exhaustive to qualify them to advise the court as to whether the poor devil in the dock ought to be sent up for three years or for ten. There is no quarter to which the judge can turn for trustworthy guidance. There are whole libraries of works on penology. There are records and precedents without end, but they are of small avail unless all the collateral facts are at the disposal of the judge; and if they were he would have very little need of outside assistance.

In our larger cities the fate of a man accused of crime largely depends upon the judge before whom his case is tried. It is an important part of the business of criminal lawyers to know the personal equation of every judge in their jurisdiction and to endeavor to get their clients before men who have a reputation for lenity rather than before those of the treat-'em-rough habit of mind.

In some localities this jockeying for judicial mercy is an evil that claims the most serious attention of bench and bar. Judges are free to concede that the personal slant of their brethren on the bench makes for inequalities of punishment. Some judges have such an abhorrence for crimes of a certain nature that they will punish them with undue severity, though their whole bent of mind may be toward gentleness and mercy; and again, Judge Treat-'em-Rough may be in the habit of displaying singular lenity in dealing with particular offenses that appear to him less heinous than those in which he exercises severity.

At heart judges are very much like other men and no amount of judicial schooling entirely roots out their human qualities. Who, for example, would care to appear for sentence before the mildest judge on the bench after he had spent a night walking the floor with neuralgia or when he had just learned that his only daughter had eloped with the chauffeur?

The recognition of these inequalities is no new thing. Conditions have been greatly bettered by the indeterminate sentence, the parole system, the state pardon boards, the exercise of executive clemency, and a general trend toward more humane treatment of criminals; and yet with all these ameliorating influences there is room for vast improvement of our methods of punishing crime.

One definite and constructive reform has been proposed, but it is so advanced that even those who are inclined to sponsor it are almost as deeply impressed by its weaknesses as by its merits. This plan is to have every criminal trial attended by a commission composed of a physician competent to report upon the physical and mental condition of the accused, a psychologist able to gauge the intelligence and mental caliber of the defendant, a layman—say, a business man—capable of reflecting the sentiment of the community, and an expert social investigator who can bring into court an unbiased and well-rounded story of antecedents, upbringing and domestic environment. During the trial these experts would be silent observers. If the accused were acquitted they would not function. Only after a verdict of guilty had been rendered would they be heard from. The judge would be an ex-officio member of the commission, and when it became his duty to pass sentence the experts would be at his service to present the intangible features of the case and to assist him as best they might in fixing the penalty.

All this new machinery thrust into our criminal courts would be clumsy and costly. In many instances the bench would regard it as a personal affront. In every case it would be open to the objection that it had a tendency to divide and scatter the responsibilities of the court. And yet, in view of the miscarriages of justice it is designed to cure, it is quite conceivable that within the next decade or two some such plan may be put into operation.

The Technic of Success

IF THE reading matter and educational systems that distinguish a nation are any indication of its people's thoughts and interests, then there can be no doubt that a large part of the men in this country are thinking about and interested in the subject of success, commercial or professional. They like to read about other men who have been successful, and in constantly increasing numbers are flocking to schools and colleges of every description for courses designed to advance their own careers.

A prominent financial writer recently remarked that the American public loves to read about certain business and financial giants. Great personalities, historical as well as current; military, literary, religious and political as well as commercial—all these make corking good reading matter. Their lives teach many valuable lessons. Biographies, of both the living and the dead, are stimulating, fascinating and inspiring.

Many a middle-aged man—as well as young men and boys—has been given new impetus, fresh springs of courage and a whole range of permanent values by reading about Lincoln. Think of what it means to a delicate youth to learn that Roosevelt also was slight and weak in his boyhood.

If men want character, perspective, imagination and vision, if they want something in life besides money, they should know about the great ones of the past and present. But when it comes to earning the daily meal ticket and the weekly pay envelope it is not quite enough to read how Rockefeller made his supposed billion. The connection is not always so immediate as it might be.

A man holding an ordinary average job becomes discouraged. Does it do him any good to say that Charles M. Schwab never became discouraged, or that at his age some other great figure did this or that or had gotten such a distance along on the road to fame?

The natural reply is: "Oh, that's all right for Schwab. But how about me?"

Now possibly there is no such thing as telling people how to make good. But there may well be a very definite, sincere and honest effort to stimulate them to want to understand their jobs, improve and advance in their work, and, in addition, an equally definite technic or procedure for such understanding, improvement and advancement.

In the plainest of plain language, here is the point: What the great majority of men need is a simple, practical, understandable, workable technic of fitting themselves for the job next ahead, not for the presidency of the Standard Oil Company.

Of course men must have some vision of opportunities and achievements quite far distant from what they are doing at the moment; for without vision the people perish, and with no look ahead the job becomes mere drudgery. But if there is only vision or too much of it, if there is nothing in mind but the far-distant view, a man never lights on his feet at all. Especially, and above all, his progress stops if he has no method of handling his job well enough to promote himself into the one next ahead. If he is a helper to a shipping clerk for the Standard Oil, he may be aroused to much zeal by the knowledge that another shipping clerk's helper once became chairman of the board of directors. But the hard cold fact remains that if he has no technic for becoming a shipping clerk, if there is not the remotest possibility of such a promotion for him, he becomes discouraged and loses interest in his present job; and of course when that happens all possibility of being promoted even as far as shipping clerk is lost forever.

What is meant by technic is not a device, a scheme, an efficiency stunt, a volume of stuff or a bag of tricks. It must be a natural solution of a man's difficulties, and to that extent it becomes with him a mental attitude, a general principle which works for him.

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents — By H. H. Kohlsaat

At the Right—Mr. and Mrs. William G. McAdoo Put on Screen Clothes Merely to be Photographed for Their Private Film Library. The Former Secretary of the Treasury Appeared in Wild-West Stunts at Santa Barbara, California

NOVEMBER 18, 1918, seven days after the Armistice was signed, President Wilson decided to go to the peace conference in Paris, starting immediately after Congress met in December.

I was in Washington, Wednesday, November twentieth, when the morning papers announced the Government would take over the cable lines. Postmaster-General Burleson already had the control of the land wires of the Western Union and Postal companies; also the telephone lines. It was a shock to the country, especially the press, to have the Government take control of the cables after peace had been declared. It did not have the excuse even of being a war measure.

I called on Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and told him it was a mistake; that the press of the country regardless of political bias would think it was an attempt to control the news service from Paris; that Mr. Wilson's decision to go personally would emphasize that belief, and the President ought to reverse the Postmaster-General, who, of course, was acting under his orders.

I said to Mr. McAdoo, "You will suffer along with the President."

He answered, "Don't jump on me; I knew nothing about it until I saw it in the morning papers."

I asked if it was possible the President would take such an important step without consulting his cabinet. Mr. McAdoo said he did not believe any member of the cabinet, with the exception of the Postmaster-General, knew a thing about it. After some further conversation I asked him to see the President and try to persuade him to change the order.

With considerable emphasis the Secretary of the Treasury hit the door post and said, "I will, tonight."

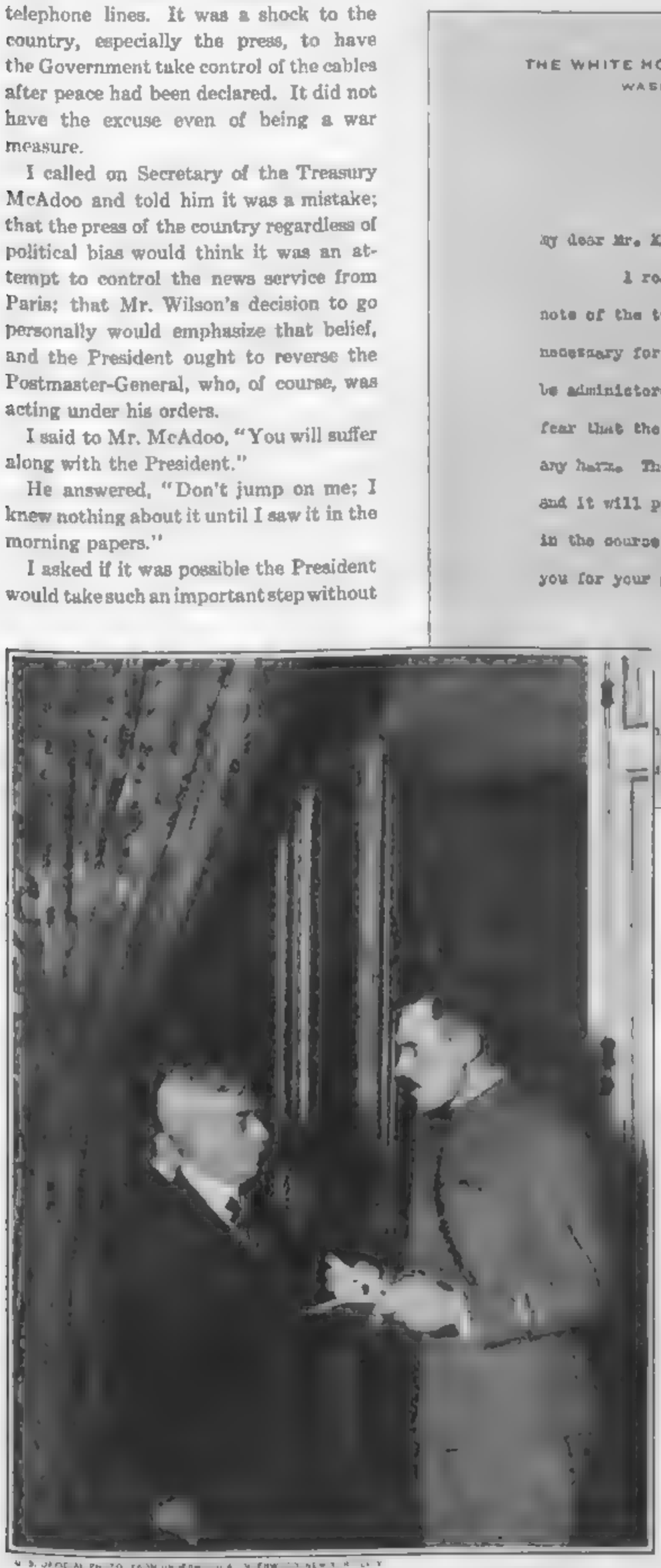
Returning to the hotel I wrote the President and made much the same argument as to Mr. McAdoo, with as forceful words as I could put on paper. I thought he would resent my remarks, and never expected to hear from him again, but to my surprise he wrote me the following letter two days later:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

22 November, 1918.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I realize the force of what you say in your kind note of the twentieth about the cables, but it is absolutely necessary for their proper administration that they should be administered as a single system, and I have not the least fear that the misrepresentations you have in mind will do any harm. They are too contemptible to be worthy of notice, and it will presently become evident that what we did was done in the course of business. I am none the less obliged to you for your generous concern in the matter.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.



Secretary of State Robert Lansing at the Peace Conference

Thursday, the twenty-first, I returned to New York. Friday evening my attention was called to a bulletin in the late edition of The Evening Mail stating Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo had resigned. While I was reading, La Roux, bell captain of the Biltmore, came to me and said, "There is Secretary Lansing and Mrs. Lansing standing near the elevator."

I went to them and asked Mr. Lansing if he had seen the McAdoo resignation rumor.

He said, "Yes, they telephoned it to my room from downstairs. I rang up the Associated Press and confirmed it. What does it mean?"

I asked him when he left Washington.

He said, "This morning, and nothing was known of it then."

I then told him of my interview with Mr. McAdoo, Wednesday, and his promise to see President Wilson that night.

Mr. Lansing said, "That's right; he did see the President Wednesday night. I rang up the White House and was told that the President was closeted with Mr. McAdoo and had left orders not to be disturbed."

What took place between the President and Mr. McAdoo they alone know, but it seems strange Mr. McAdoo should suddenly resign just as the President was leaving for France. In an interview Mr. McAdoo said he was compelled to resign for financial reasons; that he could not live on his salary, but it is possible to believe he could have held on a few weeks longer. I have always thought he resented being ignored in such an important move as taking over the cable lines without consulting the cabinet. I have been more or less intimate with the Presidents for nearly forty years and do not believe any other President so completely ignored his official family.

There has never been any explanation why the cables were taken, but I presume the business reasons Mr. Wilson wrote of in his letter of November twenty-second were prompted by Theodore Vail, Senator Murray Crane and their associates.

(Continued on Page 117)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Hopkins Was Right

A Rimed Editorial

HANNIBAL HOPKINS, a farmer lad,
Sowing potatoes and planting corn,
Discontented and sour and sad,
Cursed the day he was born.
"Just you wait," he would often say,
"Sometime I'm going to run away!

"Up to the city's the place to live!
That's where a feller can make a name,
Money and all that money can give,
Power, success and fame!
Life on a farm is perishin' slow.
Soon as I've saved enough coin I'll go."

II

Hannibal Hopkins, a city man,
Only one wish in the world had he
As life drew near its allotted span—
Somewhere to see a tree.
"One of these days," he would often sigh,
"I'm going to bid this town good-by.

"Out of the welter of smells and smoke,
Out to the country where winds are clean;
Chicks and a cow and a spreading oak,
Flowers and grasses green!
Building's expensive these days, I know,
But soon as I've saved up enough I'll go!" *Moral—see title.*

—Baron Ireland.

Youth Will be Served

One of the Remarkable Cures Effected by the Coué Method of Autosuggestion

The Case of Mr. X, Who for Twenty Years Suffered From Sleeping Sickness at Wagnerian Operas

MR. X, age 64, was brought for treatment in a very serious condition. His wife, who accompanied him, stated that he had been afflicted with this dread disease ever since they had owned subscription seats at the Metropolitan Opera House, the symptoms appearing in particularly virulent form during any German opera. So far had the disease progressed that last winter, during the production of Die Todte Stadt, even stimulants administered between the acts were ineffectual

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. X, so far as they were aware, had ever been exposed to attack by the tsetse fly, although Mrs. X had been badly bitten by the social bug the year they had first purchased their seats. Procedure for a cure was very simple. Knocking Mr. X unconscious I repeated to him a formula which he, in turn, was to repeat to himself—aloud with the eyes closed—the next time he attended the opera. The following Monday evening he did as I had directed. The opera, I understand, was Lohengrin.

Shutting his eyes Mr. X repeated aloud the following: "Every day in every way the opera is getting better and better. In fact, it is getting so good I don't believe it is the opera. No, sir-ree, it isn't the opera! I'm at the Winter Garden! That fellow in the tin nightgown and whiskers who has been singing for twenty minutes without coming up for air, is really Frank Tinney! Ha, ha, ha! That's a pretty good one he's singing about the Irishman and the Jew! Some chorus too! Swan ballet, 'n' everything! Ha, ha, ha! This certainly is a good show. Every day in every way the opera is getting better and better."

The results he achieved were truly astonishing. Mrs. X in a state bordering on collapse—induced by joy, presumably, over her husband's recovery—took him home immediately, and has never insisted on his accompanying her to the opera since. "Thanks to your method," he writes, "I am the happiest man in the world."

—Katharine Dayton.

The Shins of His Father

[A Modern Play]

THE time is early morning. The scene, which is done in the most approved modern manner, looks like a tropical jungle. The background is splotched with streaks of bright blue, yellow, pink and purple. On either side of the stage is a purple dingus, covered with round yellow spots. A thin white shaft of light falls on the right-hand dingus, revealing the figure of a woman sitting there. She is clad in a flowing white robe; her long golden hair, which falls loosely about her shoulders, is fastened about her forehead by a narrow gold band. You consult your program and discover that the scene is A Room in an East Side Tenement, the Home of HEDWIG BINSWANGER, *a Settlement Worker. As the curtain rises you hear, in the distance, the regular rhythmic throbbing of a tom-tom.*

HEDWIG *(dismally):* My wedding day! My God! *(She buries her face in her hands.)* I am the happiest girl in the world.

[MRS. BAUMGARTEN, HEDWIG'S *next-door neighbor, comes in. She is a fat slatternly woman, and appears to have been drinking.*

MRS. BAUMGARTEN *(gloomily):* All ready for the wedding? What can't be mended, I always say, is best soon ended. And where's the handsome bridegroom?

HEDWIG: Paul went out to get shaved. He's always getting shaved.

MRS. BAUMGARTEN *(nodding her head):* Aye, lass, I know. Men are like that. At first it's only a shave. Then comes a time when they must have a manicure, too, and an oil shampoo, and then ——

HEDWIG *(hoarsely):* And then ——

MRS. BAUMGARTEN *(in a tragic whisper):* The facial massage!

HEDWIG: My God! *(Ominously):* But there's always the river.

[PASTOR STOKES *enters. He is a tall emaciated-looking clergyman, apparently in the last stages of consumption. Neither* HEDWIG, *crouched on the right-hand dingus, nor* MRS. BAUMGARTEN, *huddled on the floor beside her, pays any attention to him.*

PASTOR STOKES: The black night is enveloping me. The mists rise up about me like a shroud. *(He coughs.)* If I could but see the mountains again, and feel the cool clean wind upon my cheek —— *(Breaks off abruptly and*

(Continued on Page 106)

Little Moments in the Lives of Great Men—Ex-President William H. Taft's Early Morning Exercises, Which Enable Him to Keep a Nice, Even 340 Pounds, a Happy Smile, and His Good Form on the Golf Links

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

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We can supply your grocer with any of these soups

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Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

The Leaders of the New Austria

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

TO ANYONE who knows Vienna there is an intense joy in strolling through its quaint old streets, after an absence, seeing again Am Hof, the ancient market place; the Freyung, which was the old common of medieval days; the market women on them both, in their picturesque costumes; cheerful, gayly dressed people everywhere. One loves the Viennese as one grows to see more of them. Their gratitude for any little gift is so expansive; and they are so simple in their desire to give one pleasure.

The servants in the hotel were quite wonderful in this, entirely unspoiled by any generosity of travelers who go and come. I had bought a felt hat or two while in Vienna. The making of felt hats is one of the industries still holding its own in the face of foreign invasion of the Austrian market. It was growing cold and my straw hats seemed out of place. I called the chambermaid up to my rooms at the hotel and offered her the two straw hats in which I had been traveling. She almost went wild with joy, said everything was so expensive now that to have two hats to wear next spring was a real delight.

I felt great sympathy for these poor people and I had a long talk with another woman, a nice young girl who came to wave my hair. She told me of the troubles beneath the surface in Vienna, too; told me how difficult it was to dress; told me of the soldiers, who used to be so smart and so reliable, but now were merely a terrible rabble, dangerously armed. She said her uncle was an old officer, that he and others felt humiliated and ashamed when they saw these present troops go by. Only a few were left to Austria by the treaty. She spoke with longing of the old times before the war; said that even the parks, Schönbrunn and others, which had been so fine, crowded and well kept up, now were almost empty. She went on to say that the shops were nearly all in the hands of the Jews at present in Vienna and that money was being sent rapidly abroad, well out of the way. Unless there is a loan, they all feel, and unless outsiders help Austria, there seems no hope of real reform. For anyone like herself, earning a small regular wage, it had become almost impossible to live. Even one full meal a day costs quite too much. She had had no new clothes for a long time, yet with all that she was both cheerful and gentle, ready to talk to me about my interests and to sympathize with whatever I might say, and was especially full of pity for poor Russians.

President Michael Hainisch

Old Friends at the Legation

ALL these people seemed to hate the Germans, hate them much more than they did the Allies. The stenographer I had, after copying an article on Germany which I had written, said she hoped I would not say the same things of Austria. She agreed with me fully about the Germans and their psychology as well as their condition. "We know a good deal of them," she added, "and I know that what you say is all quite true." I smiled and assured her that I had not at all the same opinions of Germans and Austrians; that I knew the latter well, having spent years among them, and I loved them dearly.

One of my joys in Vienna was a visit to the American Legation. The years slipped away as Franz, who in old days had been my father's personal servant and huntsman, opened the chancery door for me. He hadn't changed much, save that his little red mustache had gone quite gray and he wore glasses.

"Franz, is the minister here? Do you know me?"

He eyed me keenly through his glasses. "Miss Julie! Miss Julie!" he cried, and when I held out my hand he seized it in both of his and kissed it. Fairly weeping with joy he kissed it again. I was really deeply touched. "Mr. Grant-Smith, he always said you would come back to us, and only the other day my wife and I were speaking of him and recalling their excellencies, your father and mother, and I reminded my wife of what Mr. Grant-Smith had said, and that surely Miss Julie would come back some day to old Vienna!"

Mr. Grant-Smith, who is my cousin, had visited us during my parents' stay in America. Himself a brilliant diplomat, he was Counselor of the American Embassy at Vienna during a part of the World War and he has been Commissioner and Chargé d'Affaires to Hungary since 1919. The old servitors of the legation soon assembled. Adolf, second to Franz, also exclaimed over my arrival He had been at the Portuguese Legation in my childhood, and had also seen me grow up, he declared with keen sympathy in Franz's pleasure. He had been only sixteen years actually in the American Legation, said Franz. The two old men told me of the terrible wartime, when there had been no American Embassy; then of the reopening of this legation and the coming of their new chief, Mr. Washburn. At last this brought us round to a suggestion on my part that Franz go and announce me to the minister, for whom my visit was primarily intended.

Franz rushed off to do this, while Adolf took me into the large and comfortable waiting room and stayed to keep me company till Franz came back. Adolf told me with enthusiasm how Vienna remembered me, and how they remembered my parents—my mother's beauty and my father's shooting. Then Franz returned to take up the conversation, asked if my mother was well, and if she was as beautiful as ever. And had my little brother grown up? On my affirmative to all these questions Franz was delighted. He kept exclaiming how good it was I had returned. I think if Mr. Washburn's office has thin walls he must have wondered what the noise could mean.

He received me within a very few moments in his private office—really a most attractive room with two large windows looking out into a charming garden where shady trees grew. After we had exchanged greetings he said with a smile, "No use for me to make you welcome. That has been done by Franz and Adolf. They are tremendously excited over your arrival."

Mr. Washburn, I found, knew all about the actual complications and difficulties through which the Austrian Government was living. He sympathized with and liked the Viennese, as everyone does who comes in contact with them. He had just found a house and was to move in soon. Meantime he and Mrs. Washburn were stopping in the country, but we made various engagements—they to lunch with me and I to dine with them. Their dinner was delightful with a large group of people, several of whom were old friends I had not seen for years, and who I didn't know had drifted to Vienna at this time.

The world seems sometimes very small and the years slip by too fast to realize. It was strange after thirty years of absence to be back now in Vienna. I was distressed to stay only so short a time, especially at such an interesting moment, for just now politically and economically Austria represents one of the gravest problems of all the European mess. Everything is in a fluid state. Everyone is very anxious, and many people seem quite nervous as to what the winter may bring forth by way of troubles. Austria deprived of so much territory—all that, in fact, which represented her material riches—naturally can't at all suffice in food or clothing or fuel to keep the national life going. A great many of the people I chatted with say they don't believe in a Bolshevist uprising or in the permanent collapse of the Austrian Government. I was told that between the capital and the peasantry of the environs there had been a feud, which had led a year ago to a painful boycott of Vienna. The inhabitants of the capital for a long time had had no milk or eggs, fresh vegetables or butter, save in exceptional cases and at impossible prices. The peasants called the Kaiser-city in contempt the *stomache*, which rapaciously ate everything and gave them nothing in return.

Spendthrift Groups

AN ADMITTEDLY bad element is the *jeunesse dorée*—both the aristocrat and the young bourgeois. Always ready to borrow money, they use it as they see fit, generally in ultrariotous living. I asked if my friends' sons were in this crowd and was told yes, that nearly every young smart chap of the old nobility was ready to borrow, and to spend money so acquired, without a care. A few names were always being excepted, however, from these sweeping accusations. The Liechtensteins and one or two others continued to be examples of what their class had meant of old and should mean now in leadership and work.

I was told to go to Madame Sacher for a good description of how things really were in these spendthrift groups. Herself a gay daughter of Vienna, she has had a long and picturesque career. Close on seventy now, she is still extremely well preserved. She has soft white hair, beautifully waved and dressed; her figure is still well molded and erect in bearing. She is gowned all in simple black, wears a few very smart jewels, and she makes a dignified impression by her grand and positive manners. She speaks in the broadest Viennese dialect and has a wit which with her beauty made her famous as a toast of old Vienna. She has kept the Hotel Sacher and her shop just off it for a generation, and has handled this business so well that no one could successfully compete. The cooking and the wines are both famous over all Europe; and Madame Sacher has declined to make any concessions to modern ways or points of view. Two small rooms heavily furnished in carved woodwork and dark colors compose the restaurant. There is another suite or two for a banquet or a ball or some small and intimate dinner, and lining the narrow corridors are cupboards full of fine and most elaborate silver. Nothing has been done over through the years—and the atmosphere is still one of Francis Joseph's time. A great bust of the ill-fated Archduke Francis Ferdinand stands on the central mantel. One can't but admire Madame Sacher's courage, for during all the riots and disorders, during the Socialists' régime as now, Madame Sacher in every way has chosen to show her colors. She continues to assure all comers she thinks Austria is going from bad to worse and that she hates democracy!

One evening, the night of the American Minister's dinner, which occurred at Sacher's, a guest at my request went in to fetch madame. We became quickly acquainted and settled a rendezvous for the next day. When I went I found her waiting for me in her tiny parlor. It was about the size of a sleeping-car drawing-room. From the ceiling down, all the walls are covered with photographs and other souvenirs. One large picture is of Princess Pauline Metternich, famous at the Court of Napoleon III, famous and deeply loved in Vienna, her home town.

I broke the ice by admiring this, and Madame Sacher said, "Yes, she was a great woman, strong and brave and

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When a work of any description is acknowledged to be supreme in its field, it inevitably becomes the object of comparison.

There is nothing unusual in this. It befalls any product which has won the reputation of being surpassingly fine.

Invariably there are those who imitate and claim equality with it, and who seek to profit through its high repute.

But in their efforts to duplicate the original, they neglect to duplicate the skill and artistry which give it distinction.

They succeed only in imitating the lesser details, the shell and semblance of the reality; they never attain to its deep, inner excellence.

They are barred from reaching this goal by the natural law that the follower can never be the leader; that he who is content to tread in the leader's footsteps can never by any chance overtake him.

The public, sitting in impartial judgment, is not deceived by unsupported claims, and does not accept them as a substitute for performance.

The public knows that comparisons are never sought with the commonplace but always with the best, and they serve only to confirm and strengthen allegiance to the leader.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

STANDARD · OF · THE · WORLD

CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 26)

most intelligent, and how she helped and loved her city! Did you read her memoirs, princess? No? Well, they were not so good as was her talk and all her other activities. Perhaps she was a bit too old to write and had lost much of her strength and some of her wit."

Madame Sacher turned then from Princess Metternich's to other photographs, of which she told me the history. Afterwards we sat down to chat and I heard some of her views. She spoke of the youth of Vienna; she said that they drank too much and rarely paid. Finally she herself had gone into her restaurant and had attacked them on their lack of discipline. She said what she thought about the general outlook; spoke of Schober with real admiration for his strength and for the way he managed the police: "The only thing we have well disciplined and cleanly organized; Schober himself is both intelligent and good." She spoke also of Seipel with great admiration; said he was doing well at handling both his country and the League of Nations. She hoped he might succeed. "We need the foreigners here, to make us feel ashamed, and to force us to put ourselves in order. It will serve us right to see them come. I don't know what has come over us here since the war. First we were exploited by the Germans, then the Allied powers tried to crush us. They took away our land to give to others, took away our riches for themselves, took away also the army, and left us nothing. Of course our people got discouraged and life came to a standstill soon, and then the best among us went a bit to pieces. But what can you expect with such conditions, with all the country starving? Revolution followed war, and then the famine reigned and quick degeneration came on every side. Now it is a little better, the Socialists aren't in control, and maybe if we get this foreign loan we'll pull ourselves together and grow all right again"

I said she evidently didn't feel any admiration for the world's present ways or the democracy in all of Central Europe.

Frau Sacher answered, "Now tell me—you were here under the old régime—were life and comfort not much greater than they are now? Wasn't Francis Joseph a really fine old man? Later, when he grew childish, they surrounded and exploited him, brought on the war and nearly killed us all."

I mentioned the Crown Prince Rudolph, and asked if she had my impression that had he not died in 1889 and had the Archduke Francis Ferdinand not taken his place there would have been no war or revolution.

Frau Sacher groaned, "No, most certainly not. We needed and need Rudolph. He was both strong and clever; and he governed with a smile; for all his peoples loved him—poor Rudolph!"

I turned then to other matters. Her business had gone well, and those who came to her were all of them distinguished people. I said I had feared her prices were too high; and I had heard that to get rooms with her one needed special recommendation.

"And wouldn't your name have been enough? As for the price, it's the same as what you are paying elsewhere, so please come next time to me." With this my visit ended.

She and her shop are the last bits of old Vienna's picturesque gay traditions, and they can't last many years as they now are. I was told two tales which prove the woman's courage; one as to how, when mobs were rioting about her in the city, doing considerable damage to hotels, someone had pressed her to hide her souvenirs, especially the busts and pictures—not to attract attention. She had merely laughed, and had defied anyone to touch the Hotel Sacher. Another tale was told me as to how she had attacked a group of dissipated youngsters, who were supping in her restaurant, and how she told them just what they and the like of them were worth; that they were those who really ruined Austrian prestige. She said they ought at once to leave their worthless habits and go to work. Risking thus the loss of her smart patrons, she told them all the truth about themselves.

In the Chancellor's Antechamber

BEFORE I left I saw two of the great figures who are making history in Vienna—Seipel and Schober. Both had responded promptly to letters of introduction which I had for them, and each fixed me an hour when we might have a chat. Monseigneur Seipel, Chancellor of the Federation, and consequently head of the cabinet, is Austrian by birth. His rank in the Church of Rome is high, and he seems to have the complete confidence of his compatriots. He has by general admission handled the various complications of the past few months extremely well. I found that he was greatly admired among the humble people. They spoke with confidence of his ability to obtain the foreign help which Austria so needs. I knew he was on the eve of going to Geneva and I feared he would have no time to receive me, but his response was very prompt and he named an hour for our interview.

There were two old men on duty in the chancellor's antechamber, pensioners dating from old times, who now played the rôle of messengers. One of these led me to an inner waiting room, went and announced me to the minister, and then came out to say that Monseigneur Seipel asked me to be kind enough to wait just a few minutes. I utilized the time by chatting with the old retainer himself, who gladly stood beside me and answered various questions. I told him I recognized the rooms we were in, and that I had wondered who lived there in olden times. He began to name some of the previous ministers, but the names were those well known to recent history and much more modern than my day. I in turn named those whom I had known.

Suddenly, I remembered. This, being the chancellor's apartment, must have been in old days that of the minister-president, and I inquired: "Was it not Count Taaffe who once lived here?"

Monseigneur Seipel, Chancellor

The old man laughed and said, "Yes, surely, your highness, but that was about thirty years ago."

Then I told him that was just it. I had been in those rooms often to see Count Taaffe's daughter, and I asked the messenger if he had not been here at that time. He said, "No," but that the other man, his colleague, dated that far back. He himself had been in his place only twenty-six years, so that he could not remember Count Taaffe's time. Then he began to talk of those old days and of the present; of the situation now in the government and among the people of the city.

I said that many people told me conditions had improved of late; that the shops, restaurants and theaters were open again, doing better than for some time past.

He said, "Yes, in the middle of the city that is the case, but prosperity has vanished from the suburbs; and people with fixed incomes are still really sacrificing everything to their last and trying to be patient in their sufferings."

When I spoke of the foreign loan he said it was hard to believe that that would come, though it was so much needed. Austria had heard of foreign business aid so long: and was still waiting. The old chap seemed to recall prewar days with pride and pleasure. He was greatly interested to hear that I had been in Vienna before. He asked about my father with great interest and sympathetically pretended to remember hearing of the latter's fine reputation. That was a true Viennese touch!

I asked him and several other men of this same type what they felt about the new régime, what was their true impression. Had it come to stay? And how many monarchists were there? Did they still believe that the empire had been better than today this government is?

One old fellow hesitated somewhat, and then trying to be fair he said, "Of course the war has made great trouble, but the Germans always exploited our country and took much away from Austria's riches, even at that time. Then came the reconstruction and the revolution. Business and industry since have been almost at a standstill."

I was told on every side how bad the army is—a rabble, armed, all the people say. I turned the conversation often to a discussion of party questions, and as often I was told how much the old emperor was loved; that the young Emperor Carl was very little known, but many people thought with longing of the time when Vienna had been a gay and happy *Kaiserstadt*, with life, beauty and pleasant excitement within reach of every class.

This particular man in Seipel's antechamber went over all these facts. He seemed a kindly old fellow, fond of his country, full of admiration for his chancellor and for some others in the present government. He said how hard they were all working to get Austria out of its troubles.

We were still talking when the door of the inner room opened. Two gentlemen came out, one of whom was dressed in ecclesiastic robes showing high rank by their purple facings. He had a young, kindly face and dignified, suave manners. He bade the other gentleman good-by at the doorway, then turned to me and taking my hand he said, "I am very glad to meet you."

We spoke then in German all during the interview. I told him I knew he was leaving for Geneva that night and that his time was very short; also that I fancied everyone was bothering him with politics, so if he would be good enough to tell me something of the misery, and the help which was still needed I should be glad to speak of this in any articles I wrote for America. Monseigneur Seipel immediately answered how grateful the people and the government of Austria were for the aid America had already so generously rendered. He spoke with regret of the departure of the Hoover Committee, said they had done wonderful work, had helped the children of the city to keep well through what had been starvation times.

Seipel's Optimism

"THERE is no doubt," he added, "that now conditions are much better. The poorer classes—workmen and their families—are considerably better off than they have long since been. There is more food coming in from the country round Vienna than there was; and there are various committees doing a lot to succor them, while wages have gone up almost in proportion to the cost of living. Those who are paying most heavily now for the whole of Austria's reconstruction are our intellectual classes, our professionals and the pensioners, who have fixed incomes and are ill prepared to face a rise in every kind of necessity of life. These need help sorely, and so far few have thought of them, because they appear more or less respectably dressed and are too proud to beg. So they starve in silence. If they were helped it would be saving about the best element of our people"

Monsiegneur Seipel also spoke of my father, of whom he had heard, he said. He was greatly interested that I had been in Vienna in old days and that I had known these very rooms. He spoke with great enthusiasm and warm gratitude of Mrs. Tyler—the American woman who had given me my letter to him. The clock struck and I rose to say good-by.

"One thing more, princess, if I might beg it, which is that you ask the people with whom you come in contact, in America or elsewhere, that they should not believe the rumors spread about us. Our Socialists are not the dangerous, bloodthirsty creatures they are made out, but, on the contrary, as a whole, they make good, patriotic citizens when once they understand a necessity for sacrifice. We are not a declining nation. We hope for this loan from abroad, and we hope to put the best of ourselves into the new situation. In a short time we shall see Austria on its feet again, in spite of the injustice which has been done our people from without on every side. We are deeply grateful for any help we receive, and are anxious and ready to do our share in the general rebuilding."

He thanked me very courteously for anything I might do to put these matters before the public straight, and he accompanied me to the door as he had his other visitor. As I passed out he, Seipel, followed, probably to speak to the others who were waiting in small groups in the first antechamber.

In the hallway my friend the pensioner was waiting. He brought the other very old man to me I had noticed as I went in, and said that he had been in this same place when Count Taaffe was minister-president. So I stopped with them and had a few words about the old days. Of course, also, I distributed some small change I had with me, for which both men seemed grateful.

A day or two later I was to have a talk with Schober, who is the police minister of Austria's federation. He is an interesting personality, and from all I had heard he seemed to have had a very brilliant and varied career. He was first appointed by the old emperor to his present position and was in charge of the police forces during the war. He had kept order under difficult circumstances. There was a time later when he headed the government, but the Socialists upset his ministry. Then he was returned to his police.

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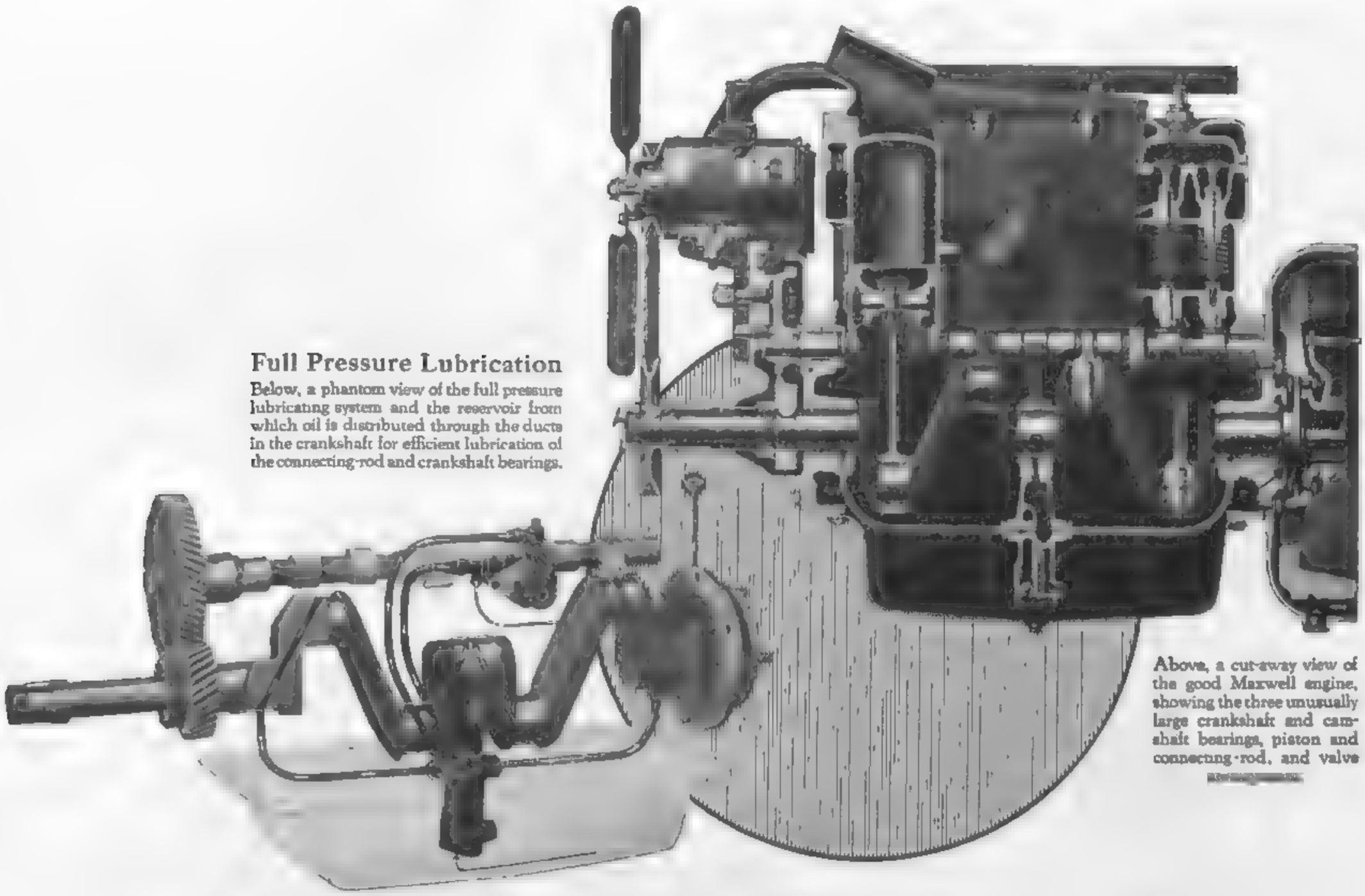

Full Pressure Lubrication

Below, a phantom view of the full pressure lubricating system and the reservoir from which oil is distributed through the ducts in the crankshaft for efficient lubrication of the connecting-rod and crankshaft bearings.

Above, a cut-away view of the good Maxwell engine, showing the three unusually large crankshaft and camshaft bearings, piston and connecting-rod, and valve

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It is outselling under closest comparison with other cars—not merely because it is so much more beautiful, but because of the greater goodness underneath the beauty.

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The three crankshaft bearings are unusually large in diameter. Their combined length is practically one-third of the total length of the crankshaft.

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Pistons are light-weight alloy, of the split skirt type—the type originated and first used successfully by Maxwell, and since adopted by many cars of higher price. Their light weight removes a common cause of vibration.

The net result of long engineering development, of precision manufacture, and a rigid inspection system, is a motor of great power, exceptional pick-up and flexibility, of notable smoothness and quietness, and particularly free from wear at points where wear is ordinarily the most severe.

Prices F. O. B. Detroit. Revenue Tax to be added: Touring, $885; Roadster, $885; Sport Touring, $985; Sport Roadster, $960; Club Coupe, $985; Sedan, $1335; Coupe, $1835

The Good

MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 28)

I was told a most delightful story about this reappointment of Schober. One of the most radical Socialist leaders and the most instrumental in overthrowing Schober's ministry had come to him and said, "Will you not now again take over the police?" Schober answered he had had that department under the old régime, that he was not a Socialist and could not sympathize with or coöperate with those actually in power.

Then Bauer, the boss Socialist, had suddenly said: "We know all this. We know your political opinions. We know the strength of your feelings, and though we do not in any way agree with you on these questions, nevertheless my colleagues and I feel that if you undertake to keep this city in order you will do it. We can trust you fully, we know. You will do no politics, but attend strictly to business. We will then have law and order as a background for our work."

Schober after some hesitation had accepted the post. Everyone who watched the man fully realized the patriotism of his attitude and the singleness of his desire, which was to save his people from excesses. Apparently the Socialists with whom he was thus strangely coöperating respected him, and they had kept their share of the bargain by giving him a free hand in his own department during their short reign.

Another quaint story, which demonstrated the esteem in which Schober is held among his compatriots, is that when Bela-Kun had fallen, and Hungary had passed from Bolshevism to its present provisional régime, the then new government of that country asked the Austrian cabinet if, to get rid of Bela-Kun and put him where he could not do further injury, they might not give him to Schober to look after. The Austrian Government replied, giving its permission, but adding that the request must be made directly from the Hungarian Government to Schober, as this was entirely a personal matter.

Some days later Schober, who had of course heard nothing of all this, received a communication from the Austrian Minister at Budapest saying that, with the consent of the Austrian Government, the Hungarian Government begged him to accept the guardianship of Bela-Kun. Schober's response was returned in a few laconic words. He merely said he gladly would accept the trust, and that he would personally receive Bela-Kun with all the honors due him! Then he met the Bolshevik leader at the station, placed him in the fortress of old Karlstein Castle, and kept him under guard there some time as his personal prisoner. Bela-Kun complained to the Socialist Government of Austria of the discomfort and privations of his confined life, till the government, somewhat excited, sent a deputy to look into the matter. Schober accompanied the deputy for this inspection, which, I heard, bore no fruit whatsoever.

A Model Police Force

In time I asked the police minister if these tales were true, and he merely smiled rather suddenly and said he had been greatly flattered by the confidence shown in him. Then I spoke of his great prestige in the minds of all the people and of the compliments paid him. I was told that the police in Vienna were exceptionally fine and completely reliable.

Schober smiled again at this and said, "Yes, they are really a remarkably fine crowd. All are noncommissioned officers, picked men, well-dressed and properly fed." No one had ever taken care of them or thought of their needs until he was appointed at their head, he added, and since the war he had grown to know personally almost every man. He had managed to keep politics out of the force, so far, and he had been greatly pleased when Commissioner Enright, of New York, who had visited the different capitals of Europe, said to various people, and to him as well, that he thought the Vienna police's reputation and feats were the best of any police force in the world. Schober added: "It is a small force, certainly, only about six thousand strong, but it is perfectly drilled and reliable, and my men all shoot well. They gave proof of that in the troubles which occurred here some months ago during the riots. None of my men were killed then, but twenty rioters were shot. I do not believe in taking things too seriously, until it is necessary to act, and then . . . the men on the police force should shoot well and be allowed to do so. It makes them feel stronger to be allowed to defend themselves seriously. In the June riots, after the one engagement, the troubles ended." Schober laughed a little. He said it was reported to him that many people at that time had spoken to his policemen, asking them what party they were for and where they stood in politics. They had answered they were for no party at all, they were Schober's men, and took their orders from headquarters. He continued that he had been very pleased to hear this said.

"Evidently those in authority rely on Schober," I said.

He looked touched and replied that was pleasant, of course, but the reason was quite simple. "One must simply not be frightened."

I wonder if there are many men who would show such quiet courage at such a time and in such a place. Schober was very busy when I went to call on him for the promised talk for which he had set the date, so for a few minutes his secretary entertained me, as usual recounting the miseries from which Austria's people suffered. The speaker himself is of that bourgeois class, those now among the poorest. He said that a kilo—about two and one-fifth pounds—of coal, enough barely to fill a shovel, and it takes several to make one fire, cost at the September prices nine thousand crowns. He went on: "The simplest, cheapest food—vegetables, for instance, which in old days no one thought of weighing, but which were sold merely tied in bundles—is now carefully weighed and charged for at frightfully high prices. Food, fuel and lodgings in these days cost quite unbelievably."

Mr. Schober's Views

The secretary rambled on till Schober was free and I was ushered into his private office. With a quiet, charming manner he came forward to meet me. He is white-haired, with close-cropped beard, and he has piercing eyes behind his glasses. That is one's first impression. I had had a letter to him from the same Grant-Smith of whom old Franz had spoken with so much affection, at the legation. My cousin, who knew Schober and admired him greatly during the first years of the war, had recommended me warmly. There were others waiting in his anteroom, for Schober had been delayed and people were piling up to see him. I wanted a long talk, not just a short few minutes of his time, so I decided, even at the risk of giving him a shock by my informality, that I would invite him to come to me.

I said, at once, "Excellency, there is a crowd waiting outside and it would not be fair for me to take your time. I am but a casual visitor with no petition to make of any importance, yet I have a great desire to talk with you quietly and comfortably. I am going, therefore, to be extremely simple, and because you know my cousin and my family I venture to ask you on this short acquaintance if you will come to lunch with me and give me a quiet hour of your conversation just as a friend?"

If he felt surprised he did not show it in the least, and he immediately answered: "I would like that very much indeed. Thank you, yes. When shall I come? I am leaving here tomorrow for two days."

So I said, "Saturday, when you come back?" And then I added: "Would you prefer a little party or will you come alone? And do you prefer Sacher's or will you risk the simple food of my own small hotel? Probably your excellency has some definite attitude, and either like often to show yourself in public or else you never go to restaurants as a matter of policy at this time. Either arrangement is quite convenient to me at your pleasure."

Schober answered: "Yes, you are quite right. Just now with things as they are, I never go to gay restaurants, nor do I accept parties as a rule. If I may come to you alone at your hotel I should like that best."

I thanked him and departed, and as I went out I spoke to his secretary: "Will you note on his excellency's engagement book the fact that on Saturday next he is lunching with me at my hotel at one o'clock?"

The secretary had less poise than the minister. He fairly jumped. "You mean to say the police-minister is lunching with you? He goes nowhere these days."

I explained, whereupon he enthusiastically told me he thought it would be an excellent thing for his excellency to have an hour off, and he added he would with pleasure put this engagement down at once.

On Saturday morning when I announced at my hotel that I had Schober coming to lunch, which I wished served in my own apartments, the news created great excitement. The hotel's service was doubled, apparently, all along the line. The cook was duly consulted, and a very simple menu, which I chose, was prepared. Much to the disappointment of the hotel people I avoided all the food that seemed to me the least bit complicated. It was well I did so, for I found my guest was exceedingly frugal. He ate little, drank nothing but part of a small glass of white wine. He did not smoke. He stayed, however, well over an hour. He spoke most admirable English and his manner was very pleasant. I liked exceedingly the principles Schober represents and I liked everything he said. His attitude towards the President was one of admiration. He spoke of the happy impression the latter always made, and of the weight his advice carried. He spoke with great interest of the deputation of American senators and representatives who had recently been to Austria. Schober was delighted to learn that I knew both Mr. Burton and Senator Spencer. He told me he had had a long talk with the delegation, especially with Mr. Burton, placing Austria's good cause before him and speaking of the country's need.

Schober explained how the wild rise of foreign exchange had gone so far as to make it a question if Austria could be helped at all. He said he had been pleased when at the last conference in England it was decided to refer the Austrian question to the League of Nations at Geneva. He liked the idea of committing Austrian interests to the good will of an organization which, though lacking power to render help itself, might at least attract the attention of all the world to the desperate need and the possibility of reconstruction.

Schober feels, and says quite frankly, it is altogether wrong for certain people to repeat continuously that the present Austria is incapable of life; and for them to consider the only way out of present difficulties is a union with Germany is equally foolish. Such propaganda, of course, suits the Germans very well. Perhaps it is as reasonable to want this, however, as to want the much-talked-of Danube Federation. Both ambitions are founded on the conviction that Austria, as it is, reduced by the Treaty of St. Germain, is not able to supply the needs of its present population. To Schober a series of alliances promises better results.

Schober said he felt it to be true that actually Austria with the arbitrary frontiers established by people who knew nothing of her geography and economics, was a weak state, since the great city of Vienna, which could not feed itself, was separated from the ancient empire's resources. How then can she exist? The efforts of successive ministries to make Austria live, either by its own means or by foreign help, had been, thus far, quite unsuccessful.

The Gateway to Eastern Europe

Schober very decidedly stated it was false to think the former monarchy a product of farseeing politics. The Austro-Hungarian monarchy had become what it was because of its geographical situation and resulting economic conditions, which had forced various nationalities or fragments of nationalities into a welded whole. The empire had lived on for centuries not because of its government which was supposed to hold it together, but in spite of exceedingly reckless governing. Schober feels that this fact proves the power of economic necessity to be stronger than even the many aspirations for national independence. Until 1918 the attractions of independent nationalism had not been strong enough to wrench apart the groups forming the old monarchy.

Schober concluded: "There are few economic communities in the world so clearly defined by natural frontiers as is Southeastern Europe, nor are many as interdependent in economic life as the peoples of the Danube and its affluents. The natural ways of communication—that is, the rivers—are completed by a railway system mapped expressly for this, making Vienna and, with it, the present Austria, the gateway to all Eastern Europe. It is significant of the ignorance of European politicians—both home-bred and foreign—that it was an American who showed us Austria in her natural rôle as the emporium for commerce in a peaceful Europe. It was Edward A. Filene who, in the Neue Freie Presse, of October 5, 1922, first gave publicity to this idea. Austria is now cut off from all resources. She is unable to buy from the Banat or the Backa. She no more belongs to Hungary, whence came her corn; is no longer in proper communication with Bohemia and Moravia, who till now had supplied her with potatoes. She is deprived of Croatia, whence came her fat and lard. Galicia, from whom she got her petroleum, is also gone. The poverty-stricken land is now compelled to buy corn in America, and pay with gold; and naturally in present times this is impossible. Yet the Austrian people want to live. They must have food to do so, and it is small consolation for them to hear that prices charged for bread or flour today in America are not so bad. Very few nations at the present time have any income in gold; and even the much discussed high wages of the working classes do not suffice at present to buy them needed clothes."

The One Sane Policy

"The decline of our Austrian exchange from day to day has a tendency more and more to induce the spending of large sums in drink or in other temporary consolation. At least dissipations make people forget how tired they are of our party politics. But really they are turning right and left, searching for practical economic ideas." Schober declared he believed the time was not far distant when the peoples would compel politicians all the world over to devote themselves to practical economic measures. Just by way of an example, he said, Austria was tied by a thousand threads to the Czecho-Slovak grouping to the north. Four million Germans live there. Yet the Entente had separated Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, creating the latter out of various elements that have little or nothing in common. The efforts of an Austrian Government to abolish the walls of Lindenberg by treaties were frustrated by narrow-minded politicians who overthrew the cabinet trying to do this. These circumstances led to the present complications. The only solution Schober believed in for Austria was a return to a rational policy of reconciliation with her neighbors of Central Europe, which would make for a system of mutual help. "Foreign aid will come quite naturally then, drawn by selfish interest; and our people and government would have no reason to go a-begging. The Entente is usually occupied by a single purpose—how to secure its prey, and Austria has been sacrificed to this end. Threatened with destruction, she has reached a point where, without some foreign help, she must succumb!"

I was greatly impressed by the man's frankness and fire, and by his patriotism and fine feeling. Though he said these things in such a definite way, he seems far from being discouraged. Schober believes great things might still be done if the proposition for a loan gets ratified at the Assembly of Geneva, and the peoples of all Europe can be made to hear there the Austrian appeal.

Of all those parts of Europe I have visited, Vienna draws me most. These people in their troubles always found time to show their sympathy for others. One felt that one belonged to them and that they were warm friends.

Since I left Vienna the League of Nations has recommended that the much-needed loan be given to Austria; and England, France, Italy and Czecho-Slovakia guarantee the greater portion of it on certain conditions of control and reform which Austria must put through. The conditions are severe, and yet the Austrian Government has already begun living up to them, and is apparently going to make good with the help of all the people. If this is carried through Austria will soon be on her feet again, according to general belief, and will become a powerful factor in the economic and political life of Central Europe. She will have proved, in spite of the lightness of which her enemies accuse her, that her people have deep virtues with a power of self-control and discipline, of patience and of energy, sufficient to enable them to write a new and creditable chapter to their national history.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The seventh will appear in an early issue.

Send for new booklet, "Libby's Luscious Fruits." It contains many interesting suggestions and recipes

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After the guests have gone!

Laughter and the calling of "good nights"—the starting whir of the motor, and a tail-light twinkling down the drive. It *had* been a good dinner party! But—it certainly was a bit embarrassing, one time in the meal, to have to whisk away the knives and forks and spoons to be washed before the next course. And once, Mary had to rush out some old silver that didn't match at all. It was exasperating—that!

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VANDORN'S HIRED HELP

(Continued from Page 9)

"You really will? I'll come around every evening I can and help you clean up."

"I don't believe it's going to be so rotten. Your Vandorns look kind of good to me. Anyway, it's my risk."

"Good sport! That's the way to move real estate."

"What got you into this house-and-lot game, anyway, Keith? When I got your letter in London, asking me to put my property into your hands, I nearly perished in my tracks. Where does Ralph Tuxill figure in this venture of yours?"

"He doesn't figure at all. That's off."

"You don't look exactly heartbroken over it."

"I'm not. I'm feeling much better, thank you."

"What was the little rift within the lute?"

"Nothing special. Just general depression, I expect, like the local real-estate condition. I got bored."

"Bored? That's a queer reason."

"Do you know of any better one? Ralph is so gosh-dismally regular and reliable and normal and habitual and all that sort of thing. He'd make a model husband. But who wants a model husband?"

"What do you want?"

"Well," replied Miss Hayden calmly, "I've about decided to marry a lunatic."

"Who is he?"

"Haven't picked him yet. Somebody thoroughly abnormal and untrustworthy that I could rely on for a surprise now and then, even if it was seeing the coffeepot come hurtling across the breakfast table at my head. That's the reaction from being engaged to Ralph for a year. Don't you know a nice, queer, amusing nut that would fill the bill? Come on, now; I've got you a job. You might get me a man. Not like your R. S. V. P. Wood. He wouldn't do at all in my present state of mind."

"Oh, I don't know!" returned Miss Minturn, rallying to the defense of her aspersed property. "Denny might give you a shock or two if you knew him. He gave me about as many as I gave him before our little affair was over."

"Is it over?"

"I thought it was. But he's due back on this side next week."

"That doesn't look like it. It'd be a happy chance if he came down here and found you giving a manicure treatment to Vandorns' front steps."

"The poor dear would never survive the shock. I think I'd come fairly near dying myself."

"Caught a little of his snobbishness, have you, sweetie?"

"No-o. It isn't that exactly. But to have a budding ambassador who thought he wanted to marry you find that you were only a housemaid in masquerade ——"

"Don't be silly. You weren't masquerading."

"No; but he'd think I'd been."

"Not after you'd explained the situation."

Miss Minturn's lower lip went out formidably. "That's just what I wouldn't do."

"Why not, in the name of Mike?"

"Obstinacy, or whatever you want to call it. You see, he rather suspected there was something queer about me all along, running loose around Europe and borrowing money of him, and he only fell in love with me because—well, because I made him, I suppose."

"Dirty trick," commented her friend.

"So now if he should catch me mopping the floor he'd think the mystery was all explained, and I'd just be mean enough to let him think so, and serve him right."

"For what?"

"Don't ask me to be analytical. What use would an analytical hired gal be?"

"Edna, you're sure you're game to go through with it?" said Miss Hayden.

"I've got to. But," added Miss Minturn viciously, "I wish grandfather had died of colic or something early."

II

AS MISS KEITH HAYDEN was in the act of making time fly by the simple process of removing four days from her calendar at one fell swoop, thereby catching up with October seventh, a familiar buzzing sound outside attracted her attention. A moment later the Vandorn family entered, Mrs. Vandorn in the lead.

"Father's been going it," she remarked. "He's gone and got himself picked up by a stranger."

Mr. Vandorn looked pained. "Now, ma ——"

"Mother," amended his wife with her usual tranquillity. "Yes; he friended up with one of those confidence men in the smoker."

"Don't believe he was one at all," protested the accused stoutly. "He was a mighty decent, upstanding young feller, 's folksy as you please. Ast me right off if my name wan't Vandorn and didn't I come from C'yugy County ——"

"Not much of a trick with your name and place staring out in big letters from your lock box in the rack."

"What did he try to sell you, Mr. Vandorn?" asked Keith, who had appointed herself guide, mentor, friend and general protector to the pair.

"Not a thing. Said he thought we might be some kin to each other and wanted to know where I was stoppin'."

"You didn't tell him, I hope."

"I asked him that," said Mrs. Vandorn, "and he swears not, and maybe he didn't. Father's got some sense," she conceded generously.

The subject of this handsome encomium looked a trifle guilty. "He allowed that he had business that fetched him to Kindermont Center sometimes, so I guess he must have taken a peek at my ticket."

"If he comes down here," instructed Keith, "you send for me before you say a word to him. Will you?"

"Yes'm," assented the docile Andrew. "You're awful kind to us, Miss Hayden."

"Not at all. Part of the real-estate business. How does the new hired girl go?"

"Suits good," answered Mrs. Vandorn. "She's a reel nice child, and so willing and clean. I can forgive a lot for that."

"Is there much to forgive?"

"Her riz biscuits is far from light."

"And her apple pie," added Mr. Vandorn, "ain't all it should be. It don't come up to what ma—I mean mother used to make."

"But she's coming on. With what help I give her she'll soon be as good's need be."

"She's awful pretty and cute mannered," said Andrew.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Vandorn. "I wanted to ask you—what's the custom here about followers?"

"Followers?" said Miss Hayden, startled. "You mean men? Has Edna been having callers?"

"Not yet, as I know of. But she's bound to have 'em; a girl as handsome-favored and lively sperited as she is. I thought I'd tell her if she had a mind on anyone she could bid him in to supper some evening and we'd all go to the movies afterwards."

"Oh, no; I don't believe I'd do that."

"Why not?" queried the Vandorns unanimously.

"In the vicinity of New York," explained the girl, picking her way along a difficult path, "servants aren't on quite the same footing as—well, as the family that employs them. You'd no more invite your servant's friend to dine with you than you'd have her eat at the table with you regularly."

"Where else would she expect to eat?" asked Mrs. Vandorn equably, and Andrew added, "Snake's sake! You don't think we'd let her eat our leavin's, do you?"

"It's all so different from Cayuga County. It's hard to explain. But you must believe me that you'd only put the girl in a difficult and painful position by doing anything of the sort. She knows her place. If you wish to have her eat with you when there's no one there ——"

"There's never anybody there. Ain't a soul dropped in to see us since we come, not even the minister. Not that we mind. We find plenty to take up our evenings going around in the car, hunting up new movies to see. Only Andrew gets a bit lonely with only womenfolks around him, and I thought if Edny knew some nice young folks around the village it'd lively things up for him as well as her."

"Um. Ye-es. Well, you know it takes time for people to get acquainted here," said Miss Hayden as the couple took their departure.

Immediately she rang up the Shore Road house. While she was still impatiently awaiting results the door opened and Miss Minturn, in very un-hired-gal-ish habiliments, entered.

"Hello, Keith darling," was her blithe greeting. "Going to be here all afternoon?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, I was just rather hoping you weren't."

"What's the thought, Edna? And why the sparkling eye and general air of frisk?"

"I'm expecting a friend from the city."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the agent severely. "Don't you know that respectable hired gals don't go gallivanting around with the gentry?"

"I do, but the Vandorns don't," chuckled Edna. "So you can just let be!"

"How do they pan out as employers?"

"Too dear for words! They treat me like a combination of very young daughter, strange and mysterious foreigner and pet kitten. Just now they're worrying themselves because I don't have any society."

"So you're starting in to pick some. Who is it?"

"Denniston Wood."

"Oof! Is that all? How did he trace you?"

"Heaven knows! Through the secret service probably. That letter that came in your care yesterday was from him. He's trailed me as far as you, but no farther."

"Going to give him a sitting in the Vandorns' dining room?"

"Don't be bitter, sweetie! No. I called him up and told him I didn't want to see him. Which," added Miss Minturn in a different tone, "was a lie. It didn't get me anywhere, though, for he said he was coming down on the afternoon train and going to your office, and if you wouldn't tell him he'd walk around the streets with a bell and page me like the town crier."

"Your Mr. Wood seems to have qualities. I almost think I could learn to love him myself. What time does he arrive?"

"Four-fifty. And you needn't. He's much too sane for you."

"I'll give you the office till 5:30; then I'll come down and wait for my brother Bill. He wired that he'd probably be down on the evening train. Meantime I'll be at home in case you want to yell for help."

Purposefully Miss Minturn allowed enough time after the arrival of the 4:50 for a quick-moving passenger to reach the office of Hayden & Hayden before she returned thither. That T. H. Denniston Wood could move quickly upon occasion she knew from unforgotten incidents of their friendship, and the reminiscence disconcertingly accelerated the pace of her heart so that she felt a bit breathless as she entered the door.

Two figures rose upon her arrival. One was Denniston Wood. The other, a stranger, after giving her a sidelong and incurious glance, gathered itself together and shambled into the inner office, closing the flimsy door after it. Edna paid little heed to it at first. Her eyes were too much occupied with the other figure, which was advancing upon her with alarming speed.

"Hello, Denny," she said.

Her next remark was a mixture of "No" and "Please!" and "Don't" delivered in such an unconvincing, not to say unconvinced tone as to fail signally of its ostensible purpose of dissuasion.

"Oh, Lord; but it's good to see you again!" said Wood with such an effect of enthusiasm that the girl half whispered, "Do hush!" Looking toward the inner door she added, "Who is that?"

"That?" repeated Denniston. "That's a blighted being."

"Sh-h-h-h! He'll hear you."

"I do," stated a gloomful voice from within.

"It doesn't matter if he does," stated Wood.

"What's wrong with him? He sounds sad," discreetly murmured the girl.

"Cast adrift by his inamorata. She was a spear carrier in a musical comedy."

"She was not," contradicted the voice. "She had a speaking part. 'Sire, the prince approaches.'"

"Pretty enough to eat, but no brains," continued the biographer.

"You lie, Dennis," said the voice dispassionately. "She was very intelligent after the third cocktail."

"The day after they got engaged—which was accidental—he was called away on a three months' trip to Mexico and never wrote her a line."

"I was so busy I forgot to," offered the voice in self-defense.

"So she married the musical director of the show, leaving a ruined life behind her."

"I'm not ruined. I'm bored," stated the voice.

"It sounds to me like a narrow escape," observed Miss Minturn encouragingly. "But why does he stay in retirement?"

"He told me to," replied the voice.

"Oh, nonsense! That's silly. Come out, please, Mr. ——"

"You stick where you are!" directed Wood forcefully.

"Faithful unto death," proclaimed the invisible one. "I shall take a nap upon this inviting settee. So don't let me hamper the blissful proceedings."

"There aren't any blissful proceedings," declared the girl hastily. "You seem to have very queer ideas."

"I had the idea, queer or not, that you two were a pair of engaged turtle doves."

"We are!" "We aren't!" announced the pair in one breath.

"We're going to be!"

"We aren't!"

"Settle it between yourselves," said the voice comfortably, "and may the best scrapper win."

Edna turned a well-intended but dancing frown upon her companion. "Where on earth did you get him?"

"He attached himself firmly to me on the train coming down."

"Do you mean to say you never saw him before?"

"Oh, often and often! He's a sort of a fractional cousin of mine."

"Brilliantly named Bill Smith," supplemented the voice. "I wish you two would stop talking about me; it keeps me awake and I need the sleep."

"Been lying awake mourning the loved and lost?"

"No. I've been busy the last three nights chasing her and her hubby."

"Gracious!" said Edna with lively interest. "What were you going to do if you found them? Shoot 'em?"

"Get back my letters. I'm scared pink for fear he'll fit tunes to them and use 'em in his next production. They were poetry—partly. You wouldn't think it to look at me, would you? Neither would I."

"Rather an engaging and ingenuous sort of young lunatic, isn't he!" said Denniston Wood.

"I think he's positively fascinating. Is he really as crazy as he seems?"

"Well, you've had a fair sample of what he can do in that line."

"Then he's come to the right place."

"Why? Is this a resort?"

"No, but I've got a friend here who is looking for a nice, lively, amusing maniac for purposes of her own. I think Bill Smith will do."

"I'll guarantee him harmless if you'll guarantee her."

"I wouldn't go that far. Wait till you see her eyes."

"Bill's spear carrier's are green. What's her color?"

"I'll take you up to see, and we'll bring her back here and show her Bill."

"Grand thought! Then I'll get a car and the four of us will run down to Piping Rock for dinner. What?"

"Might be done," conceded Edna. She glanced toward the inner room. "Will he be all right, do you think?"

"What harm can he do? Leave the poor creature lie."

Peace, the peace of complete oblivion, had already descended upon the wearied spirit of Mr. Smith before the door closed behind them. It was of indeterminate duration and was modified rather than dissipated by a sound of entry and a rustle outside.

A thin ruled line of radiance appeared at the bottom of the door, following the click of an electric button, and a feminine voice was raised.

"Central. Four-two-six, please. . . . Hello. . . . Who did you say was there? Miss Minturn? Put her on, please. . . . Hello, Edna. . . . Yes; I must have passed you on the road. Did your fledgling ambassador arrive? . . . What are you shushing me for? He isn't leaning against your receiving ear, is he? . . . No; don't come down for half an hour or so; I've got some things to clear up and I'm expecting Bul. . . . All right; good-by."

At the mention of his name Mr. Smith, still too luxuriously drowsy to rouse himself to active thought, involuntarily and only half to himself murmured, "You're a grand little expecter, lady. Bill's here."

Some echo of the murmur must have percolated outward, for the telephoner crossed to the door and, after a moment's listening pause, opened it. The screen in front of it shut off all but a deeply shadowed light, in which the newcomer beheld a large masculine frame expanded upon the settee.

"Bill?" she said.

"Gr'mph!" said Bill sleepily.

"Wake up, lazy."

She leaned over carelessly, intending to drop a casual sisterly caress upon his forehead. Two long and ready arms reached up, took her lightly by the shoulders and so diverted her aim that she received—and imparted—a brief but perfectly competent kiss, equitably apportioned between two pairs of lips, a kiss which, to Miss Keith Hayden's finely attuned sensibilities, seemed neither as casual nor as sisterly as the vague prospectus in her mind.

Out of one thousand hand-picked girls certainly nine hundred and ninety-nine, and maybe a fraction over, would have made outcry of one kind or another. Keith Hayden was the thousandth. Taking three steps to the wall she turned on the switch. In the brilliant illumination Mr. Smith sat up, rubbing his eyes like a confused but pacific bear.

"Oh, Lord!" he said humbly. "I must have been half asleep. I'm awfully sorry." Then in a burst of irrepressible exultation he smacked his lips with shameless emphasis. "Wow!" he whooped.

At that far from tactful addendum Miss Hayden's color flamed. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I'm Bill, and I was taking a nap," said the intruder simply.

"You're not Bill." Miss Hayden stamped her foot.

"I may not be your Bill," he conceded, "but that's my misfortune, not my fault. Wait a minute. Where are you going? Won't you give me a chance to explain?"

"If I don't phone for an officer, will you go at once?"

"Before making any explanations?" he protested aggrievedly. "Just give me one minute to get up a good one."

"Hello, Central! Port Washington 434, please. No; not 424; 434. Quick, please!" she added as the formidable bulk of the stranger appeared in the doorway.

"Just a moment!" he said with a smile which the girl failed to estimate to her own satisfaction. "If you won't lay off the police for my sake, you might for your own."

She studied him. "Are you threatening me?" she asked coolly, at the same time slipping her hand into the desk drawer.

"What's that?" asked the visitor. "A gun?"

"It's loaded too."

"Fine! You've got me where you want me. Now we can talk comfortably."

"I don't want to talk comfortably."

"If you insist on our being uncomfortable, go ahead and talk with the police. But it'll be more uncomfortable for you than for me."

"How will it?" asked the girl. But she slipped the receiver back on the phone.

"Let me present the legal aspects of the matter to you. I'm a lawyer and ——"

"A lawyer! You?"

"What did you take me for? A tramp?"

"At first I did. Now I'm beginning to suspect that you're a lunatic."

"Granted, for the sake of argument. I'm prepared to prove incontrovertibly that there are too few lunatics in this dull world. An overinsistence on sanity is the curse of modern society. It is what wrecks most marriages.

"Suppose yourself married to the sanest man you ever met —— What's the matter? You're not, are you?"

"Not yet. I mean, not ever."

"You certainly looked a picture of guilt. Now I maintain that married life with a perfectly sane person would degenerate into a hell of monotony, whereas, as a running mate in the house, someone like myself, for instance, would furnish a constant and spicy element of uncertainty —— And now what's wrong with the poor girl?"

"How long have you been in that room, listening?"

"I've been in the room since half past five. As for listening, I don't get your thought."

"Never mind. I think you're a case for the police anyway."

"And I'm sure you are. Think of my report to them when they come. You come upon me, sleeping and defenseless, in a public office to which I had been brought by reputable friends. You take advantage of my confiding innocence to approach stealthily and force your—er—unwelcome—that is, your unexpected caresses upon me ——"

"Oh-h-h-h-h!" interpolated the outraged proprietor of the place in a long tremolo.

"And when I resist your advances ——"

"Is that your idea of resistance?"

"—— you call me a lunatic and threaten me with the police. In all fairness, lady, I ask you—who's loony now?"

"Will you tell me," said Miss Hayden in a low and dangerous tone, "who you are and how you got here?"

"Certainly. William Van Endoren Smith, known to a large and scandalized circle of friends as Bill Smith. I was brought here in a basket and left on your doorstep by Mr. Denniston Wood and Miss Edna Minturn. Know the wicked pair?"

"I don't believe it. Why didn't they tell me?"

"Wanted you to have a sweet surprise, maybe. Well, you got it. I mean, I did. It wasn't precisely what I came for, but ——"

"What did you come for?"

"Business with Hayden & Hayden."

"Very well. I'm Keith Hayden."

He stared at her, incredulous. "Are you? Who and where is & Hayden?"

"My brother. I'm expecting him this evening. He's the silent partner."

"It's the garrulous partner that I'm in need of. And if you're it I'd like to have you help me lay my claws on a couple of expatriated rubes named Vandorn."

"Oh! Would you? Why come to me?"

"Who'd be more likely to know about newcomers to a town than the—er—leading real-estate firm?"

"Is your business with them legal?"

"Not a bit. Bless you, I wouldn't hurt a hayseed in their hair. Ever hear of Derek Van Endoren?"

"The crac—the eccentric philanthropist?"

"Right the first time. He's my revered unkie. Having amassed all the money in sight he has now retired and is compiling a history of the Van Endoren clan. He's got a pet theory that all the Van Dorens and Vandorns and Van Durens and Van Endens and all that lot are merely corrupt and degenerate Van Endorens. It's his lofty mission in life to have 'em ferreted out and restored to the glories of the ancient name. I'm his little ferret."

"But perhaps my Vandorns won't like being ferreted."

"If they're your Vandorns I'll treat 'em like the King and Queen of Sheba. Just give me the address and they'll learn of something to their advantage."

"No; I can't do that without consulting my principals."

"Oh, don't do that! People who consult their principles always gum the game. Why not consult my principles, for a change?" he inquired inspiredly.

"I doubt if you've got any."

"Slathers of 'em. Such as, to judge people on their face value—I like yours—until I find out different; to take the world as it comes, the kicks with the kisses, and grin when I can't laugh. By the way, do you kick?"

"I thought this was to be a business interview," answered the girl with dignity.

"Back to the Van Endorens," he signed. "Early last century a branch of 'em is supposed to have trekked upstate, taking with them important records, and to have altered the name for some mysterious reason. So when I spied that tin box on the train with the magic name Vandorn and Cayuga County I pricked up my ferretlike ears ——"

"So you're the con man of the smoker!"

"Is that what the old boy took me for? After I had beguiled him into airy converse —— Blazes! Who's arriving?"

The door opened to admit Miss Minturn, followed by her diplomat.

"So you dug him out," remarked the former to her friend. "There doesn't seem to be any need of introductions."

"No," sighed Mr. Smith gloomily. "We were getting along fine when you two inter—that is, when you arrived, you know."

"Sorry to break in," put in Wood, "but the plan is for all of us to run over to Piping Rock for dinner at the club."

"Not I," said the real-estate firm to Miss Minturn, who had directed a mute query to her. "I've got to wait for Bill."

"How many Bills do you want in a day?" protested the Smith of that ilk. "You've got to eat, haven't you?"

"I'll have something sent over from the inn."

"Striking idea!" approved Miss Minturn. "Lend us the office and we'll all have something sent over from the inn."

"And you'll serve it, won't you, dear?" inquired Keith with a smile.

"I suppose you think that's funny," retorted Miss Minturn with so much feeling that Wood hastily offered to go out and make the arrangements.

While he was about it Smith got a side word in with Keith. "What's your snappy little friend done to my dignified, proper and distant cousin?"

"Has she done anything to him?"

"Somebody has. He's a changed man."

"For the worse?"

"I should say so!" declared Smith with enthusiasm. "When I last saw him he had the family ramrod down his spine. Wore a tail coat for breakfast and slept in a silk hat and said 'Indeed!' Now he's more than half human. I strongly suspect your pal with the dreamy lamps of being the character wrecker. Who is she?"

"Promise you won't tell if I tell you?"

"Ab-solutely."

"I wonder if I can trust you."

"You might as well learn to at once and save time later," said he philosophically.

"Well, she's a cook."

"Oh, certainly! And you're a truck driver. And I'm a Chinese prince."

"She is. But of course Mr. Wood doesn't know it."

"You really ought to break the glad news to him. There's many a family would be overjoyed to get a good cook just for the trouble of marrying her."

"And do you suppose that Mr. T. H. Denniston Wood, prospective ambassador and all that sort of thing, would really marry into the servant class?"

"Such seemed to be very much his idea, if that's the servant class, from what I could gather. Besides, you seem pretty thick with her. If she's good enough for you I guess she's good enough for anybody," declared Mr. Smith militantly.

"That's very sweet of you, and all that sort of thing. But you don't know anything about me either."

"Give me time. As for Dennis—well, a year ago I'd have said that he'd die in an icy spasm at the thought. But if I'm any guesser he's plumb crazy about this girl in his quiet way. And, considering the girl—look here, Miss Hayden, what's the answer or the joke?"

"I'm telling you the literal truth."

"But not the whole truth."

"Well—no. She's a general housemaid too."

"All right. Have it your own way. If it was me," added Mr. Smith with ingenuous enthusiasm, "cook or no cook, General Housemaid or Admiral Potwrassler, I'd marry her in a minute."

"Oh, would you! Perhaps ——"

"If I hadn't seen you first."

"Isn't it time you two began to show some interest in this feeding job?" protested Edna Minturn as Wood reappeared, escorting a portable kitchen.

The table was set, picnic fashion, and the dinner promptly developed into a highly sociable and protracted feast, which was brought to an end when the telephone rang and the head of Hayden & Hayden made an announcement.

"That idiot brother of mine got a later train than he planned and went direct to the house, so I've got to go home."

"I'll go with you," offered Bill Smith promptly, "and come back here after Dennis," he added, prompted by a developing spirit of teamwork.

After they had left, Denniston Wood sat facing his companion across the cleared table with smiling and silent regard. Several attempts on her part at neutral conversation fell dead. Finally, with an impatient wriggle of her shoulders, she broke out, "Well, why don't you ask me?"

"When are you going to marry me?" was the instant response.

"That isn't what I meant and you know it," she protested, flushing hotly.

"It's what I've meant since the first—no, the third time I saw you."

"You've got a monotonous line of questions. That's the only one you ever asked me, I think."

"Well, I couldn't very well put you through a catechism when we were in Rome, could I?"

"Why not?"

"Isn't the reason obvious?" he smiled.

"You mean because I was under obligations to you and you couldn't seem to force the obligation?"

"Of course the obligation was purely formal and nominal, but you might have felt ——"

"Yes, I might. But I don't think I should have—with you."

"What did it matter, after all? What you were as I knew you was quite enough for me. I didn't need any historical perspective."

"I might have been any kind of adventuress or—or faker."

"Ah, but you see I have a conceited confidence in my own judgment of character. Besides, I don't like asking questions."

"That's more of your poisonous superiority," fretted the girl.

"On the contrary, it's a confession of faith in your infallibility."

"What an awful thing to live up to!"

"I'll take the chance."

"But you don't know a thing about me and, as I feel almost in the reckless mood to tell anything, if you asked me now ——"

"When," he began with gentle inflexibility, "will you ——"

"No—no—no! Don't be so difficult."

"I don't mean to be difficult, dearest." He leaned forward and laid a hand over hers as it moved restlessly upon the table. The fretting fingers became still. "But I've come back to America with only one interest ——"

"Look out!" she warned.

The door opened, revealing the benign visage of Andrew Vandorn.

"Oh, it's you, Edny," said he in surprise. "We saw a light here, ma and I, and we thought we'd just stop and inquire."

"Come in, Mr. Vandorn," said the girl, repressing a wild inclination to giggle.

"You got comp'ny, I see," continued Andrew, blinking in the light. "We'll be goin' along."

"Wait just a moment and I'll go with you."

"Mebbe you'd better. They was another holdup in the village this evenin'. I'm reel glad you didn't stay home all alone. Ma and I was sayin' we don't hardly think it's right you should be there alone with all these robberies goin' on."

Edna rose and put on her coat. "Good night, Denny," she said.

He took and held her extended hand. "When am I going to see you again?"

"Oh, I don't know. I—I'll write you," she replied in a tone that indicated to the trained diplomatic ear that she didn't intend doing anything of the sort.

The diplomat employed his time of waiting for Bill Smith in active thought. Upon the latter's arrival he informed that gentleman that he purposed spending the night at the inn, and learned without special surprise that Mr. Smith had incubated the same valuable idea for himself.

Before Hayden & Hayden's office was open for business in the morning a waiting masculine figure discovered itself upon the steps to the slightly belated active member of the firm, who was surprised and a little annoyed at discovering what lively anticipations were disappointed when she identified not Bill Smith but Denniston Wood.

"There's a question I'd like to ask, Miss Hayden," said the caller after greeting her.

"Ask ahead. I probably shan't answer it."

"I understand that there have been a number of robberies around here. I should like very much to be assured that Miss Minturn is in a place where—er—one who was interested in her welfare would have no cause for uneasiness."

"'One who was interested in her welfare,'" teased the girl. "The impenetrable veil of diplomacy."

He laughed. "You see how it is with me. Can you give me the assurance?"

"Frankly, I can't, Mr. Wood. But what's your idea?"

"Just that I haven't much on my hands for the next few weeks, and—er—I find your inn quite comfortable, and as I'm a bit of a night prowler I'd perhaps be taking walks in the direction of Miss Minturn's house if I knew where it was."

"Exactly what I'm supposed not to tell you," returned Keith Hayden. But her laughing eyes grew kindly. "Still, if you're

(Continued on Page 36)

Why Peerless Excels

Peerless is animated by one overmastering principle which guides and controls all of its manufacturing processes.

That principle is to earn its market by way of the deep and abiding satisfaction of the individual owner—not merely manufacturing motor cars to sell, but manufacturing and selling them so scrupulously well that every sale will become a permanent relation.

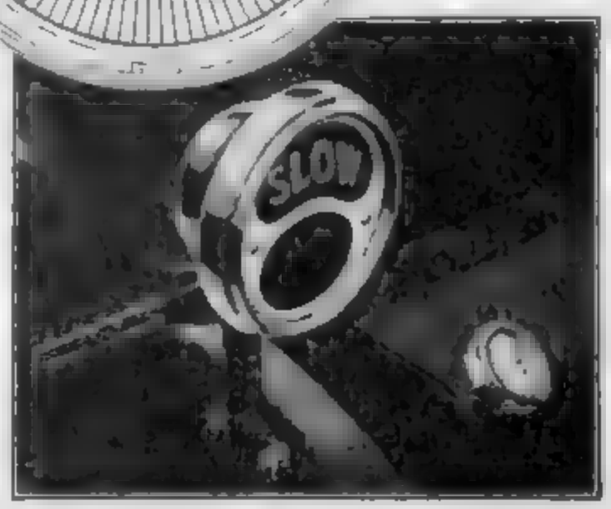
The thought of the entire organization as it relates to the production of every single Peerless car, is centered and concentrated on this imperative necessity of earning and holding the friendship of its ultimate owner.

If every prospective purchaser could come to these plants and study this system of unrelaxing vigilance applied to every last and least process of production—his decision could never for a moment be in doubt.

The things in which Peerless excels are the fruit of this sincere conviction—that each Peerless must be built as though the future of the business depended upon the demonstration of that one car's superiority.

All of the wonderful resources of this great plant—which we cordially invite you to inspect when you come to Cleveland—all of its advantages for minute precision and accuracy, are dedicated to that end.

That is why Peerless excels, and that is why Peerless is being so widely and so swiftly recognized as a truly great eight-cylinder car.



The Rear Light—The Peerless excels in the completeness and efficiency of its rear signal system. The tail lamp and the signal lamp are combined into a single unit, each performing its function independently of the other. The signal lamp flashes the warning "Slow" in red when the footbrake is applied. The switch which operates the signal lamp is located forward, near the brake pedal, where the actuating connection is short and positive in action. The tail lamp casts full illumination on both the license plate and the gasoline gauge.

Peerless Eight Types—Four Passenger Touring Phaeton; Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton; Two Passenger Roadster Coupe; Four Passenger Town Coupe; Four Passenger Suburban Coupe; Five Passenger Town Sedan, Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan; Five Passenger Berline Limousine; Four Passenger Opera Brougham

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

(Continued from Page 34)

absolutely set on pulling a fine-flower-of-knighthood stunt I think your best patrol would be the first two blocks of the Shore Road."

"That's awfully good of you! You quite understand, I'm not doing this to pry out Edna's secret. And, by the way, while I'm staying here it's probable that Bill will come down to see me occasionally."

"Your queer friend, Mr. Smith?"

"The queerness is mostly on the outside. Just now he's rather at loose ends, and I thought that a little of your improving company—that is, our improving company—which," he added, turning an attentive ear toward the door, "he appears to be about to provide on his own responsibility —— Good morning, Bill. I was just leaving. Good-by, Miss Hayden. Ever so many thanks."

"Business," remarked Hayden & Hayden, "is looking up. What can I do for you, Mr. Smith? Show you a sweet little fourteen-room bungalow with an unsurpassed sea view and all modern improvements, that's never been occupied except by a select family of red squirrels and a couple of million respectable beetles?"

"Sure. I'm just crazy about Nature. And then you can take me around to see the Vandorns."

"I don't know that the Vandorns exactly yearn for your acquaintance."

"Well, I yearn for theirs."

"You'll have to find them for yourself, then. This morning on my way down I gave them an idea of what you were after, though I didn't say it was you who was on the family trail, and they were awfully upset. Particularly Andrew. I can't imagine why."

"Neither can I. But I'll probably be able to tell you after I've talked with them."

"You're not going to talk with them."

"Think not? Keep your eye on the educated ferret."

"If you do you're not going to talk to me any more. Ever!"

"The good old ultimatum. What's the essential idea?"

"If you bungle around and frighten them," said the girl angrily, "they'll probably leave the place and I'll lose the sale of the house."

"I see. So; in the interests of business, I've got to choose between you and the Vandorns."

"Yes," confirmed Miss Hayden incautiously.

"Well," sighed William Van Endoren Smith, "their loss is your gain. I'll take you. Now as to that fourteen-room bungalow, do you think that's large enough for us to start our married life in or should we ——"

"Don't be a blithering, slithering idiot!" exhorted Miss Hayden.

"Facial imitation of a forest fire by an impressionistic expressionist," remarked Smith, viewing her with critical appreciation. "When you've recovered your original hue perhaps you'll have the nerve to tell me in cold blood that you're going back on your word."

"I'm not going back on anything. But you are."

"Yes? What?"

"The 11:16."

"Banished by royal order. When may I return to these Elysian fields?"

"For what?"

"To see the Van—I mean, to inspect the fourteen-room love nest —— Well, all right, then, to see you."

"Oh, that?" responded Miss Hayden as if it had never occurred to her before. "I might have an hour or so to spare this week-end."

"You're on," said Smith, "and the Vandorns are saved."

III

ALL the motion-picture possibilities within the immediate neighborhood having been exhausted by the Vandorns by the close of their first month's residence, they had now cast their eyes as far afield as Jamaica, where a new and sensational release of unprecedented promise was advertised. Since this involved being away at the evening meal hour Edna was notified of extra time off, and phoned Keith, who arrived as the family were preparing for their exodus. The two girls held converse in the kitchen.

"Edna," the caller opened up, "you don't seem as keen about Denniston Wood as you were."

"Don't I?" was the noncommittal response.

"Twice now you've made excuses to get out of our quartet parties!"

"It hasn't discouraged the lively Bill, has it?" retorted the other with a touch of malice.

"Nothing discourages Bill," admitted Miss Hayden. "I've tried and I know. But it's rough going for the prospective ambassador."

"It isn't too smooth for me," confessed the hired help. "I'd about decided to decide that it would be easier all round not to see Denny any more when—see what the mail brought in."

She held up to view a small blue square of paper, bearing the imprint of the American Embassy at Rome and this inscription:

On demand I promise to give to T. H. Denniston Wood, upon his return to America, one Class A home-cooked dinner within a week of presentation of this certificate. E. M.

"What's the exciting answer?"

"You remember, I told you about the hunger flop and the loan with luncheon to follow?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, when I paid back the money I made a pretty little speech saying I could never repay the kindness, and he said 'Why not?' and I said 'How?' and he said he'd take a home dinner in return, and I said I'd give him the best one I could get up if he'd come after it, and he made me write it out because he said that would insure his not losing me entirely. I felt rather that way about it myself. Of course that was when I thought I'd have a home. And now he's sent in the call. What'll I do?"

"Invite him to dinner in my house," offered Keith.

"He's been to your house and he'd know it was only a borrowed dinner."

"Wouldn't the Vandorns lend you this house for an evening?"

"Of course they would, the dears! But I couldn't ask them without endless explanations and complications. Besides, where would I get servants?"

"Take ours."

"Then suppose the Vandorns came in before the party was over. Something would be sure to happen to give the game away. And I—I can't be a servant for Denny. I just can't!"

"That's stupid snobbish obstinacy."

"I know it as well as you do. But there it is. And there it sticks—in my craw," concluded Miss Minturn, borrowing a bucolic metaphor from her employers.

One of the latter had paused, some moments before, passing through the dining room to join her husband. As she listened to fragments of the conversation between the two girls her usually placid features were troubled by an expression of almost pathetic bewilderment. Once she started to interrupt, but thought better of it. Presently she rubbed her nose with a pensive gesture, nodded thrice—slow, solemn, determined nods, as of one who composes a sage and immutable resolution, and ambled softly out to the waiting car.

"Andrew," she said, "drive slow. I got something to tell you."

"What is it, ma?"

"About our Edny," answered Mrs. Vandorn, too absorbed with the major consideration to correct his slip. "Andrew, I believe she's seen better days."

"Wouldn't wonder a mite."

"I overheard the two girls talking." She pieced together what had come to her ears.

"Reel swells, hey?" said Andrew thoughtfully.

"Looks like it, don't it? Now, father, I got a plan." And she proceeded to outline it to him.

"Fine! Fine!" commended Andrew. "But, ma, how about Abner?"

"That's so long ago," replied Mrs. Vandorn with a touch of wistfulness. "You think we'd ought to tell her?"

"It'd be no more'n fair to her," he said firmly.

"Whatever you think right, Andrew," said his wife. "Sometimes I think you're a little weak in the judgment, but I'd trust your principles anywheres."

On the following morning after breakfast was cleared away and the kitchen redd up to Mrs. Vandorn's satisfaction, the hired help was summoned to the parlor. The very selection of this location indicated something ceremonial and important. Andrew's mild face, against a statuesque background of The Veteran's Return—J. Rogers, sculp.; copyright, 1871—imported from the Cayuga County home, was self-consciously grave.

"You been with us over a month now, Edny," he began, "and we ain't got ary complaint to make of you."

"You're a fair-to-middlin' plain-dough cook, and outside of that you're as good as need be," pronounced Mrs. Vandorn judicially.

"Besides, you're a downright nice girl and we set quite a store by you, ma and me."

"Mother," corrected Mrs. Vandorn patiently. "Yes; we like you right well."

"And I like you, too," said the hired girl warmly, incidentally wondering whether all this presaged a raise of wages.

"That's good. We been talkin' you over amongst ourselves quite a bit lately, and we've come to the concloosion that you're one as has seen better days."

Edna bit her lip. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, your nice ways, and your swell clo'es, and the way you act, and—and your friends."

"And we re'lize that being a hired gal here ain't exactly the same as it is at home, where the help is like one of the family."

"But you've made me feel quite like one of the family."

"That's the way we feel towards you. But outside folks might not look at it the same way, having their own queer, New Yorky notions round here. We notice you don't have no comp'ny come here to see you, and we figure that it's because you don't want your friends to know you're in service."

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," declared Edna stoutly, though with a guilty change of color. "And if I don't have people here it's because I can't be bothered with them."

"You see 'em other places, don't you?" inquired Mrs. Vandorn.

"Sometimes."

"We want as you should see 'em here. It ain't natural for a girl as young and handsome as you not to have some home place for sparkin'."

"But I'm not a—a sparker," returned Edna, laughing.

"Only because Mister Right-man ain't come around yet. He will, though," said Andrew encouragingly. "Now, what ma and I thought was that we'd like to have a little party for you."

"Right here," added Mrs. Vandorn. "Just like it was your own house."

At this conclusion Edna gave a little involuntary jump. "Who would there be to come besides us three?" she objected.

"Oh, Andrew and I wouldn't figure to come."

"You mean that you're going to be away and I'm to have the house for the evening?"

The couple looked at each other. "You tell her," they said reciprocally. Andrew then proceeded to stall. "We thought if you wanted to ask that smart Hayden girl, bein' as she knows all about it anyway, and mebbe a couple of nice young men, or more if you want 'em ——" He paused.

"But who would get up the dinner?"

"I guess I ain't forgot how to cook in six weeks," stated Mrs. Vandorn complacently.

"And I waited on hotel table in Skaneateles one summer when our crops failed," added Andrew, "and made nigh two hundred dollars."

"But I couldn't let you two dear, kind people do that," protested the girl.

"Why couldn't you? We ain't proud just because we've come up in the world. It'd do me good," declared Mrs. Vandorn, "to have something real to set my hand to again." The wistfulness of her voice bespoke a yearning to revert, were it only for a day, to the old, familiar life of pots and pans.

For Edna here was opportunity, pat to her hand, to make good on her debt of honor, to carry out her bargain literally, since this was actually her home. True, it was risky. But—well, if anything developed to betray her assumed position in the household to Denny, why, let it come! It might prove a test of his essential quality.

"I'd love it!" she cried.

"How many?" inquired Mrs. Vandorn, instantly businesslike.

"Four. I'll phone to Keith now to get hold of her Bill Smith ——"

"Just a minute, Edny. There's something else."

At the word Mr. Vandorn lifted the cover of a small and queer old leather-and-brass chest, which resembled rather a trunk made for a giant doll, and took out a sheaf of papers, one of which he handed to the girl.

"What's this?" she asked. "It looks old; and legal. What funny spelling!"

"It's a commitment paper. Eighteen thutty-eight."

"'County of Herkimer, State of New York -Abner Van Endoren,'" she read. "What's it all about?"

"It's about my great-grandfather," replied Andrew. "And," he added solemnly, "he was an old skinnamarink. Drank licker. Gambled with cards. Finally got jailed for stealin' a mare. That's the paper. The others are the original Van Endoren family records that my father took with him when he left Herkimer and went to C'yugy and changed the name to Vandorn."

"Why did he change?"

"He used to say that every time he got a leetle the best of a trade the other feller would throw it in his teeth that his grandfather was a hoss thief, till he got dum good and sick of it. So he moved and changed. But he always kept the papers and made me promise to."

"I see. And the New York Van Endorens ——"

"They're our cousins. As I can prove by them papers. Got into New York reel estate and made their pile."

"And you've come down," said the girl, amused, compassionate, and just a little contemptuously disappointed at finding the simple, self-respecting Vandorns on such a mission, "to establish your connection."

"Snake's sake! I should say not!" ejaculated Andrew.

"Father ain't specially proud of being descended from a jailbird," remarked his wife composedly. "Not that I ever made any account of it one way or t'other."

"No. I got no intrust in these Van Endorens except to keep my kin with 'em to myself."

"Then why tell me?" queried the puzzled girl.

"We got our reasons. You think over that paper and we'll come to talk later."

"And don't you fret yourself a mite about the dinner," said Mrs. Vandorn. "This is your party and I don't want you should do a stitch of the work. After breakfast Saturday you can go, and you're not to so much as peek into the dining room till the bell rings."

"I'll promise you one thing," said the loyal Andrew. "If ma does the cookin' you won't have no cause to be ashamed of the vittles."

IV

FAR and wide might one search, in the palaces of the Orient, the castles of the ancient aristocracy of Europe or the splendid establishments of American multimillionairehood without finding a tastier example of dinner-table decoration than that which graced the festal board of the Shore Road house on the Saturday evening. Such was the expert opinion of Mrs. Andrew Vandorn, who had served on many a church-sociable committee, communicated to that proud and painstaking artist, her husband. At each place a conical erection of knives, forks and spoons, architecturally reminiscent of an Iroquois tepee, sheltered without concealing a knowingly folded napkin, from the apex of which coyly peeped a paper orchid. At the side of this dainty conception a goblet contained a floral posy from the local greenhouse made up under the specific direction of Mr. Vandorn on a color design of his own, the chief chromatic features of which were crimson, purple, golden, white and azure. Against the stem of each glass was propped a place card, also floral in scheme, bearing a chaste quatrain in tinted lettering, pink for the ladies, blue for the gentlemen. Upon the hostess chair hung a wreath.

The summons, a high-pitched hand bell, vigorously operated by the cook after a last comprehensive look around her kitchen, such as a football captain might bestow upon his carefully disposed men before giving the signal for the supreme test, had been sounded, and in lively anticipation Andrew applied himself to the most convenient observation post.

"Father!" said Mrs. Vandorn severely.

"Well, ma?"

"Take your nose out of that crack. And don't say 'ma'!"

"Then how'll I see?" he demanded with aggrieved logic.

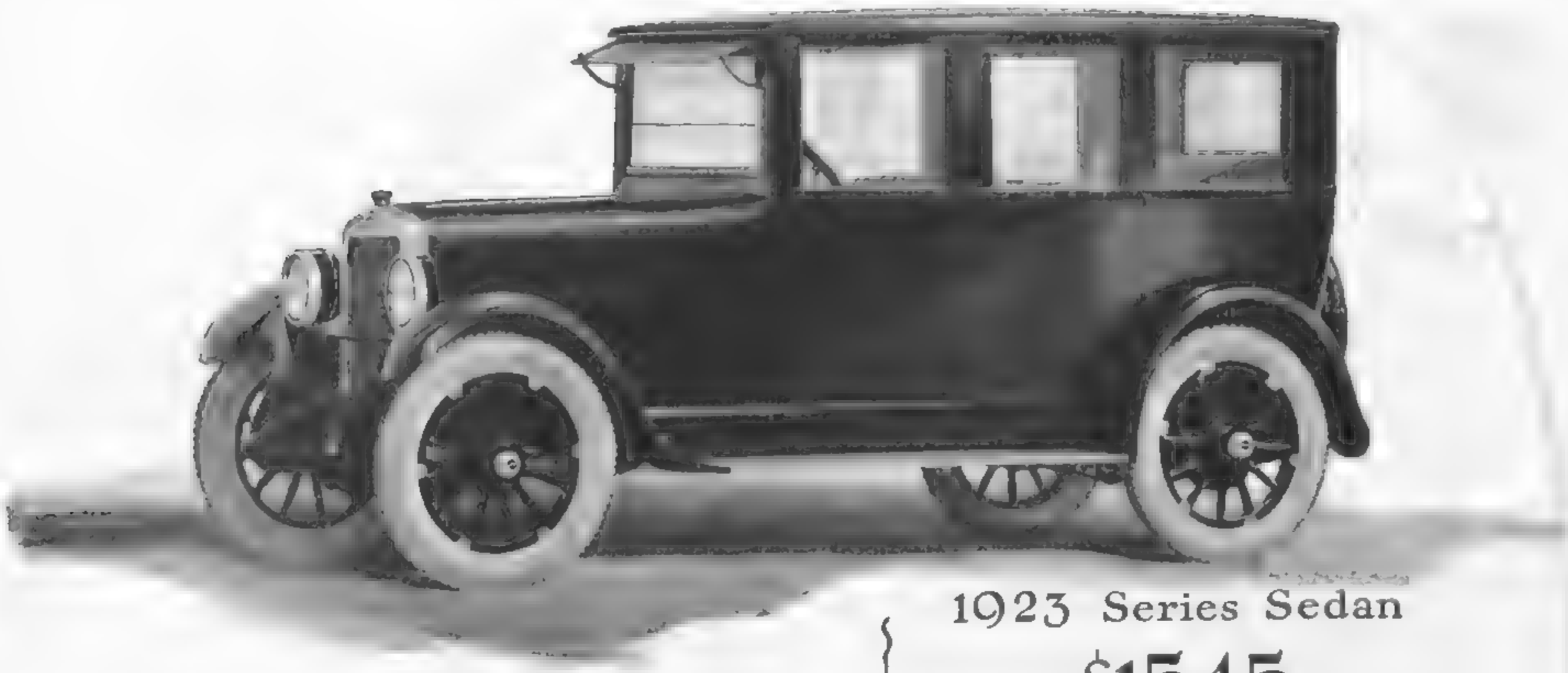
"Have they come in yet?" she inquired, tacitly recognizing the force of this.

"Just comin'."

"How does Edny look?"

"Undressed. And the Hayden girl's wuss. Snake's sake! I should think they'd

(Continued on Page 38)



1923 Series Sedan

$1545

The wonderfully attractive body of this new Sedan—fashioned and built by Fisher—embodies a wealth of refinement and equipment comparable to that of the costliest cars.

Mohair plush upholsters the seats, with twelve inch springs for greater comfort. Five passengers are easily accommodated. Large plate glass windows, opened mechanically, insure wide vision, ample light and perfect ventilation. Exterior door handles are of the new cross-bar type, with hardware to match. The soft-focus dome light is controlled from either front or rear compartment.

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Roadster	$ 975
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Sedan	1545

The New **Oakland** *Six*

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Twelve months ago the Oakland Motor Car Company brought forth the New Oakland Six-44 Model. Confident that this new car constituted the finest light-six in the world, it guaranteed in writing for 15,000 miles the performance of its highly developed, six-cylinder, overhead-valve engine. And now—time has vindicated Oakland's confidence; it has justified Oakland's guarantee. In the hands of many thousands of owners everywhere, in all kinds of service and under all driving conditions, this New Oakland has established records of performance without parallel. It has proved itself a car of uncommon merit—powerful, sturdy, dependable and genuinely economical; a car that satisfies, in appearance and in performance, the tastes and the requirements of the most exacting.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

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CONTINENTAL

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(Continued from Page 36)

be afraid of pneumony if they ain't of their own reflections in the lookin'-glass."

"Shush! You've seen those low-cut clo'es dozens of times in the movies."

"They're takin' in the table now," reported the lookout. "They seem surprised."

"They would be," assented Mrs. Vandorn in innocent gratification.

"The tall swell with the white flower is readin' the poetry on the cards. I think he likes it. The other one's at the window. I can't see his face. He's coughin'. I wonder what makes Edny so red. Ma, you don't think anything could have went wrong, do you?"

"I don't see what. Let me look." Mrs. Vandorn applied her eye to the post of vantage. "Andrew," she whispered in great excitement, "you know the one with the full-dress clo'es."

"They both got on full-dress clo'es."

"Land! So they have. Well, the one with the flower. Do you know who he is?"

"Never set eyes on him before."

"You have so! Remember one night we came home late and saw a man with his collar turned up, mousing around the block, and you went out and spoke to him and he said he was the new watchman? Well, this is him. Now what do you think of that? A night watchman in a full-dress suit!"

"Maybe he's seen better days too. They say the income tax has hit the rich folks an awful wallop."

"Well, I think there's something queer about it," declared his wife, relinquishing her place to him and reverting to her stove. "What's that funny noise?"

"They've put a lot of ice from the pitcher into a tin thing and the other feller's shakin' it."

"Andrew!"

"What?"

"You don't suppose it's one of those cocktails they're brewing?"

"I'll bet a cooky that's just what it is."

"In my house! You march right in there and stop such godless goings-on, Andrew. It's criminal. That's what it is."

"Well, we got the same streak in us. Think of old Abner and his hoss-thievin'," argued Andrew. "You go back to your cookin', ma, and don't make a fuss before Edny's company."

"If they only drink one," yielded his better half reluctantly, "and if they don't topple over and fall asleep on the floor or get to fighting or anything, I'll let it go this time. But I shall have a serious talk with Edny before we go any further with our plan for her."

"They seem all right so far," announced Andrew after the liquid wickedness had been dispensed. "No," he whispered, aghast, a moment later. "Edny's havin' to be helped into her chair by the night watchman! So's Miss Hayden by the other feller! Who'd ever a-thought that stuff'd work so awful quick? What'll we do, ma?"

"Give 'em food as soon as possible," prescribed Mrs. Vandorn. "They say licker's worse when the stomach's empty. Go on, Andrew."

Grasping a plate in each hand and tucking a napkin under his chin in case of mishap, the volunteer waiter made an imposing entry. "Oyster soup," he announced in a bland professional tone, setting down half of his burden before Edna and cunningly whisking the bread-bearing napkin out from under the tepee, whereupon the component implements fell asunder into a perfect mathematical pattern. "Ladies first," he added gallantly, performing the same feat with even finer dexterity for Miss Hayden's benefit.

"Wonderful!" murmured that appreciative lady with emotion.

Modestly the virtuoso bowed and looked toward the night watchman for further approval, receiving a pleasant and admiring smile. But Andrew's answering smile froze on his face when, turning his glance, he got his first fair look at the other male guest, who was at the moment engrossed with Miss Hayden. Andrew's exit partook of the nature of a stampede.

"Ma!" he gasped. "I can't go back there."

"Why can't you?"

"The other feller—he's the—the confidence man I talked with on the train."

"That'll learn you to take up with shiny strangers, Andrew Vandorn!" said his wife with severity. "Probly he's too fuddled with that licker he guzzled to know you. Anyway, what does it matter? I should think he'd be the one to be afraid to face you."

"But I—I told him ——"

"I don't care what you told him," broke in Mrs. Vandorn calmly. "I guess this house is ourn and we can do as we like in it. You go back there and get the orders."

With a long-drawn breath of resolution Andrew advanced into the forlorn hope of the dining room. As if drawn by a fatal fascination he went direct to Mr. William Van Endoren Smith and from behind his shoulder addressed him with the tone and meter of a wooden clock.

"Roast beef, broiled chicken, leg o' lamb, ham or bacon, baked potat ——"

"Hey? What?" said the surprised Mr. Smith, breaking off an earnestly confidential conversation with Keith Hayden.

"Fried sweets, French peas, new beets, butter beans, cream cauliflower," proceeded the waiter desperately.

The catechized guest turned and looked up with an amiable grin which changed to a broad smile of gratified amazement. "Well, Mr. Vandorn!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Nothin'," gasped Andrew. "Don't you mind me for a minute, Mr. Smith—if that's your name." He took refuge in his formula again. "Apple pie, lemon pie, cottage puddin' with mayonnaise sauce," he stuttered, losing his cue.

"This old faker," explained Bill Smith amiably to the table at large, "pretended to me that he was one of the summer-colony householders."

"Bill!" said Keith imperatively. "Behave yourself! You're mistaken."

"Well, I'm not mistaken in thinking that he's the Vandorn of my long quest," declared Bill triumphantly.

"What quest?" asked Edna, who had observed these singular proceedings with bewilderment.

"The great Vandorn quest. And it's ended, thanks to you, Miss Minturn. You don't suppose he'll get away completely, do you?" inquired Bill anxiously as the door closed behind the fleeing Andrew with considerable violence.

"Considering that this is his house," answered Edna, forgetting her temporary rôle, "I don't see why he should."

"His house? How's that?"

"Edna means that it's the house he lives in," corrected Keith hastily, presenting her hostess with a hideous frown.

"Then I wonder if that aged and disreputable-looking chest in the other room, with A. V. on it, is his."

"That's full of the most fascinating old documents and family records," said Edna innocently.

"Is it? I'd like to have a look at 'em after dinner."

"No; I'm afraid you couldn't do that. They're private, some of them."

"Speaking of after dinner, Edna," put in Keith, "is there anything further doing, or was that fascinating prospectus of the fugitive Andrew merely imaginary?"

Edna turned an ear toward the door, whence issued sounds of subdued but earnest debate. Presently it opened and Mrs. Vandorn, heavily laden, entered.

"Andrew's struck," she announced, "and I've got to do the rest."

Denniston Wood got to his feet promptly, followed by Bill Smith. "Let me help, won't you, Mrs. Vandorn?" offered Wood.

"I'm a pretty good little strike breaker myself," added Smith.

"You sit down, young man!" said Mrs. Vandorn ominously to the latter.

"I don't seem to be making myself very popular here," he mourned, subsiding.

"And if you want to help me, Mister Night Watchman," said Mrs. Vandorn to Wood, "you can just keep a sharp eye on him, and if he makes a move, arrest him."

"Night watchman?" repeated Edna, laughing nervously. "Why, Mrs. Vandorn, where did you ever get the idea that ——"

"I'll tell you where I got it, Edny, and you can get it the same way yourself by looking out most any bright night and seeing him patrolling around this block. Is that so or ain't it?" she challenged the guest.

Edna turned upon him a dangerous gleam of the eye. "What have you been doing that for?" she demanded.

"What have you been hired-girling for?" was the not illogical retort.

"I know," she averred vehemently, ignoring his counter. "You've been spying on me!"

"Wait a minute, Edna," interposed Keith.

"I won't wait! Being a diplomat he's above asking honest questions. He prefers the underhanded way of—of —— Oh, I think it's too despicable!"

"You watch that man," commanded Mrs. Vandorn, tenacious to her idea, and indicating Bill Smith. "I believe he's a crook."

"And what about Vandorn, who pretends to be a house owner and turns up as a waiter?" retorted the annoyed Mr. Smith.

"Will you keep quiet?" demanded Keith in a savage whisper. "Idiot!"

"Pleasant dinner we're having," observed Bill philosophically. "But my appetite is on the wane. Wonder if it's too early to go."

"I wish you'd never come!" replied the hostess with tremulous indignation. "I wish I'd never tried to have a p-p-p-party!"

"Now, Edny, don't you go frettin' yourself, my dear," soothed Mrs. Vandorn.

"Edny?" repeated Bill Smith. "How do you get that way?"

"I should be interested to know that myself," remarked Wood.

"None of either-of-yours business," retorted Mrs. Vandorn.

"Yes, it is!" cried Edna on the verge of a nervous explosion. "This is their house and I'm their hired girl and we changed places for the evening and, now you know, you can go, and I h-h-h-hate you both!"

"So do I!" added Miss Hayden with fervor.

"Your hired girl?" echoed Wood, staring at Mrs. Vandorn.

"I thought it was a joke or a bet or some fool thing," said Bill Smith.

"Our hired help," asseverated Mrs. Vandorn, "and she's as good as anybody, for all that, specially a night watchman in rented clo'es."

"Well, say something, Dennis!" exhorted Bill Smith. "You're the diplomat of the crowd." He began to sidle across the room.

"Hey! Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Vandorn earnestly.

"To get my coat and hat. I have a notion, rightly or wrongly, that this party is over. Care for some outside air, Dennis? Not going my way, are you, Keith?"

"I am not!" was the emphatic reply. "I'm going to stay with Edna. And I wouldn't detain you for worlds, either of you."

"Let this be a lesson to you, Edny," was the last the two guests heard of Mrs. Vandorn's placid voice raised a little beyond its wont in a spirit of warning, "to shun strong liquor. It makes demons of men."

Andrew Vandorn appeared cautiously at the kitchen door. "Where's the party?" he queried, big-eyed with wonder.

"Bust," said Mrs. Vandorn succinctly.

"Oh, Lord!" lamented Andrew in broken tones. "We'll have to live on secondhand vittles for the next week."

V

THE clock in the hallway had just buzzed and boomed out the single stroke of half past one when two figures tiptoed up to the side of the house.

"This ought to be the window."

"It doesn't give."

"I slipped the bolt all right when I went in to get my hat and coat."

"There she goes! It was only stuck. Listen!"

Within, the house was wrapped in the silence of security. "Now mind you," said Wood earnestly, "don't you take any of those documents. I'm not in for a real robbery."

"That's all right," Smith assured him. "All I want is the information. If what's in that chest doesn't clear up the Vandorn mystery, including the Edna Minturn kink, I'm willing to go to jail."

"Be as quick as you can."

"Leave it to me. I've got all the risk. All you have to do, if you hear anything stirring, is to raise the mad yell and start off the chase in the other direction. Give me a boost there."

Mr. William Van Endoren Smith, amateur housebreaker, disappeared in the interior darkness, and a moment later Mr. T. H. Denniston Wood, recreant guardian of the neighborhood peace and safety, heard the parlor door softly open and shut.

Abovestairs Edna Minturn sat up in bed sharply. For certain definite reasons connected with an illuminating conversation with Keith Hayden before that indignant and misanthropic young lady had gone to her room—remark as a finale that if she

(Continued on Page 40)

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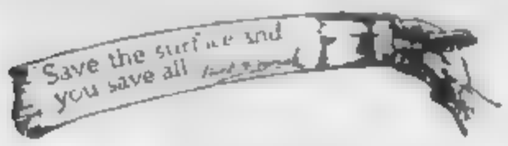

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(Continued from Page 38)

ever saw Bill Smith again, which she hoped she wouldn't, she'd get even with him if she had to marry him to do it—Edna was not sleeping well. Now she was wide awake and keenly cognizant of something or somebody moving around below. Slipping into dressing gown and shoes she tiptoed downstairs. A draft guided her direct to the coat-room window. Outside a familiar figure leaned against the wall.

"Denny!" she exclaimed.

"Edna!" There seemed to be more dismay than delight in the enunciation of her name.

"What on earth are you doing here?"

"The—er—usual thing. Night-watching."

"Oh, I know!" she answered tremulously. "Keith told me—everything. I—I think it's awfully noble of you."

Nothing in T. H. Denniston Wood's wide diplomatic experience and profound knowledge of the world suggested anything better for him to say than "Not at all." So he said it—rather feebly.

The girl laughed softly. "Do you always night-watch in evening clothes?"

"No; I didn't have time to change."

"I'm coming out," she announced.

Softly she fumbled at the side door and presently stood on the steps above him, a marvel of witchery in the cloud-filtered moonlight.

"Bill Smith spoiled my party, Denny," she said like a grieved child. "I'd made up my mind to tell you all about my job anyway. But he spoiled it and made it all horrid!" And her hands went out to him hesitantly.

When she released herself from his reluctant arms it was with a warning: "You know I'm a cook, Denny darling; but you don't know what a bad cook I am."

"That's not the point, sweetheart. When will you come to cook for me?"

"I don't know. I'll have to give notice to the Vandorns. I can't leave them flat, Denny. They've been so good to me."

"I'm a pretty good employer myself."

"You're an awfully funny watchman though. What did you open the window for?"

"I didn't," he replied dreamily. Open windows made little enough difference in his glorified life now. Indeed he had quite forgotten Bill Smith and his criminal partnership. He was sharply recalled to facts by her next and natural question:

"Who did then?"

The diplomat in Denniston Wood took command and began to issue orders to his brain. "The burglar must have."

"What burglar?"

"There was someone prowling around here when I came up. He went completely out of my head when you kissed me."

"Did I kiss you?" murmured the girl. "I didn't mean to. Or perhaps I did. To make up for having been so mean to you."

"Was that the only reason?" he inquired.

"We're giving the burglar lots of time to get away. Perhaps he's in the house all the time."

"No; I'm sure he isn't," was the hasty reply. "I thought I saw him run toward the garage. I'll go look."

"I'll go with you."

In the garage, after a careful and fruitless investigation, they came upon a searchlight, the first far-cast ray of which shot toward the house and outlined a circle of clear radiance upon the ceiling under which Keith Hayden was asleep. Keith promptly awoke, and, after considering the phenomenon for a brief moment, ran into Edna's room. Edna's bed was empty. Returning on a run Keith bundled herself in her long fur coat and hurried downstairs. A ray of light from under a door led her to the right spot. She opened the door. The light immediately went out. "Who's there?" she demanded. Silence brooded over the expectancy of her waiting.

"If you don't answer I'll call."

This brought forth from the blackness the pregnant monosyllable: "Bill."

"Bill! What are you doing there?"

"Reading."

"Oh, of course! In the pitch darkness."

A small but clear light beamed forth from the pocket flash in Bill's grasp.

"What's that you've got in your hand?"

"The Van Endoren papers. They're great."

Curiosity uprose in the heart of Keith Hayden. "Oh, Bill! Do they tell why Andrew is so afraid to have anyone see them?"

"Haven't told yet. But Andy's a Van Endoren, all right. Unkie will stick a pin in him and add him to his collection. Likely as not he'll raise my humble stipend to a point where we can marry immediately."

"It will not!" said the girl hastily. "I hate you! I nearly forgot."

"Forget it again," invited Bill, reaching out and gathering her into a large and capable embrace. "This is like kissing an Eskimo," he observed almost immediately. "Not that I ever kissed one. You can sell that fourteen-room bungalow right here and now if you make the proper terms as to a co-tenant. Do you suppose we could get Edna to cook for us, dearest?"

"Do you think you were nice about Edna and the Vandorns?" she responded reproachfully.

"I'm awfully sorry I gummed the party. But I got excited when I saw my prey. I'll come around and apologize to Edna tomorrow—at the kitchen door."

"Where is Edna?" inquired the girl, recalled to herself.

"In bed, I suppose, where every respectable young woman—I mean every young woman who isn't engaged to be married to a high-minded burglar ought to be at this hour."

"I'm not engaged. And Edna's not in bed. And you're not a high-minded burglar. You're just a common thief. Suppose you got caught."

"I just did, didn't I? It was grand!" And Bill Smith smacked his lips. "If Edna isn't in bed maybe she's eloped with Dennis Wood."

"She'd have to find him first."

"Oh, that'd be easy. He is—or was—leaning against the house, keeping tabs for me while I investigated the family's past records. Wupps! There they come, one or both. Keep quiet and stick by me," he whispered in her ear.

Outside in the other room Edna was overheard urging Denniston Wood: "But you must go, dear. Yes; yes. I'll see you tomorrow, after my work is done. And I'll tell you all the rest of it."

"I don't need to know," said Wood fervently. "I don't need to know anything but this. Good night, my darling."

A sharp click sounded and the little tableau hurriedly disintegrated under the pitiless glare of the electric bulbs. In the radiance appeared the figure of Andrew Vandorn standing like an avenging figure at the top of the stairway. He wore a peaked flannel nightcap, quite awry, a long but none too long cotton nightshirt, and trailed in his hand a double-barreled ten-gauge shotgun.

"Why, Edny!" he said.

The hired gal, flushed and lovely, stretched her hand out to her lover. "Mr. Vandorn ——" she began.

"You go to bed, Edny."

"I was just going, but I want you to ——"

"You go to bed before ma hears us and comes out. I wouldn't wonder a mite but what ma'd fire you if she knew about this."

"Just a moment, Mr. Vandorn," put in Denniston Wood.

"You leave these pree-mizes. A purty night watchman, you are!" The old man came slowly down the stairs.

"In just what relation you stand to Miss Minturn beyond that of an employer she has not told me," said Wood with a quiet force that overbore Andrew, "but I think you have a right to know that she is going to marry me."

"Marry you? Oh, that's different. But I think I've got a right to know whether you can give her as good a home as she's got here."

"At least I shan't expect her to cook and do the housework," said Wood, smiling, and quite without rancor.

"You might do wuss, young man. She's our hired gal, it's true, but that ain't all we figured her to be. Ma—I mean mother and I, we was aimin' to adopt her."

"Adopt me?" said Edna faintly. "Why, Mr. Van ——"

"Yes," said Andrew with gentle firmness, "adopt you. Like our own daughter. You see, we never had no children of our own to speak of, only four, and they've all married except Ezry, and he died when he was seven, goin' on eight. So, bein' as we got to set quite a store by you, ma and me, we thought we'd like to take you into the fam'ly and give you a good home. Only it wouldn't be fair, you havin' seen better days, to ask you to take our name without you knowin' that we had to change it, account of Great-Grandfather Abner Van Endoren bein' jailed for a hoss thief, which is why I showed you them papers —— Snake's sake! What's that?"

The Vandorn secret, thus suddenly revealed to Bill Smith, tensely listening in the parlor, had been too much for that gentleman. He had staggered back against a chair, which, catching him at the hollow of the knees, had persuaded him to an involuntary seat. It was a very special chair, the pride of the parlor, and had immediately proceeded to render The Bluebells of Scotland with great virtuosity. A moment later the unintentional musician appeared in the doorway, lugging the wooden performer in one hand and holding in the other an assortment of papers from the chest. He was followed by Keith Hayden on the verge of hysterics.

"Will somebody stop this damn thing?" he implored, gazing with venomous hatred at the vociferous furniture. "You do it," he appealed to Andrew.

In response to a lever at the back which its owner pushed, the music stopped. A sound far more formidable took its place.

"Now perhaps you'll explain what you're doing with those papers."

Mrs. Vandorn, majestic and wholly mistress of herself in spite of her curl papers, swept the company with her glance, from the turn of the stairway.

"Just what I was goin' to ask him, ma," said Andrew.

"Edny," pursued the mistress of the household, "telephone the police."

"What for, Mrs. Vandorn?"

"To arrest that confidence man for stealing our family papers out of our family chest."

"It's my family chest," said Mr. William Van Endoren Smith, "and they're my family papers, and I can prove it."

"I believe that to be true, Mrs. Vandorn," put in Denniston Wood.

"Well, this isn't his family house, and he's made false and felonious entry, and I guess that's a case for the police," announced she, implacably logical. "And if Edny won't get 'em I will. I'm going to have the law on that man, sure as my name is Fredonia Vandorn!"

"She will so," remarked Andrew aside. "I know ma."

"Don't let her!" Keith appealed to Edna. "Bill's a terrible idiot, but I don't want him to go to jail."

"Well, he shan't," replied Edna. "Mrs. Vandorn, what if Mr. Smith were here with my permission?"

"You haven't got a right to give him no such a permission, Edny. Not if you was ——"

"But I have, Mrs. Vandorn. This happens to be my family house."

"Your house!" The Vandorns rendered a perfect duet.

"You tell them, Keith," said Edna, and the real estater related the tale of her friend's adventurous apprenticeship.

Andrew Vandorn gazed at Edna with wonder and awe on his simple face. "Then you reely have been a swell all along!" He turned to his wife with a rather pitiful smile. "Of course she wouldn't want to be adopted by plain folks like us, even if we didn't have a hoss thief in the line."

The girl threw her arms around the old man's neck and pressed her cheek to his. "I would!" she cried vehemently. "And I wouldn't care a smitch about the horse thief. I'd let you adopt me tomorrow and be proud of it, only"—she glanced up at Denniston Wood with a quick flush—"you see, I've got other arrangements."

"Adopt me," said Bill Smith promptly. "I'm just as much the hoss thief's descendant as you are. And, by the way, unkie will be pleased. Keith, would you leave the splendid idleness of a real estater's career to marry the scion of a horse-thieving race?"

"If Mr. and Mrs. Vandorn will adopt me, too, I might consider it," admitted Keith.

"Adopt us all," cried Denniston Wood, "and we'll all live happy ever after."

Mrs. Vandorn from her vantage point on the stairs looked down upon the group with an expression which softened into a benignant smile.

"I dunno's I'd go that far," said she, "but I'll tell you what I will do: I'd be pleased to have you all to dinner tomorrow evening at seven, sharp. This time," she added, "the family will set in."

Andrew Vandorn bent upon his better and more resourceful half a look of profound affection and respect.

"Trust ma to save the vittles," said he.

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benefit. In nearly every instance, when the case is presented to show cause why you, the present owners, should be deprived of certain areas for the benefit of a few individuals, the facts are distorted, minimizing your loss to the point of nothingness and stressing the general good that would accrue to a point of gross exaggeration; which brings us back to the local viewpoint and the analysis of a few specific projects which the nibblers have placarded with the banners of a phony practicality.

Take the Falls River Basin and the Bechler country of the Yellowstone, and the insistent demand that they be ceded to Idaho interests for a reservoir site. The character of the country has been misrepresented and the statement broadcast that it is a desolate swamp that can never be utilized for any other purpose. That is to minimize your loss to the point of nothingness. The true facts are these: The Falls River and Bechler country includes some of the finest mountain scenery to be found anywhere in America, dozens of waterfalls of surpassing beauty, and its streams provide trout fishing that is unexcelled. So much for the swamp tale that has been circulated to your misinformation, and now for the hidebound local viewpoint: That little locality that would reap a few dollars of immediate profit at the expense of the park has gone at it in a way forever to advertise its restricted provincial outlook to the world. The local issue has overshadowed all else, even its sense of the ridiculous. In order to help gain its end, a state law was put through in 1921. This provides for a game preserve along parts of the west line of the Yellowstone; regular conservation measures—to become effective only when the Falls River Basin is available as a reservoir site in the park or is cut out of the park!

Contrast that viewpoint with the result of a slightly similar controversy that cropped up in the Sequoia National Park of California. The local inhabitants insisted that, as they were residents of the vicinity, their rights in the park were first, and that they should be permitted to build private summer homes therein. They attained their end and fifty-odd private cabins were erected. Col. John White saw the danger of this private ownership in a national park and he went among them and presented his viewpoint.

Colonel White's Argument

He explained that this park was a national institution, not local; that the whole system, one unit as well as another, must be kept intact for all, not for a few. He outlined the danger of disintegration if private ownership gained a hold in the parks. At the present rate of building, he pointed out, the forest floor under the big trees would soon become one big village, all the choicest sites covered. There were enough local inhabitants to build it up solidly, practically to take over Sequoia and hold it so that all others, finding no place to camp, would stay out. Then, when they themselves should visit some other park of great interest, they would find it similarly occupied by local people; and why not, since the precedent had been established right there at home? Would they care to visit the Yellowstone and find the cañon lined three deep with cabins, view the great Geyser Basin from a private veranda or pitch their camp in someone's back yard? Or to visit the magnificent high country of Glacier and find a string of shanties banked up the length of Swift Current and family washings hung out all round Two Medicine Lake? Would their sons and daughters find great satisfaction in a plot of leased ground and a little summer shack in Sequoia, or would they rather find the whole vast park system intact, the best that the world has to offer handed down as a joint heritage for them? It was put squarely up to them. Which way was the best?

The San Joaquin Valley proved itself an enlightened community. The people possessed enough vision to see beyond the rims of their valley—and they liked John White's brand of talk. One after another of their various clubs and organizations lined up behind him. They stopped building and voluntarily relinquished the hold they had on Sequoia. They had decided against taking that one park for themselves and turning it into a summer village for local inhabitants at the cost of seeing Glacier and Yosemite, Yellowstone, Crater Lake and all the rest taken over by similar local groups and the consequent irreparable loss to the sons and daughters of them all. Those people of the San Joaquin have the national viewpoint as contrasted to the pin-point local perspective.

Now to come to the practical aspects, right down to dollars and cents: It has been mentioned that the San Joaquin dwellers had vision to see beyond the rims of their valley. Even if they had confined their gaze to purely local conditions they would have profited in the end. Some 40,000 tourists visited Sequoia Park during the past summer, and the number is increasing each year. Some of them spent the whole summer, others spent only a few days under the big trees; but they all spent their money; and California has come to know that the richest of all harvests is the tourist crop. The money that is dumped in the Sequoia country annually by 40,000 tourists far outweighs all the financial benefits that might have accrued to the local inhabitants from the privilege of cluttering the park with their private cabins.

Judge Wallace's Decision

The people of the San Joaquin Valley looked a little farther ahead. By popular subscription they raised a fund of $45,000 toward purchasing the one large privately owned tract within the park and conveying it to the Government. Tulare County contributed the remaining $10,000 necessary to complete the purchase price. On October 4, 1922, Judge W. B. Wallace, of the Supreme Court of California, in upholding the validity of this use of the county funds, rendered a decision which is perhaps the first judicial opinion dealing with the commercial value of a national park to adjacent communities.

The decision cannot be quoted here in full, but it was largely based upon the right of Tulare County to expend certain sums for advertising its resources; and Judge Wallace held that the drawing power of the Giant Forest as a national park was a most potent factor to attract thousands from all over the world, and that from a strictly advertising basis, entirely aside from the recreational value of the park to local inhabitants, the sum would be well expended. He rendered his opinion on purely economic grounds.

Yellowstone Park furnishes an even more concrete instance of the economic value of a national park. Year after year there has been an organized campaign to dam Lake Yellowstone. The enormous prosperity that would accrue to the country through the added crop production made possible under the proposed reservoir was heralded far and wide, and several times the campaign for wrecking the park on the grounds of development and practicality was very nearly crowned with success.

The water from the proposed reservoir would flow down the far side of the divide from the east entrance, increasing the acreage of an irrigated tract in Montana, and it would have effectually headed off all travel through the eastern gateway. The more farsighted citizens on the east side were not in sympathy with the project and stood pat against it; but it is also true that a large percentage of the east-siders indorsed the scheme and worked for it. Their reasons were varied, but practicality was the basis of every variation. Some had a vague idea that development of any sort was all for the best. Others held that the damming of the lake and the consequent wrecking of that portion of the park would tend toward opening up the east side for summer grazing, which, they were sincerely convinced, would be the best thing for the local inhabitants. This proreservoir group would have branded as a stark idiot any man who, ten years ago, had ventured to predict that the annual tourist travel through the east entrance would attain to the figure of 5000 souls in another five years. Six years ago the same label would have applied to the one so expansive as to prophesy a tourist travel of 10,000 for the 1922 season. It was too isolated for any great number of tourists, they pointed out. The little town of Cody, Wyoming, was the end of a branch railroad, and it was fifty-five miles beyond that point through the Shoshone Cañon to the park line, with only a few scattered ranches between; another thirty miles to the first hotel inside the line. Eighty-five miles was too far; the tourists wouldn't use any such route in any great numbers.

Wouldn't they?

During the summer of last year 20,039 tourists rolled through Cody in their own automobiles and followed on up that eighty-five miles of highway, camping all along the streams. Another 5304 travelers came to the end of the line by train and were carried from Cody to the park in the regular auto busses. It is impossible to approximate the sum expended locally by this swarm of tourists. That it will mount up to big figures is proved by the fact that in addition to the park tourists there were several hundred summer ranch dudes, and these spent in the neighborhood of $200,000 with a score or so of guides and dude ranches scattered along the two forks of the Shoshone River between Cody and the park.

Last year the total tourist travel through the Yellowstone attained the figure of 98,233. Thousands camped for months both inside and outside of the park. Hundreds stayed through the summer. There is little doubt that in the three months of last summer this horde of tourists left more cash in the country than the entire value of such additional land as could have been brought under cultivation by the damming of Lake Yellowstone.

Now what sort of answer is that to the program of alleged practicality through which local groups of spoilers are still striving to scrap the Yellowstone?

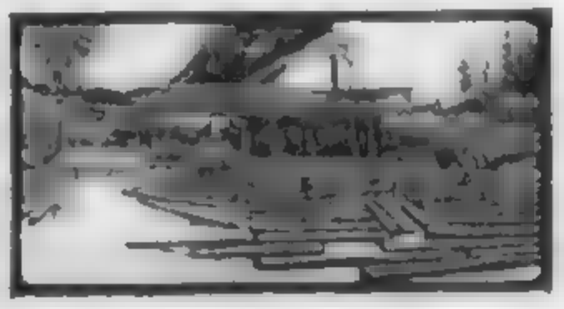
Economic Potentialities

That is the actual economic value of the Yellowstone today, exclusive of the recreational value to the tens of thousands of tourists that camped there during the summer; exclusive of the excellent fishing it provides for thousands of fly-rod enthusiasts, and aside from the fact that it operates as a vast game preserve to stock the surrounding country. And that present value, both economic and recreational, is susceptible to a tenfold increase as the years roll by.

The conservationists who have been fighting to save your parks have been presenting their plea largely on the grounds of sentiment and of recreational value, while the nibblers have flown the banners of a phony practicality. One could go on endlessly specifying instances of the actual economic value of the parks, but the two cases recited here will serve to illustrate the point.

That same economic potentiality is true of every national park; is relatively true of their operations today, according to the popularity each one has attained. Every one of the chain is destined to become a tremendous financial asset to the adjacent communities and every one is swiftly coming into its own. The people are finding them out. The day is past when sentiment is the only platform for preserving our national parks, and the day has dawned when the conservationists may hang out the dollar sign. The figures are already so overwhelmingly in their favor that they may safely discard sentiment for silver as the basis of their plea.

Every raid that is set in motion for the purpose of defrauding you out of some area that rightfully belongs to you—and there are scores of such—is launched in the same set fashion. It seems to be almost a ritual, the same slogans and assertions accompanying the presentation of each case with such certainty as to characterize it as almost a carbon copy of another. After all, there is little originality in the world, and a composite of the text of every such project



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"TYPE A" SEDAN

Dodge Brothers "Type A" Sedan is admired the world over for the solid beauty of its coach work.

Inside and out, in every line and fixture, it reflects that integrity of workmanship which you have come to associate with the name Dodge Brothers.

Mohair velvet upholstery, nickeled window regulators, etched dome light, heater, windshield wiper, sun visor, weather-stripped doors and windows, cord tires and steel disc wheels, are a few points of equipment which indicate the sterling quality of the car throughout.

The price of the "Type A" Sedan is $1440 f. o. b. Detroit

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would differ but little from the proofs of any one in particular. The similarity is so striking that it would be quite simple to draw up a formula under which every new case will be presented.

This being true of all organized raids, it will prove equally true of the methods of disgruntled local individuals, both in the set similarity with which their fancied grievances will be presented and in the sheer fallacy of their contentions.

You will meet them round every national park, busily spouting their troubles to the sympathetic tourist. It may be near Yosemite or it may be near the Yellowstone, but the opening assertion will vary only in the wording, never in the text.

"Well, when all's said and done, we live in this country and have to make a living for our families," the grumbler will tell you. That's just to open the conversation. Then he'll go on to explain in detail why it's impossible to make a living near the park. "They say the park is run for the people. People, hell! It's run for the transportation company!" he will assert. Or it may be that it is run for the saddle-horse company, the hotel company or for some other concession, but never for the people.

If you linger long near any park you'll meet him. You won't have to hunt for him. He'll look you up. His tale will sound plausible, too, and the average tourist, having no time in which to investigate, leaves the country with a wrong impression of how the park is operated.

Having this fact in mind, I made an investigation covering a dozen or more such complaints in several vicinities. In each instance the findings were identical. The grumbler was not upset over the fact that the park was not run for the people as a whole, but because it was not operated for his own individual profit at the expense of those people.

The chief item of contention round Glacier National Park is the saddle-horse company, and it is locally asserted that a man residing in the vicinity is denied the privilege of taking his horses into the park and hiring them out to the tourists, which last-named unfortunates were therefore being held up by the monopoly. There were those who would rent horses at a lesser price than that charged by the company. Perhaps they would rent for less now; but in the old days—before the time of the monopoly, and when all prices were lower than they are today—these individuals didn't charge less. They charged more. Even if the flat rate is no higher, or even if it is less, there are certain specific reasons why an average trip will cost more under the management of an independent outfitter than through the much-maligned company.

The basic reason for this difference goes back to the first contention of the grumbler. He has his living to make. Perhaps he has twenty horses, or fifty, and the necessary equipment. The season is short, but those horses must provide his living for the rest of the year. The company has only to pay a dividend on its capital stock, which, incidentally, it has succeeded in doing only once in its history, and that dividend was somewhere round 2 per cent.

A Beneficent Monopoly

All pack outfitters in all parts of the West operate on essentially the same basis. They have learned that better than 70 per cent of the reservations made in advance of the season are never claimed unless bound by a financial reminder.

Therefore every guide requires a deposit, to be forfeited in case the tourist fails to appear.

Assume that a tourist arrives at his destination on the appointed date. It rains for three days and he elects to put off the start until the weather brightens. Does he pay straight time for the horses and outfit while he is sitting round waiting for the skies to clear up? He certainly does. He starts at last, and eventually reaches some other point, and decides to start homeward instead of returning to the guide's base of operations. Will those horses be sent back free of charge, or must the tourist pay straight time for every day the outfit follows the trails on the homeward way? The guide has his living to make, and he can't base his business on weather conditions or the whims and fancies of tourists or a wire from back home stating that Agatha is down with the measles. The season is short and in the very nature of things he must get straight time for his outfit or quit doing business.

It had been raining for three days when we arrived at Glacier. Hundreds of guests were enjoying themselves before open fires in comfortable hotels and chalets. Better than 90 per cent of the saddle-horse reservations had been canceled for three consecutive days. Those cancellations did not cost the tourists, but they did cost the company. Horses go right on eating, and wages don't cease when it rains. There were somewhere round 700 head of horses in the barns and corrals, and 100 men on the pay roll.

Assume that a party of tourists set forth after the rain, intending to make a ten-day tour of the back-country chalets. At the end of the fifth day they drop down to some point that is touched by an auto road and decide to take a car back to the railroad instead of completing the trip. Do they pay straight time for sending the horses back to the original point of departure? They do not. The company has a horse depot at every such spot and the animals can operate out of one as well as another.

Those are only a few of the points that illustrate the difference between conditions today, with one big company and centralized authority, and those that prevailed when there were twenty-odd individual concessioners operating in the park. They also serve to show that the saddle-horse company is not quite the dread octopus that local prejudice would paint it. Rather, it is a great asset to all who would ride the trails. It is better from the standpoint of the efficiency of the service and the economy to the average tourist. Also, the company will handle one traveler or twenty. An individual outfitter would turn down a single tourist in the hope of securing a larger party. The company cannot do that. Its contract with the park service does not read that way.

No Grounds for Grievance

It is a matter of record that every one of those twenty-odd concessioners was given an opportunity to join the company when it was being organized, their horses and equipment to be taken in at a liberal valuation. So if the company is actually a blood-sucking monopoly to extract tourist dollars, why didn't they join it? In fact, they have not the least grounds for a grievance; but the tourist who listens and has no means for determining the facts of the case is all too frequently misled, and accepts the wrong version—the transportation company is the octopus of the park.

There are dozens of men on various sides of the park who assert for the benefit of all who will listen that the company denies local residents the right to make a living. This assertion is based upon the fact that an individual is not permitted to do livery business through the park with his car. I inquired a bit about the prices that various local car owners would charge for a tour of the park. In each instance, when all expenses were figured, the tariff would have totaled from three to five times the cost of going through with the company. Then I tried to hire a car on the drive-it-yourself basis. The season is short and cars were in great demand. Any sort of rattletrap old bus that could cough its way through the hills would rent at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a day. Eventually I phoned a garage in another town that was out of the tourist-resort belt and hired a car for twelve dollars a day. It had been driven something over 20,000 miles. Remember, that was for the hire of the bare car itself and that all expenses fell upon the rentee. The prevailing prices for a touring car with a driver ranged from fifty to seventy cents a mile.

Contrast those prices with the rates charged by the octopus. The tourist is given a four-and-one-half-day trip, including some two hundred and fifty miles of automobile transportation to all points of interest. He is given three good meals a day and is housed in comfortable camps at night—all for forty-five dollars. For fifty-four dollars he covers the same mileage, but is fed and housed in modern hotels instead of in camps. In either instance his entire trip costs about what a hundred-mile drive would cost in some local touring car with a driver.

Some of the local men freely admitted that it would be impossible for individuals to meet the company rates, but advanced the theory that this very difference proved that individual livery business would not constitute competition with the transportation company; that only those who preferred to spend the greater sum necessary to secure a private car would do so and the rest would go through in the regular way.

This surmise, plausible and reasonable as it appears, fails to prove out. The company maintains an investment of several million dollars in the park, with but three months out of the year in which to realize upon it. For at least nine months in the year that investment is dormant, a dead weight, with considerable overhead for maintenance. If private livery interests were permitted to operate there would be scores of local car owners hauling tourists throughout the summer. Perhaps their total business would not be great, but the volume thus lost to the transportation company would prove sufficient to wipe out its margin of profit and render its continued operation impossible.

Any way you view it, the present system operates for the greatest good to the greatest number. During the 1922 season the company handled 30,000 tourists at about one-third the price that individual livery-car owners would ask.

There is also the added feature of convenience. If a car breaks down another is dispatched to carry the occupants to their destination without additional cost. An individual liveryman would be unable to duplicate this and his passengers must endure the delay necessary for him to secure repairs. The company must deadhead cars to any entrance, even if there are not enough outgoing tourists to fill them, for there may be new arrivals coming in by that particular gateway and cars must be there to meet them. If but one passenger descends from the train he is given the same service as if he were one of a party of twenty, even though one of the big company busses could not operate at a profit with less than a dozen paying passengers aboard.

The company maintains garages and is required to render service for all tourists going through in their own private cars. During the 1922 season some 68,000 people toured the park in their own automobiles as against 30,000 that went through on the stages. On the whole, it appears that the park is really run for the people and not for the exclusive benefit of the company.

Somewhat later in the summer I carelessly missed the regular stages that travel from Lemoncove, California, to the Sequoia National Park, where a similar resentment, although not quite so intense, is expressed toward the transportation company. The regular fare is six dollars and fifty cents for each passenger by the company stages. A company car carried two of us to Threerivers, about one-third of the distance, for two dollars each. From that point we were forced to depend on some private conveyance, if one could be found. It could; and it cost us twenty-five dollars to cover the remaining miles to headquarters. The charge was not excessive—merely the rate an individual must charge if he continues in business.

How They Hate Waste

Now I'm against monopoly every time. We all are. Still, I'd prefer to pay a certain sum into the maw of the octopus rather than to tax myself twice to three times as much for the same service rendered by an individual.

Such instances could be quoted pretty well all round the line. There will be that same divergence between the local complaints and the true merits of the situation in every instance.

Then there is the matter of grazing that is a continual source of trouble round every national park. There are certain set formulas and slogans along this line as well, and they all sound convincing; yet in reality each is as rank a fallacy as those just explained. The grazing of any area is urged on the same old grounds of practicality—feed going to waste when it well might be converted into beef. It will be pointed out that the game has no economic value, while the grazing fees paid into the Treasury by stockmen would constitute a real asset.

And we're a practical people, we Americans. Maudlin sentiment can't sway us from the paths of practical development. They use that argument here too.

Miles of statistics could be quoted to prove the economic value of game under certain conditions, but there is a much

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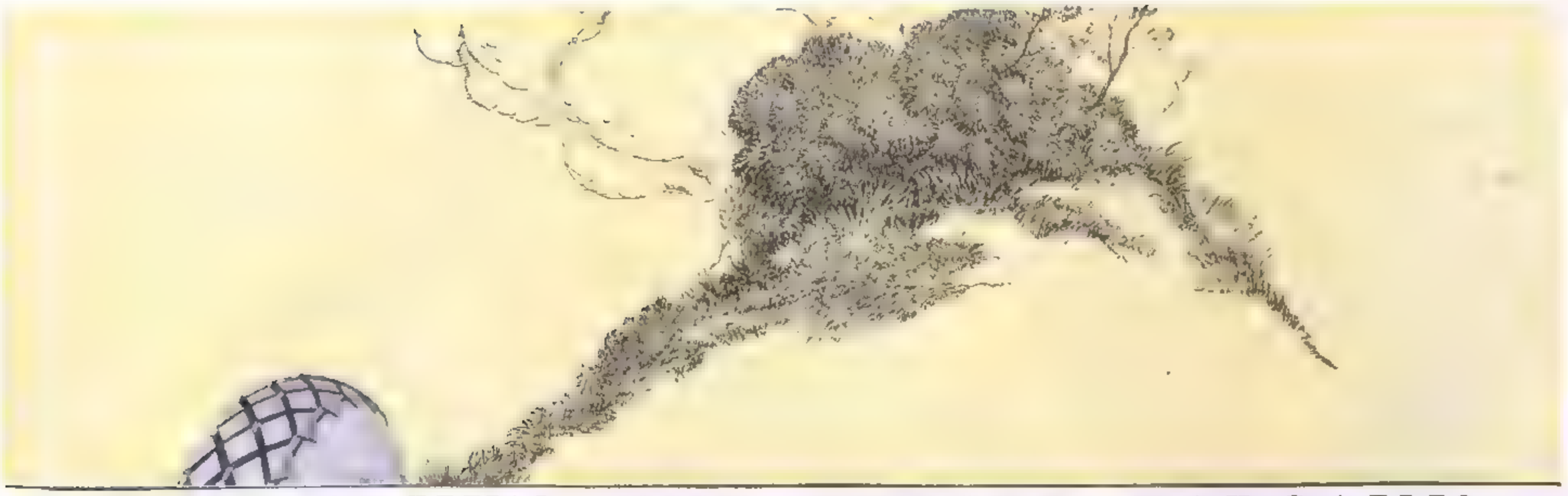
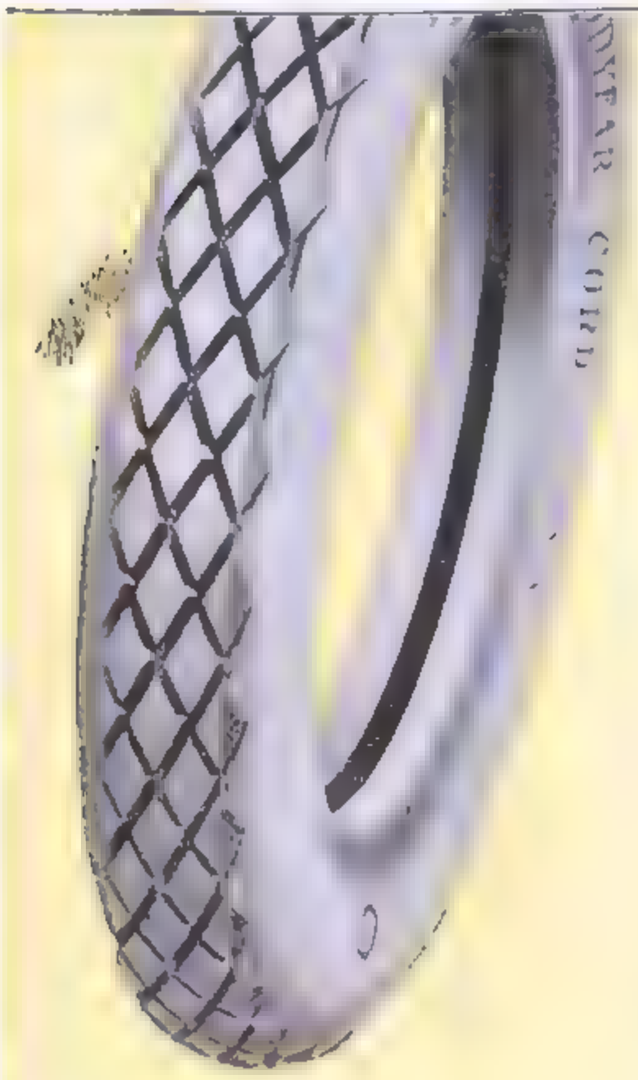


WHO DRIVES THE BETTER BARGAIN?



Wherever you are on the heavy or hour-and-oak for the signature of the clinging, long-wearing Goodyear All-Weather Tread

Two men, let us say, buy tires.

One, thinking wholly of price, buys a make he has never heard of, on the strength of a so-called "discount."

The other buys a Goodyear Tire, in a straightforward transaction, nothing off.

Who drives the better bargain?

◇ ◇ ◇

Maybe the first man doesn't know that the list prices on certain tires are fictitiously high, precisely to allow for the "discount" he receives.

Maybe he doesn't know that in case of trouble his adjustment will be made on the basis of this high list price, with consequent disappointment to himself.

Maybe he doesn't know that the price he paid for his unknown brand tire is actually or almost as much as he would have had to pay for a Goodyear.

Maybe he doesn't realize that a company like Goodyear, with its immense and economical production, can make and sell good tires as cheaply as anyone.

◇ ◇ ◇

The man who buys the Goodyear Tire buys a reputable product, of known value and superior quality.

He buys a tire sinewed with genuine long-staple cotton, armored with best quality rubber, embodying the most efficient construction yet devised.

He buys a tire famed the world over for long and economical mileage, distinguished everywhere for freedom from trouble.

He buys also the pledge of the dealer to give him the kind of service that will get out of that tire all the mileage built into it at the factory.

◇ ◇ ◇

When you buy tires, think of these two men.

Ask yourself, *who drives the better bargain?*

GOODYEAR

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Automatically Controlled

Today science is controlling the heat that provides winter comfort in half a million homes. No one in these homes where the Minneapolis Heat Regulator is installed ever bothers to look after draft or damper chains. There are none in evidence in any room.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR
"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

is conveniently placed on the wall and forms a harmonious part of the decorative scheme. It is a beautifully designed and finished instrument—a thermostat with clock. This unit automatically maintains an even temperature; lowers temperature at night and raises it in the morning. The house is comfortably warm when you arise.

The "Minneapolis" is a necessity for comfort and health. It saves many daily steps in winter. Decreases fuel bills.

Quickly and easily installed in old or new homes, on any type of heating system burning any kind of fuel. Ask your heating man.

Write for booklet, "The Convenience of Comfort".

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
2803 Fourth Avenue, So. Minneapolis, Minn.

(Continued from Page 44)

easier method. Write to the game authorities of your own state, whether you live East or West, and you will find that it is one of the few self-supporting departments of your state government. In four cases out of five it will prove to be not only self-supporting but profitable, netting a huge annual surplus which is turned back into the general state fund to help defray the expenses of nonproducing branches. Then write for the figures of the annual revenue derived from grazing fees in all the national parks combined and you will find the sum insufficient to defray the operating costs of the Government for ten minutes. That will dispose of the revenue argument so far as it concerns you as an individual or as a unit of the American public.

Even if those figures were reversed, there would still be no valid reason why the parks should be grazed. They are the property of the people as a whole. In 1921 there were 568,612 of those people who motored through the parks in their own cars. All told, including those handled by the transportation companies, the number would exceed 750,000, and those figures will be increased by a considerable margin in 1922.

Every one of all those thousands of campers has the absolute right to demand a clean camp site. The parks were set aside for his pleasure. In order to determine your own attitude toward the grazing of the national parks ask yourself this one question: Would you prefer to camp with your family in a mountain meadow carpeted with flowers, and pitch your tent along the shores of some rushing trout stream, or would you rather find that meadow occupied by a dozen steers, used as a bed ground for a band of sheep, the country grazed to the grass roots, the water holes befouled by cows—in fact, would you rather camp in a stock pasture with the natural accretion of unsightly clutter?

Every city that even claims to be progressive has its public parks where the children may play while their parents get a breath of fresh air. It would be an easy matter to point out the practical aspects of permitting near-by residents to pasture their cows and goats in the park since they live in the vicinity. The same arguments would apply. There is good feed going to waste when it might well be converted into meat and milk; and it is quite evident that the pasture fees would produce more revenue than the squirrels and the robins that nest in the park. Now if a dozen or so residents were to voice a continual uproar about the exclusion of their cows and goats from the park, and have one of their number always barking at the city authorities about injustice and impracticality, you would consider the thing absolutely absurd.

It is equally ridiculous to consider the claims of a hundred or so stockmen as against the rights and privileges of the 750,000 people who visit the parks every year and those of the 100,000,000 people who own them.

Make Your Own Decision

When one considers them point by point, the answer to all these contentions is very apparent. The chief obstacle to such detailed investigation rests upon the fact that we are, individually and collectively, a busy people, without time for an exhaustive analysis of each case as it appears. The scope and magnitude of the national park system is so vast that it is somewhat difficult to view it comprehensively in the same light by which one would consider the local city park at his door. That very vastness permits the nibblers to flaunt their propaganda of false economics before the people and put their measures across by stressing the necessity of one point with such commotion and uproar as to cloud the public's perspective of the system as a whole.

It has been remarked that the spoilers have a set formula for presenting their claims. There is an equally simple formula by which you may decide the merits of their contentions.

Just take a look out across your own city park. View yourself as the personification of the citizenry and decide if it will benefit the general public to permit adjacent residents to build summer shacks all through the park, if it will be best to dam the beautiful little lake in the center, flooding a part of the park during one season while for the rest of the year the receding waters will leave a festering mud flat, with acres of decaying vegetation and dead trees, all in order that a local colony of market gardeners might increase their acreage of peas and beans; if it would be advisable for a score of cows and goats to graze upon the grass and browse upon the flowers. Then view yourself as the personification of the American public. Whatever decision you have reached locally will apply nationally as well. That simple rule is all that you will need for your guidance in determining your own stand on the national parks, and it will eliminate the necessity of wading through the interminable mass of detailism that accompanies every scheme of the nibblers in support of their economic fallacies. The two situations are quite analogous.

Viewing the thing as a whole, it is equally simple to dispose of the clamorous assertions as to the vast productions possible under practical utilization of the parks. A few years back the favorite slogan in the campaign to dam all the lakes in every park and graze all closed areas as well as those already open was, "Produce more meat and help win the war." Now it is, "Help feed the world." We are told that if we withhold our consent we are taking the food from the mouths of babes. There are slogans such as this: "A given amount of feed will produce so much meat, and good grass is going to waste." These among a host of other patriotic practicalities.

Financial Facts and Fallacies

One of the largest stock growers of California recently made the assertion that he could produce more beef on two sections of alfalfa land in the San Joaquin Valley than could be produced by grazing the Sequoia National Park and the whole of the proposed extension. That observation was not mere surmise on his part, but a statement of what he knew. Both the extension and the park itself are grazed, and have been for years, and he has run his cows there. He also owns alfalfa land, so the figures from either angle are available to him. No one has disputed his assertion. There are 1100 square miles in the Sequoia Park and the proposed extension. Taking his figures as a basis, it is clear that some thirty or forty sections of alfalfa land will produce more beef than the grazing of all the national parks combined. Bear in mind that the grazing season is short in the parks, averaging but three months out of the year, on account of the snow, and that what stock is grazed there during that period must be fed throughout the rest of the year. Therefore, viewed from the standpoint of increased national production the same slogans and assertions would apply with equal weight in advocating the pasturing of city parks from the standpoint of increased local production.

All the various contentions of disgruntled local individuals, all the propaganda advanced by the nibblers to further their projects, and every last one of the various slogans designed for the purpose of bunking you out of some area that is yours by every right in the world—all are sheer fabrications.

Mr. Horace M. Albright, of the national park service, has long realized the necessity of answering financial fallacies with financial facts and placing them before the people of various localities in the vicinity of the parks. Through his efforts I have before me the detailed report of the superintendent of every national park in the system, a survey of the money expended by tourists in and around the parks during the season just past. The figures, in cold dollars and cents, are staggering. Various chambers of commerce, at Mr. Albright's suggestion, have conducted a detailed analysis of the amount of money expended by tourists passing through their towns on the way to or from adjacent parks and I have a great stack of the reports from the organizations.

One little town, situated in a sparsely populated country and a two-days' drive from a park, but on the direct route, testifies to $51,000 expended with the merchants by the automobile tourists who stopped in the town's free camp grounds. From a town situated a day's drive on the far side of the same park comes the report that if tourist travel increases in the next five years as it has in the past it will constitute the town's chief source of income. This same strain persists through scores of testimonials from various chambers of commerce and constitutes the keynote of hundreds of clippings from various local newspapers in the vicinity of the different parks. With this material at his command, Mr. Albright is in a position to lay aside the lament that the bison has been swept from the plains, which has been the chief plea for conservation in the past, and to place before you the reason, in dollars and dimes, just why the parks should be preserved intact for the future.

Now for a few points aside from economic considerations: The recreational advantages which the parks supply for close to 1,000,000 people annually, it must be conceded, is at least a slight point in favor of their being conserved. Thousands of families camp in them throughout the summer. Most of the parks afford the finest fishing to be found anywhere in the Western hills, and an intelligent system of restocking assures a future supply for the millions of our people that are devotees of the rod and fly. They operate as vast game preserves to restock the surrounding country for those other millions who would go afield with rifle or shotgun.

More than all these, the parks have served to bring the far corners of our country into close touch. They have helped to batter down sectional differences and prejudices of long standing. Dispute it if you will, but while political spellbinders are appealing to class prejudice and to sectional difference of interests the national parks are wearing away those same barriers.

It is not only the groups of nibblers round the parks that are afflicted with the local viewpoint as against the national. Ours is a vast country, and it is almost a country-wide characteristic to gauge the world by our own particular locality. Some of the most hidebound of all provincials hail from the city of New York.

If a Missouri farmer were to accost a Boston professor on the streets of Chicago, slapping him on the back while he addressed him with easy familiarity and advised him against stopping at the big hotel on the corner, the gods of propriety would be sorely outraged. Each would go his way, respectively convinced that Boston and Missouri were rotten places to hail from. Should a polished New Jerseyite grasp a Texas cattleman by the elbow on the streets of Denver and invite him to come along and take a look at the city hall, the Texan would reach for his gun. He has quit buying city halls long ago.

But let the man from New Jersey stroll through an automobile camp and invite the Texan to go over and have a peek at the falls, and he'll go. Later he will tell his friends back in Texas that New Jersey folk have been much maligned; that there are a few that are actually human, once you get under the crust; and the New Jersey man will have discovered that the Texan is an intelligent, broad-gauge citizen who knows a lot of things that are worthwhile.

Cross Sections of America

If the Missourian should help the Bostonian extract his car from a mudhole or camp next to him in some park, they will part, each with a better understanding of the other and of the locality that produced him.

Any summer evening in any camp ground in any national park will furnish the most representative cross section of American civilization. It is the common meeting ground of all levels of society from every corner of a great nation, and undoubtedly presents a picture of real democracy that would be hard to duplicate in any other environment. Such meetings as those just described are actually occurring a thousand times a day in the parks and on the highways leading to them, occurring ten thousand times every summer evening in the camp grounds.

With well over 500,000 souls touring from park to park annually, such meetings are inevitable. All through the summer there was evidence of it on every hand; the Northerner swapping fish stories with the Southerner round the camp fire; Easterner exchanging travel experiences with Westerner; magnate going over road maps with laborer, and farmer trading hunting yarns with the chap from the city; the lady from Topeka speaks of her babies to the lady from Peoria, and the merchant from Wheeling wrangles with the miner from Butte over the respective merits of their Airedales and collies. Producer, manufacturer and distributor clash in a hot-headed argument over the relative share of the profits which should accrue to each one, thresh it

(Continued on Page 49)

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Paramount's Super 39 Coming!

See the two-page color announcement in The Saturday Evening Post of January 27th containing list of Paramount's Super 39, for release between February 1st and August 1st, 1923.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

(Continued from Page 46)

out round the camp fire till midnight and go fishing together at daylight. Radical, conservative and reactionary engage in a brookside debate and let the bacon and biscuits burn to a crisp while each one learns something that leads him to modify his previous views. A million times every summer men from different sections, from different walks of life and with opposite views and interests are meeting round those camp fires and finding a common ground of understanding and appreciation.

We have listened to vast volumes of political unfurling of the flag and the call to uphold Americanism, but without any definite exposition of what Americanism consists of, except that for that particular occasion it consists of indorsing whatever views the unfurler was advocating at the time—vote for Perkins or for Jones. Next time it would mean something else. I have always felt at a loss to define it. But if Americanism consists of a general sympathetic singleness of outlook and standards, of the opportunity to learn and a willingness to understand the other man's side of capital and labor, Utah and North Carolina, living wage and dying superstitions, farmer and city dweller, world peace, a third party, the money trust and the price of prunes, and tends toward a more mutual consideration of these problems in a personal, man-to-man way, but on the country-wide basis; if it consists of leveling the barriers of class consciousness and sectional differences, promotes real democracy and the development of a broad national outlook in place of the hidebound local slant—if Americanism consists of any or all these things, then the ten thousand camp fires that twinkle on every summer night in our national parks constitute the most potent factor that is working for its advancement today.

All of which brings us to the question of just what Americanism and the great American ideal really is. I never could seem to isolate the idea and pin it down on a definable basis until one day when I was footing it along a trail in the Sierras some five days' pack from the nearest wagon road. A man reclined against a log by the trail, and when I joined him he gave me the benefit of his reflections. He had traveled far and had spent long periods in various lands from the Malay Archipelago to the Arctic. He had visited countries where new civilizations were rising and lands where ancient civilizations had fallen into decay. He knew their history and pointed out that in each instance they had risen to supremacy while their people retained physical strength and virility; had endured throughout that period in which popular worship had been accorded to the leader who combined physical prowess with mental ability rather than to the ruler endowed only with craft in statesmanship and commercial farsightedness, but without the physical qualifications to fire the popular imagination. That decadence had set in when the public interest in contests of physical skill had been replaced by a popular turning to less strenuous and more enervating amusements; when absolute materialism and the amassing of riches, instead of following or accompanying physical conquest and supremacy as formerly, had become the sole national objective and thereby automatically defeated its own end. Throughout all history no movement of any great magnitude with materialism as the one objective, unaccompanied by some popular idealism as the moving spirit behind it, has ever attained more than fleeting success. For the two must go hand in hand. There must be a rational balance between them.

To Keep the Outdoor Spirit Alive

"The great American ideal should always stand as it does today," he said; "our love for the great outdoors and our worship of the leader with both brains and brawn—the outdoor hero with all that the symbol implies."

And when you consider it, that symbol implies a great deal. We look to the leader who excels in physical prowess and courage, coupled with a sound knowledge of practical affairs; the man who is the personification of fair play in the realm of physical contest and who carries that same sense of sportsmanship and square shooting into his business relations, into his home, and makes it the basis of his national outlook. The man who cherishes an ideal, the code of fair play that is the basis of all contests on the field of sport, will turn that same side toward the question of world relations and all else in between. That symbol, in its broader aspects, covers everything worthwhile; and in the final analysis it is exactly the spirit that every American parent is striving to implant in son and daughter today.

That was my first meeting with Col. John White, there on the log in the Sierras. When asked what would constitute the most likely factor to keep this outdoor spirit alive, he replied without hesitation:

"The national parks and their preservation in a pristine state. At the present rate of increase in our population, and the rush of development, the present generation will see the end of the real outdoors except in a made-over sort of way. We will have to hold some bits intact in our national parks."

Look at it from any angle you choose, economic or recreational, sentimental, practical or idealistic, and the national park system is a tremendous asset, a heritage which should be handed down intact to your son and mine. The spot where I met Colonel White was one of the very few places left in our country today where a man can follow a trail and get more than a single day's ride away from the sound of an automobile siren; and this fact brings us again to the consideration of that balance that is so necessary in personal and national affairs, as it should be in the affairs of an institution if its continued success is to be assured. This is also true of the national parks.

The Views of Extremists

Extremists frequently defeat their own ends. The rabid conservationist insists that never a lake should be dammed, a tree cut or a shot fired at game in the hills. The overzealous reclamationist follows a code which could well be lumped thus: "Flood half the world and drain the rest." Similarly extreme views are expressed on either end of forestry, game and grazing problems. It may be summed up that one faction believes that everything down to the last brook, bird or landscape should remain as Nature left it, while the opposite line-up ardently desires that not one thing, no watercourse, thicket or mountain fastness shall remain unaltered. Either stand is equally absurd and untenable.

A vast amount of good has resulted from irrigation; thousands of homes have been made available and production enormously increased. Deserts have bloomed under the magic touch of flood waters stored in man-made reservoirs. This program should and will be carried on. But the day has not come when our national parks must fall prey to the reclamationists. Aside from all less material issues, and even though the dollar sign be accepted as the only basis worthy of consideration, there still remain purely economic facts that upset their claims when they would invade the parks.

The same is true of the game. The extreme conservationists who insist that never a shot be fired must be overruled. In the final analysis a game preserve should not serve merely the sentimental object of preserving certain species. It must do that, too, of course; but it should be operated with the eventual restocking of the surrounding country as the final objective. We now have an efficient system of restocking our lakes and streams with fish, not with the idea that they should remain forever in the waters, but for the purpose of providing sport and food for the millions of fishing enthusiasts. We are coming to the point where game preserves must be operated with much the same purpose in view. Restrictive measures must not tend toward the final elimination of all shooting, as the extremists would have it, but toward a sustained or increased supply of game for the benefit of those other millions who would go afield with rifle and shotgun. Aside from the recreational value, aside from the economic value of the millions of pounds of meat furnished annually by our fish and game, these outings in search of them tend toward keeping alive our national love of the outdoors, which is a part of our heritage and which should be encouraged, not crushed.

The national park service is aware of these things from every standpoint, ranging from the idealistic to the economic, and is shaping the organization's policies accordingly. The purpose of its existence is to make the parks accessible to the greatest number of people at the least possible cost, but in order to balance and round out park functions and activities it will become necessary to modify somewhat the former policies directed toward that end. Certain localities exhibited a tendency toward making popularized resorts of the parks in their vicinity, with the result that they were built up with the popular-amusement idea as the chief groundwork. Pool halls and bowling alleys, swimming pools and tennis courts, vaudeville, dance halls and Wild West shows were featured among other things. There is no harm in these and we patronize them. Neither do we abhor the merry-go-round, the snake charmer or the trained seals. They're only a step beyond the others, and why should they not be installed as well? With no definite line drawn in the matter of concessions, the doll rack, the wild man of Borneo and the three-legged calf may easily follow the rest.

We all attend that sort of thing, but aren't the national parks too magnificent to be cheapened to the level of the hurdy-gurdy and the side show? Once they had attained that point, they would automatically destroy their own novelty, which attracts the million or so annual tourists today. Why go to a national park in search of a jazz resort when we can find one right at home in any city or any village from coast to coast?

Here enters again the group of local nibblers. Having been finally convinced against their will that a park is a great economic asset to the adjacent country, they desist in their efforts to wreck it and insist upon their right, as local residents, to help popularize it by means of the scenic railroad or the roadside hot-dog cart and all known concessions in between.

The park service has taken a decided stand against this method. At a recent conference of all the park superintendents it was pointed out by one of them that the chief problem was to "develop the parks without devitalizing them; to make them accessible, popular, but not commonplace or vulgar. The parks will fail in the purpose for which they were created if their natural beauties may not be enjoyed in unhurried peace and quiet. The number of visitors should and will steadily increase. . . . Libraries, park museums and free Nature-guide services, through the auspices of competent park naturalists, should be placed at the disposal of visitors to help them understand and appreciate the natural objects and various phenomena of the parks, rather than to provide the regular run of resort amusements."

A Balanced Park System

Mr. Albright and Colonel White are standing pat on that platform and will no doubt soon draft a set of regulations drawing a definite line as to the sort of concessions to be granted.

The present policies of the park service extend even beyond that. Our wilderness is vanishing at so swift a rate that even the present generation will see the day when there will be no considerable area left where we can enjoy the real outdoors except perhaps through the medium of popularized wilderness resorts, commercialized fishing waters and club-owned hunting coverts. When that day dawns it will be the few virgin stretches that will have the call. Their sheer novelty will attract; and the time is not far distant when any spot where a man may penetrate a day's travel from an automobile road without crossing another will be a novelty indeed.

With this certainty in view, it is known that to round out and balance the national park system, to make it a perfect whole wherein every citizen of the nation, no matter what his preferences, may find his chosen land, there must be retained some few stretches of virgin country, certain areas already within park boundaries, or by additions to present reservations—wilderness playgrounds set aside to remain as such for all time. The park system will then be balanced, suitable for all—modern camps and hotels to suit the most fastidious and with price ranges within the limits of every pocketbook; thousands of miles of automobile roads that will tap the scenic marvels of the world. For those who would take the regular summer-resort amusements with their outings there will be the one or two parks that are already being developed along those lines; free camp grounds for the millions of motorists. And now to save the stretches where those other millions may follow the back-country trails on horseback or on foot through

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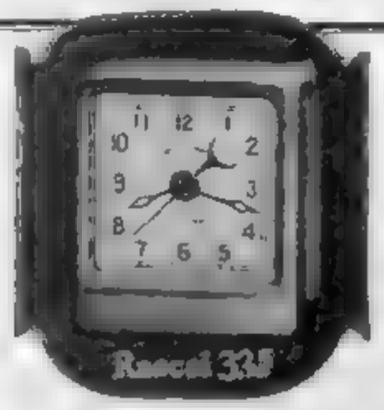

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virgin mountain fastnesses that have not been pierced by the scenic railroad; where they may sleep in the open beyond the sound of the auto horn and launch their canoes on mountain lakes that are not hemmed in by summer cabins—a pack-trail park! Then, indeed, will the edifice of the national park system stand complete.

If we are to save these few last bits of wilderness that still remain intact it must be at once; right now, not some other time. If you think that there are many spots where one may find himself a two-days' hike from an automobile road just set forth, as I did, and spend four months in search of them. If you doubt that the wilderness is passing for all time, that the last few bits are being swiftly developed and destroyed, you should have stood with me on the shores of Jennie Lake two years ago.

Sixty miles from the nearest railroad, its shores framed in virgin forest while its placid surface reflected the ragged, snow-capped pinnacles of the Grand Teton that towers 6000 feet above, it seemed the most primitive, peaceful spot of all, the symbol of the best that was left of all the great outdoors. Two giant bull moose left the timber and waded out among the moss-grown bowlders that studded the outlet, a picture of the primeval solitude with the Grand Teton brooding over it. We returned the past summer, eager to know its charm again, and we found a picnic ground where, on the preceding day, there had been a band concert and a barbecue!

This is merely an incident to illustrate the fact that the wilderness is vanishing and the pace is fast. Shall we let it go for all time or shall we save a few last bits? If we would have our wilderness playgrounds, our pack-trail parks, the time is now.

I have heard but two objections voiced against the feasibility of a pack-trail park. One dealt with the fact that motoring had become so popular and was increasing at such a rate that it would be impossible to set aside an area where automobile highways were prohibited; that the motorist would not permit it; so I canvassed perhaps a hundred automobile tourists from time to time during the past six months and found that those same motorists will be the potential patrons of the pack-trail parks, once they have been set aside and become known as such.

Almost without exception, they voiced their approval of a few wilderness preserves and expressed a hope that they themselves might visit them.

The Need of a Pack-Trail Park

The automobile has enabled millions to get away from the congested centers, reacted to implant the love of the outdoors in their hearts and provided the means whereby they may reach that outdoors and enjoy it. After reaching it in their cars, and following highways through mountain fastnesses, it creates a desire to leave the car behind and penetrate deeper into that maze of hills. A strange paradox surely, but this supercivilized invention is the chief argument for, not against, the preservation of a few wilderness playgrounds. The motorist of today is the potential visitor of the pack-trail park tomorrow. You're a motorist yourself and you know it for a fact.

The other objection revolves round the assertion that a pack-trail park would constitute a rich man's playground. That pack-trip travel is too expensive for the big bulk of the people. Another paradox here. Look back ten years or less, when the poor man and the man of moderate means took their trips afield on horseback or on foot and the automobile was considered the plaything of the rich. When the first few parks were opened to automobiles it roused the cry of "privilege" and the assertion that it would turn them into the rich man's playground. A few short years, and lo! the suggestion of a park from which automobiles would be prohibited and all travel necessarily be by horse or foot, and the same contentions are trotted out against it! How times do change!

Even so, it is true that travel by pack train is expensive if that constituted the whole substance of the problem, which, however, it does not. The trails in a wilderness park would be available to all. Any man could follow them as finance or fancy dictated. All through the summer we met them, these wilderness lovers, following the trails in out-of-the-way stretches. We met one party whose pack outfit could not have cost much less than a hundred dollars a day. In the Sierras of California we met one man with a single mule. He had been out two months at a cost of thirty cents a day.

In the same country we met three college girls with their entire camp outfit packed on a single burro; later, two college professors, each with a pack on his back. In Glacier Park a dozen girls hiked through together and stopped overnight at the chalets. Near the Yellowstone Park we passed the camp of thirty Eastern girls who were packing through the hills with a big outfit of horses and guides. On the far side of the park, in Jackson's Hole, we met a pack party of six girls from a California school. The parties varied widely in numbers. A hiking club, three hundred strong, followed the Sierra trails on foot for thirty days, while a string of pack mules carried their bedding and supplies. The cost was a trifle over two dollars a day apiece.

In Northern Arizona, some two hundred miles south of the railroad, we met a college youth with a pack on his back, swinging along as if distance meant not one thing in his carefree life.

That is a cross section of what could be expected in a pack-trail park—parties ranging from a single individual to 300 in numbers, expenses ranging from thirty cents to $100 a day—and supplies ample evidence that any man could travel its trails as simply or as extravagantly as he chose, the same as he can follow the dictates of his own means and inclinations in traveling any of the parks today.

Possible Park Additions

There are at least three wilderness areas, each adjacent to some present park, that should be taken into the system to make it perfect and complete. In the matter of extensions, too, there must be a certain balance and proportion. We cannot take any vast area of our public domain and insist that it remain undeveloped. By far the greater part of it should be left in the national forests or in that portion of the public lands that is open to settlement by homesteading. That is essential. After taking in those few proposed extensions the national-park system will have attained its ultimate proportions, beyond which it should not expect to go. But it should most certainly have those additions. If it is to have them it must be at once.

The Kaibab Forest, ranging from a hundred and fifty to two hundred-odd miles south of the railroad, is one of the few available tracts left that will serve for a wilderness reserve. Yet for all its distance from transportation, there were immediate steps taken toward opening it for bids as soon as there was a suggestion that a strip of the Kaibab country be set aside as a pack-trail park. At least one big lumber company sent its cruisers in to make a tentative estimate of the stumpage with a view to buying the timber for future logging operations. That timber can be sold by departmental authority, and once the deal has been concluded it is lost to us beyond recall. There is a wilderness area also in the high Sierras of California, a land of surpassing beauty and of little commercial value.

As these various measures are called to your attention, and some of them are up now, they will be accompanied by the usual mass of data, economic and recreational, appeals both to practicality and to sentiment, all set forth on either side. In this matter, too, there is a simple, one-track formula by which you may determine your side of the question without cluttering up your time wading through a maze of details.

Personify yourself as the American public. The area under advisement belongs to you. Whether it goes to one department or another, whether it goes to private concessioners and is exploited for the benefit of the few, whether it is traded about or sold under the hammer, the transaction is presumably conducted in your behalf, since you are the sole owner of the tract. Its disposition, one way or another, may carry sublime content or rouse black despair in bureaucratic minds; the question of its administration may matter somewhat to departmental authorities, and so on. But all that is mere conversation so far as you're concerned. You own it! So the only thing that matters a straw to you is what you wish to do with it. It's just as simple as that.

If you do go into the details, regard them nationally, not locally, and do not allow the economic representations of the nibblers to cloud your perspective. Bear in mind that most of these areas have small commercial possibilities; that the one tract which has any considerable value—that strip of the Kaibab Forest which is being considered for a possible park—could be sold outright and the whole cash price would scarcely defray the expenses of the Government for a period of two weeks. With that in mind, the figures of possible timber sale and other commercial suppositions will show up very small.

Remember, too, that there will be no loss in holding these few areas intact. You'll still own them. If you decide that you want them reserved as pack-trail parks speak up and say that you do. But you'll have to speak in a voice of sufficient volume to make yourself understood.

The present personnel of the national park service includes men who are spending all their time and much of their own private fortunes in an effort to keep the parks intact; others who could command far greater material returns from any corporation for their services. A little group of public-spirited men stand behind them. These men frequently become discouraged. The nibblers slip through them or behind them and put over some measure that whittles one more nick out of the cornerstone of the system. If they had been quitters they would have quit long since and the nibblers would have had free rein in the parks. The present personnel may change, must change in the natural course of events, and those who are next in charge of the parks may institute different policies. Each park may become a little political bailiwick of its own, with all that would mean in the way of patronage to concessioners. Certain policies should become laws—the absolute cessation of further private ownership in the parks; the shutting down of grazing, starting immediately on a percentage decrease that would clear the parks of cows and sheep at the end of five years, breaking that hold of the grazing interests for all time rather than to strengthen it by conceding one small area after another year by year; definite restrictions as to the nature and number of concessions; the exclusion of automobile roads in certain areas—and thereafter they could be altered only by legislative action, and not merely by departmental authority as it is at present.

A Pioneers' Memorial

How can we know but that in the near future some new departmental head may hold opposite views—may coincide with the nibblers' local outlook and grant their demands? We'll be helpless to stop him unless in the meantime these things have been drafted as laws. Then it would require an act of Congress, not merely departmental executive permission, before any little group of predatory local interests could work their will.

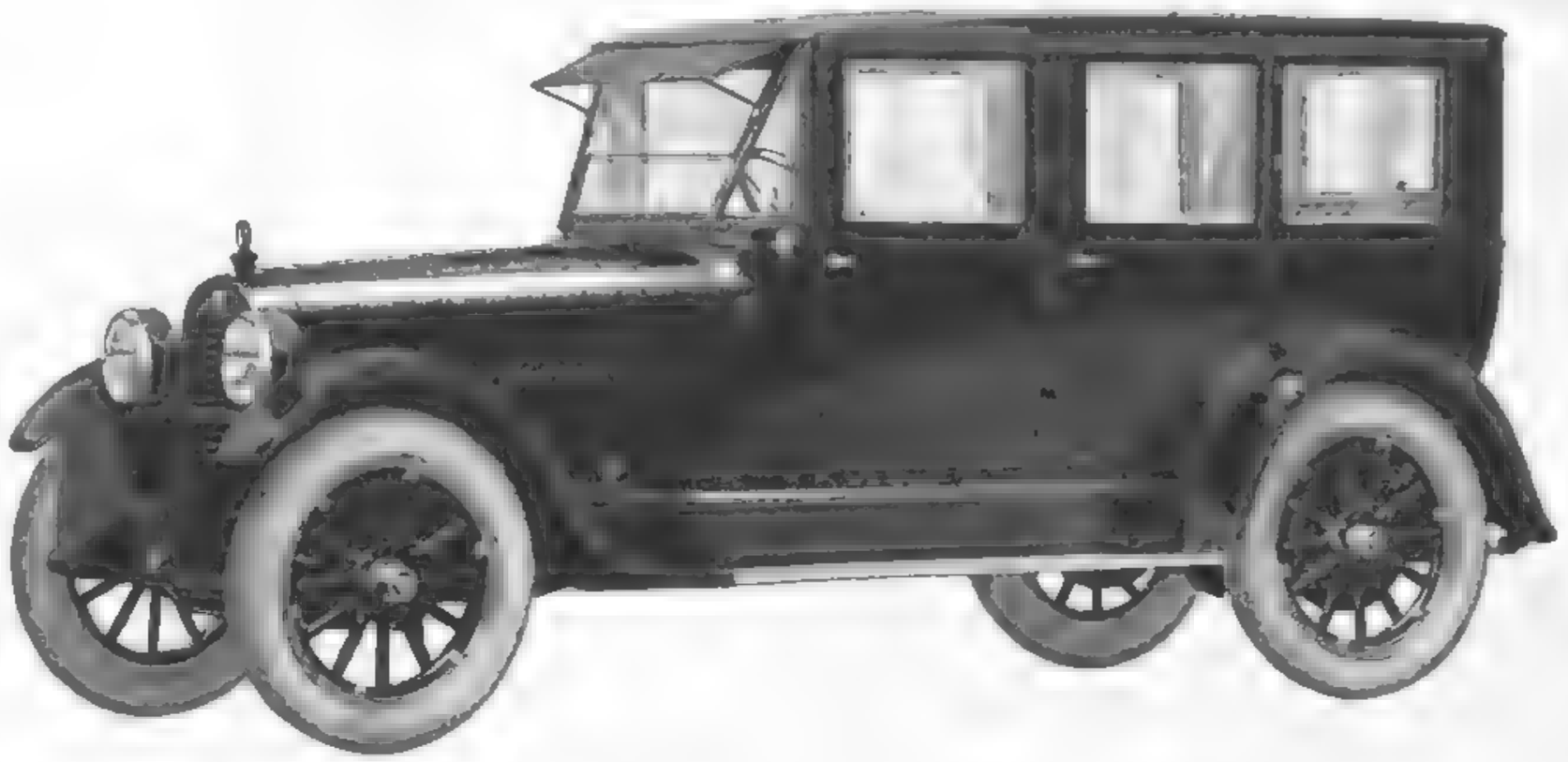
The national-park system is the greatest thing of its kind in the world. It is our heritage. If we are to relinquish it, let us at least accord it the respect of doing it at once and allow it to collapse with one grand crash instead of permitting the nibblers to gnaw the heart out of it till it stands as an empty shell. It is far too magnificent an institution for so inglorious a fate.

All that is asked is our intelligent interest, understanding and support. We take a keen daily interest in tariffs and treaties, subsidies and shipping boards, as we undoubtedly should. Why not accord the same normal interest to the problem of our national parks?

We spend hundreds of millions of dollars for memorials and monuments for our departed great. Every village from coast to coast has a memorial to honor some great leader who has gone out and conquered—for those who conquered in peace and war, in the realm of business, in science and in art. The greatest conquerors of all are the pioneers who conquered the wilderness to the end that all those others might follow and build homes. Why not a memorial for them, and what more fitting monument than the preservation of a few bits of that wilderness as they first saw it?

Let us set these few pack-trail parks aside and dedicate them to the pioneers. Then your son and mine may visit them and follow the back-country trails as the first Americans followed them.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Evarts. The second will appear in an early issue.



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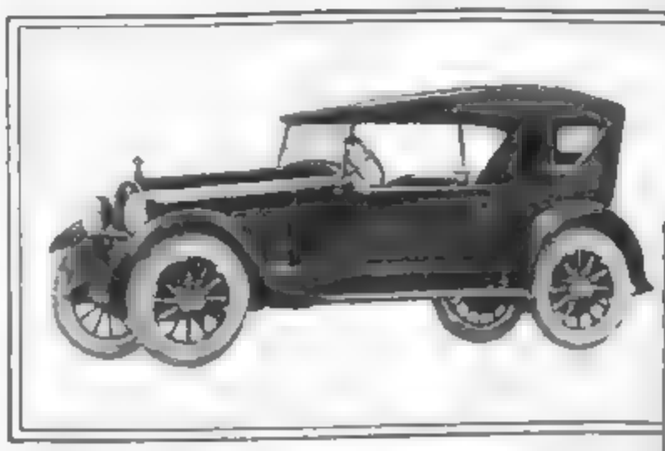

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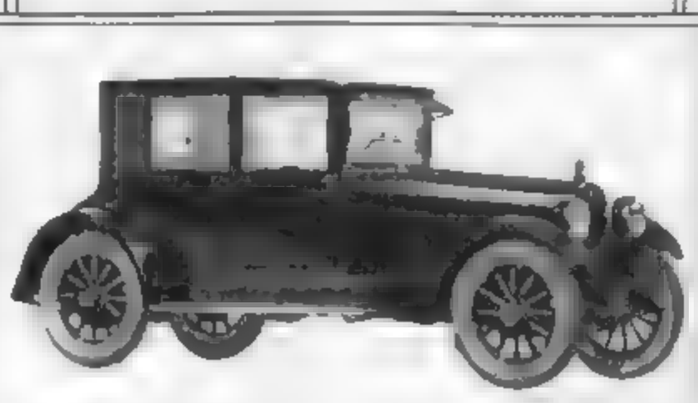

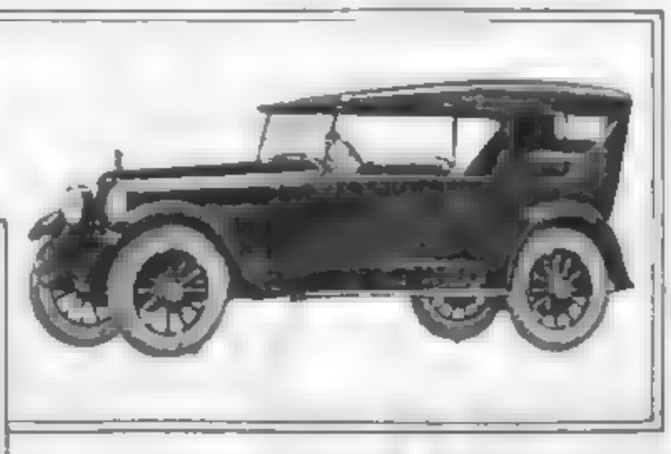

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THE BUOY THAT DID NOT LIGHT

(Continued from Page 13)

"It did you no harm, and testified to my respectability—that's right, eh, Lew? Anything more?"

Lew struck a match to light his cigarette, and I saw his face; saw the woman's, too—just for a fraction of a second.

"You've got a young girl in your outfit—secretary or something. What's the great idea?"

The colonel laughed softly.

"Min's been talking, eh? Jealous. Well, Lew, it's like this: Men grow old and it doesn't matter. Looks are not my asset. They are, in the case of Min. There's no sense in seeing these things sentimentally. When a card man loses his fingers he's finished, isn't he? When Min loses her looks—well, be sensible. I can't work with a plain woman. She's got to hook first time, Lew. Isn't that common sense? It's tough on Min, but I'm going to play fair. She's got a big roll coming to her."

"What about the girl? She's a decent woman and a countrywoman of mine," said Lew.

Hoyle laughed again.

"We won't argue. She's a mighty nice girl, and when she's a little wiser than she is at present—anyway, we're not going to quarrel."

I saw the dark figure of Lew. He was leaning back with both his elbows on the rail.

"I never quarrel with a man who keeps his gun in his hand all the time," he said, and I think that one struck home, for the colonel moved, kind of startled.

"Besides," said Lew, "I'm not actually in this. Off you go, Min. I want a chat about this Father Christmas notion."

He took the arm of the colonel, and they went for'ard, and I followed Mrs. Markson down the deck. The first person I went to see was the chief purser. I don't want to say anything against the chief pursers of the Starcuna line, but all I can say is that if there's one with the brain of a Napoleon I've never sailed with him.

Our chief purser at the time was a man who thought in about fifty phrases, one of which I've told you. "Do nothing precipitate," was another. "Dereliction of duty," was also a great favorite. I don't know what it means and I'll bet he didn't either.

"It's an extraordinary story," he said, "and I'll report the matter to the captain first thing in the morning. We must do nothing precipitate. But what were you doing on the boat deck, Jenks? Smoking? That was a dereliction of duty, surely! However, we'll wait until the morning. I was certain the missing property would be found. Matter must occupy space."

I was so agitated and put out that I went out to the promenade deck and helped the steward on duty stack up the chairs and collect the rugs and the library books. It was getting late, and I spotted Miss Colport and the captain very close together and looking over the rail. I suppose the sea was vaster than ever that night, for if they weren't holding hands then I'm inexperienced. I can tell hand holders a mile off. Farther along the deck were Mrs. Markson and Julius talking together.

It was late and some of the bulkhead lights were out. I saw the second officer coming along the deck in his heavy overcoat and sea boots, and at that minute something flashed past the rail.

I heard the shriek, and then the second officer yelled, "Man overboard!"

He sprang to the rail, lifted up a buoy, and flung it as the Ceramic heeled over to port and the engines rang astern.

"The calcium light's not burning," shouted the second officer, and racing along the deck he flung over a second buoy. It hardly touched the water before it burst into a green flame.

"That works all right. What was wrong with the other?" asked the second officer.

The Ceramic was moving in a slow circle, and the watch had the fore lifeboat into the water in double-quick time. The deck was crowded now. The passengers had flocked out of the saloon and the smoke room, and were crowding up the companionway in their dressing gowns. I think it was the man-boat signal on the siren that roused 'em. The boat pulled round and reached the second buoy, but the first they never found, nor the man either.

"What is it, steward?"

I looked round and saw Mr. Lew Isaacs. He was in his pajamas and dressing gown.

"A man overboard, sir," I said; "and they threw him a buoy that had no calcium tank. I think it was Colonel Markson."

"How extraordinary!" said Isaacs.

The captain had an inquiry next morning and I told all that I'd heard. Mr. Isaacs said he had never been on the boat deck, and so did Mrs. Markson. All the life buoys were examined, but none was found that had jewelry in the canister.

After the inquiry was over the captain had a talk with me.

"Two against one, Jenks," he said. "This had better be an accident or a suicide or anything you like. We don't want this yarn of yours to get into the newspapers, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"And don't smoke on the boat deck, steward. If you want to smoke come and have a pipe with me on the bridge."

A very sarcastic person was the skipper of the Ceramic.

I don't think Captain Fairburn was as poor as Markson thought, even though his check was never presented.

The reason why I think this is because, when he came back to the Ceramic about six months later, he had the honeymoon suite, and Mrs. Fairburn—Miss Colport that was—had the dandiest set of gold-back brushes I've ever seen.

THE PRINCESS OF PARADISE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 21)

the intimate approach to her bedroom; were they lovers and had he thrown her over; or had she withdrawn from him; or was it still going on? You can see now why this anxious mother introduced the name of Charlie Bonsal. Was she to find her daughter after all these years, only to learn that the girl loved an adventurer?

She probed delicately, knowing it the wrong moment but too anxious to delay. She had to be guarded lest her interest should appear unreasonably great, and therefore suspicious. She lifted vague hope to almost eager certainty in the heart of Jeanne, and she made Jeanne's future pivot on Charlie Bonsal.

"Will he bargain?" Jeanne's eyes grew hard as she asked this ungenerous question. "I'm sorry," she said quickly, "but so many ——"

"I know," interrupted Mrs. Shortbridge. "We all seem to be thrust right into your life, and it is very hard for you. Bargain? I don't understand. If you mean —— Oh, you know he is above that. No man that you or I could know would do that."

Jeanne drooped her eyes.

"Just remember this, my dear," Mrs. Shortbridge said as she rose: "The treasure heap doesn't count for you any more—not seriously, I mean." She placed a hand on Jeanne's shoulder as the girl looked up, questioning. "I thought it perversity, timidity, wrong training, anything you like, that chained you to your island. Now we know. The chain is broken."

"You are not sure," Jeanne said with a sigh, yielding her head to the hand that pressed her cheek.

"Charlie Bonsal will snap it," was the confident answer.

Mrs. Shortbridge stooped, kissed her daughter on the forehead and hurried away, lest she break down. But she had no time for tears. She walked sentry on the west veranda, to intercept an antagonistic Bonsal, who might not have been searching at all. "He is," she said to herself. "He knows the tale a lie and he would rush to prove it so."

When Bonsal appeared she almost ran to him. He would have passed her without speaking, but she caught his arm. She looked into his hostile eyes.

"You have succeeded," she murmured, breathing deeply, her voice shaking.

"In what?" he demanded roughly.

"You went to Cepara Turnquest's mother first, to others perhaps. You found those who saw her brought here as a baby. You have proved it a childish lie."

"What do you care?" he asked rudely, astonished at her right intuition.

"I don't mind your enmity," she said patiently. "That will all come right. You refused my way. I accept yours."

"You didn't know mine."

"Haven't I shown that I did? I have pledged my word to her that you will come with proof. Oh, it's no second sight. What else was there for you to do? I've prepared the way for you. She is waiting for you to make her the happiest girl that ever lived. Go round to her veranda. She'll break down. She must. Console her. Help her. Get her promise. Don't leave her till you get it. Then come to me."

Tears were raining down. She rushed away, holding a pink raddled handkerchief to her cheeks.

Nothing happened as Mrs. Shortbridge had predicted. Jeanne cried, oh, yes, but Charlie Bonsal fled from her tears.

"You seemed to believe this rot," was his utterance as he entered the veranda, "and I can't think why. It was too easy to disprove."

Never a word answered Jeanne. She sat bending forward, her head aslant, her eyes fixed on his. He never thought till afterward of the charm of that intense still attitude of hers, nor of the beauty of her face, nor of the wonder of the homage rendered in her absolute concentration. A lover had never had the chance to deliver a message more welcome; Mrs. Shortbridge would have ground her teeth could she have known how he was flinging away chances.

He told Jeanne how he had gone to Cepara. Hysterics, of course. "Heard her, oh, you bet; but could not see her, saw her mother instead."

Mrs. Turnquest remembered the first coming of John Smith to the island in a schooner with his infant daughter and two white nurses, French women. A dozen others had seen the arrival; Bonsal had hunted up Father Abraham and two besides these; and they had confirmed Mrs. Turnquest's story. The latter had positive knowledge of the doings of her cousin Caroline Rolle, who had gone north with a painter. This man had written to Mrs. Turnquest on the death of Caroline, and she had produced the letter.

"There's plenty more proof," Bonsal said, "but that's enough for now."

Jeanne bent her head, her shoulders shaking. She stretched out a hand groping in gratitude. It was not clasped. She heard the light jar of the closing of the latticed door. She felt her way to her room and her bed. She cried then, and it did her good.

XV

CHARLIE BONSAL had forced, cajoled and bought from Mrs. Turnquest much more knowledge than he had given to Jeanne. Men of strong will stirred to uttermost depths achieve miracles of domination in these moments of high resolution. Mrs. Turnquest, frightened by Cepara's mad doings, alarmed for Bonsal's safety, afraid of him in this new mood, had gushed facts. Charlie had already guessed that Holton had returned to the island in Transom's boat; but he now knew that Transom, or Turnquest, was the husband of the fantastic trainer of birds of paradise.

Charlie left Jeanne's veranda to commit burglary. He had meant to ask her for the Bonsal papers, but had forgotten the trifle; a little thing like immunity for Transom was as nothing in that hour. So he was sneaking in the gathering darkness to John Smith's office to rob the locked steel letter cabinet. He did not so much fear detection as attack from Transom or his men; he was marked for secret assassination; so much was sure with Transom on the island, and Mrs. Turnquest had confirmed the certainty. She had been in such fear that he would come in and find Bonsal there that she had actually become terse. Charlie had the full story.

Turnquest, or Transom, had married her in New York, not thinking of her as other than white, had not touched at the island for some years, and had then been introduced to a daughter with an olive skin

(Continued on Page 54)

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(Continued from Page 52)

and kinky hair. For this he had beaten the mother almost to death and sailed away, reappearing later under the name of Barker in command of a schooner. Secretly visiting his wife he had discovered her transcribing the notes of John Smith's diary, and had found the intimate knowledge useful in his trading operations. Hence an extra copy for himself, subsequently to be unexpectedly used when he had had to leave West Indian waters for a time, after the unexplained disappearance of a seaman from the deck. Master of a bark chartered by scientists for a study of ocean currents along the South American Pacific Coast, he had had plenty of time on shore and had used some of it ingeniously to sell an island to a credulous old man. On the resumption of his usual operations he had often touched at the island, bought coconuts, bananas, sometimes hardwoods, and sold them from the vessel in Miami or Jacksonville. When whisky running began he had promptly made the island a base, leaving his wife to corrupt Jeanne's police force and insure secrecy. The warning—"the devil is unchained"—had been meant for her, but this long-arranged code signal that someone was there in the Bonsal matter had never reached her. She was the one who had rescued Bonsal from the schooner, because he was the only white man who had taken a walk with her in ten years. The return of her rabbit's foot had been her prompt reward, and since then she had looked on him with a superstitious regard. Her brilliant idea of ordering little Sapolita with her patent-leather shoes and her orange-colored blouse to lie for him and thus clear his name was at once the measure of her judgment when left to herself and of her standards of truth.

In the dark office Charlie grinned as his fingers touched a bunch of keys in a drawer. He had seen Jeanne throw them there when the safe was locked and she was in too much of a hurry to use the combination. "They never steal papers," she had said in answer to his expostulations, "and only papers are there." Thus easily did he get the documents that had defrauded his uncle.

He did not take them to his room by the long veranda, for he wished to avoid Mrs. Shortbridge, who might be in or near the drawing-room. He dared not walk along the beach, for he was in white clothes and a conspicuous mark for a bullet from the darkness. He went through an orange orchard to the east, listening, watching. It was a starless evening, with gusts of wind from the southwest, and he had to feel his way. That the man who forced him to this slow furtive progress must go free did not even annoy him. He had promised these papers to Mrs. Turnquest early in the interview. He had got far more than he gave; he had the true story of Jeanne's coming to the island.

He heard voices—Holton's; then a plaintive wearied utterance: that of little Sapolita, of the dark burnished skin and the high varnished shoes.

"Sometimes," Sapolita said, "Congo is a kid for candy, and I make him coconut fudge and then he lets me swim in the pool."

"Could I too? Tomorrow?"

"Not likely. He stays. . . . Now, not too fresh. Say, that pool is a place for ducks. I'll say that—clear, clean, and no tide. . . . Oh, stop it!"

"Tomorrow—you and I, Sapolita. Can't you send him away, send him for candy? I'd like to have a swim with you—with you: you and I, all alone."

"Ah, drop it! You've dribbled the same bibful many a time to Cepara. I've seen you."

"Rot! She's crazy over that Bonsal prune."

"He's white; you are too. Any white man ——"

"Tomorrow, Sapolita—you and I."

"Oh, I'll try, Mister Impudence. . . . Oh, don't! No, no." But the negatives were very faint.

Presently Bonsal heard them move away, fixing an hour for the morrow.

He hurried to his room, made a compact parcel of his papers, changed for dinner as fast as he could in the darkness—for he would turn on no light—and found Mrs. Shortbridge alone in the drawing-room. That indomitable lady, rouged afresh, had the manners that go with a low-cut dinner dress and she smiled on him as sweetly as though he had come to her as she had asked, or had sent her a message.

"Jeanne has a headache," she said. "Mrs. Pillinger is in the safe harbor of her room, evading storms. Mr. Holton is fishing or shooting or hunting or something—anyway he has sent an excuse."

She came close, bringing the faint scent of her island perfume, and she rested a hand on his arm, looking eager inquiry.

"I'll tell you nothing," Charlie Bonsal said hotly. "You've thrown away your rights."

And then MacGregor announced that dinner was served. In silence he crooked an unwilling arm, for they maintained a stately formality in that house.

Mrs. Shortbridge, unruffled by a rudeness unprecedented in her experience, made a laughing comment as they walked to the dinner table. For the servants to hear, she commented on Cepara's lie and on what must happen to the girl. "She must leave the island, of course," she said as she ate a salted almond and then munched an olive. She glanced at the sulky boy and girded herself for an ordeal—how great an ordeal he would never know.

"Have you heard of the Chrystals?" she asked when they were alone. He nodded coldly to her apparently casual question. "Of the Laverings? I thought you would have. John Smith was Hugo Chrystal. I was a Lavering."

He lifted polite eyebrows. He loathed this woman who would have left a daughter to believe in debased blood.

"A *mariage de convenance*, highly suitable—youth, good family, wealth—and misery. Each an only child, spoiled—he had a sulky will that nothing could change, and the temper of the devil. I flared like a volcano. We fought from the first day. Oh, no gloves on. He won, all right. He stole my daughter—before she was two years old, mind. Disappeared—swallowed up—no trace. How old do you think I am?"

Intensely interested, but hostile, he eyed her. He said nothing.

"My hair is gray," she went on. "There are crow's-feet if you look hard enough. My complexion, if you could ever see it, is sallow. I'm a well-made-up fifty or fifty-five, you think. Well, I'm one month off forty—no, I'm forty-two. My teeth—they are all mine—and my figure are all that Hugo Chrystal left me. My eyes? They've wept such rivers that they are dry aching pools."

And then the servants came in with the fish. She laughed and assumed a lighter tone but quickly forgot caution.

"Mr. Shortbridge adores youth, even if it is artificial," she said. "An earthquake on land, a shipwreck at sea, at any hour of the day or night, would find me as I am. He may suspect gray hairs, but he does not know. And I—I am a natural person and would wish always to appear just what I am, but I dare not. The man I told you of—you know—well, I was in a sanitarium; nerves; no pretenses, either, not coddling myself; just jangled to bits. Fights, you see, over the child already. He ——"

But Bonsal held up his hand. Quiet as she apparently was, and appearing to talk casually, even he could sense that she was wrought up and speaking too freely before the servants. She marshaled social experience, and nervously incapable of silence told him a funny story. His laugh was hollow.

The servants gone, the tense thread of subconscious thought brought resumption at the exact word:

"—— took the child on his yacht; a baby, you understand, just beginning to talk. She had ninety-one words; I have the list now. Took the child on a cruise—only himself and nurses—strange nurses. People saw them go on board. And a week after, a small boat was picked up off Hatteras, overturned, empty, Annabel cut in her stern; that was all. The yacht was never heard of. No member of the crew was ever found. I never heard of my daughter again till I came face to face with her here. A stranger, a strange face to me. I saw trifles of his, little things that I knew. I sat and talked to her—my daughter, you understand, of whom I had been robbed. He had invented a past for her, for himself—in Devonshire, where he and I had spent our honeymoon. And I—I was left out. Not a word. Not a memory. I had my faults, of course, but you see me, you know something of me, Charlie. Believe me when I tell you that he was a monstrous egotist, who hated where he could not rule, and broke all but satellites. Look at the intense labor here: the industry, the ability. Jealousy a monomania; jealous of my love for her, of my friends. Suspicious, of course. I was fond of pleasure; of men; of women, too, though. He had no reason to distrust me. I lived only for my daughter."

"How could you meet her and not break down?" Charlie muttered.

Her answer made him gape. "I had prepared myself," she told him. "I knew it would come some day." She fixed her sad compelling eyes on him. "Do you feel a little more kindly to me?" she asked as one confident of the answer. "Then eat some dinner."

And she left her explanation at that till dessert came.

"Lots of trifles," she said then, "made me doubt the loss of the yacht. I was sure when I found that he had taken his entire fortune. He had turned everything into money. I knew then. He meant that I should know. I was so sure that I never tried to collect his insurance policies until I married Mr. Shortbridge. Then I had to do it. Not to do it was to admit that I believed Hugo Chrystal alive." She paused and looked with curious questioning into his strained eyes. "Only you," she said, "know all this—only you and I. You love my daughter and are necessary to my plans. So I trust you utterly. I do not defend myself. I do not much care what you think of me, so long as you work with me. Tell me, young sir—what would happen if I openly claimed my daughter? What would she say and do and think?"

He dropped his eyes; hers were burning.

"She loved her father," he began lamely. "He ——"

"Yes," she interrupted, "blindly, madly. He took care of that, you see. There was none for her to share him with. If she knew could I win her love? Never. She would hate me. And Mr. Shortbridge?"

"You could marry him again and legalize everything."

"We have two sons at school—ten and twelve. A mess, a sensation, a scandal. Two or three years in the courts straightening out everything. Sheaves of land transfers which I have signed as wife, and all that kind of thing, important business deals titles impaired. It might tax Mr. Shortbridge's and my fortune combined to see it through. And—and—he might refuse to marry me again."

"Your two sons!" the startled Bonsal exclaimed.

"Not even to make them legitimate, perhaps," she said slowly. "He is a lawyer with a big brain, trained to big business. He would go to the heart of the matter. Within twenty-four hours he would know that I had married him believing my first husband alive. He would never forgive that." She paused to dig her fruit spoon into a succulent portion of papaw.

"Charlie," she resumed after she had eaten some of the fruit, "a woman has a few months of happiness. It is the time when the man she loves, mad to win her, forgets all else in his pursuit of her. She has then a lifetime of anxiety—to keep him. I speak of the big men, with a thousand interests, the men worth winning. Even I have had to shut my eyes to casual infidelities; a permanent one would rob me of all I care for on earth. My enemy—it is not time, nor age; it is monotony. Any man would weary of a saint, and so"—she smiled, for unconquerable humor was in her—"I avoid that. But a big man, going from one great business battle to another, living under pressure, keyed up by excitements—that man wants variety at home too. Mr. Shortbridge alters the furniture in his dining room every three years. He does not say it, he does not know it, but what he really wants changed is the woman at the head of his table. If he meets the right one she will open his eyes quick enough, and something besides the wall paper and the chairs will go." She delicately moistened her fingers in the chased copper bowl. "Coffee outside," she said, rising.

Bonsal followed with the feeling that she had led him to sacrilege. He sat down without, dumb, oppressed. He could not analyze his feeling that she had exposed sacred intimacies with shameless immodesty; all he knew was that she was new, strange, startling, and that he did not like her. But in the dim light of the veranda she altered all that; for she spoke with a restrained emotion that went straight to his heart.

"I had to tell you," she said, "that you may forgive and help. Some day you will know what it means to a woman of my sort

(Continued on Page 57)

Ingersoll

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(Continued from Page 54)

to open her heart to inexperienced youth. If I have convinced you I shall be glad that I stripped my heart naked before you. Do you believe now that I love my daughter and mean well by her?"

"There is an acid test," he answered. "Would you have been willing to leave her in the belief that Cepara's story was true?"

"I can't say," was the honest answer. "I think I would have found some other way. I clutched at the nearest. You wouldn't help me. I had to follow your lead. I am glad now. She must always believe in the Devon ancestry. Will you accept that?"

"Yes, but some day she will go there."

"I shall send an agent next week to buy the property. And if you are there—with her ——" Her voice broke. She bent over and clasped his hand. He felt a tear fall. "Will you take her with that lie hanging over her, and shield her, and keep her from finding out—and love her—always ——"

"Yes," he said, "if I can win her. I ——"

"Sh-h-h!"

Her grasp tightened. She was peering down the veranda. They heard a cry, a woman's cry, which seemed to be cut off short, and the sound of a scuffle. Bonsal hurried, but stopped as a bright light focused on two figures—the sergeant of police holding the throat of a girl. She was bent backward across the knee of the sergeant, and light bronzed bare legs and feet showed beneath the ragged gunny sack she wore.

"Don't choke her, sergeant."

The voice of Jeanne, clear as a bell, came from round the corner of the veranda and Bonsal knew that Jeanne was holding the electric torch that set two figures in the limelight. Mrs. Shortbridge by his side put her hand on his shoulder and gripped it tight.

The brass buttons, the gold braid and the white eyeballs of the burly black policeman gleamed in the light. The olive-colored legs across his white uniform suddenly shot up, a knee caught the rim of his helmet and sent it somersaulting in the air.

"Don't hurt her. Be careful." Jeanne's calm voice was low and guarded.

It was like a wrestling match, silent, strained. Beads of perspiration on the sergeant's forehead shone like a circlet of jewels. A knife clattered from the girl's hand. The man freed her. She sprang up. Bareheaded, barefooted, the young savage jerked up an arm, hid her face and darted away.

"Let her go, sergeant. Is that a dinner knife?"

"Ya-as, Miss Jeanne."

"Is there fruit in the room?"

The sergeant returned with a dish, piled high with oranges and bananas, sat down on the steps and examined the latter one by one.

"Dis is it, Miss Jeanne," he said, holding up a banana. "She stuck de knife in here."

"Very well, sergeant. I am pleased with you for keeping watch so well. You may take them all to the guardhouse, and you need not come back. Sergeant"—her voice was lifted a little—"keep quiet about this."

"Ya-as, Miss Jeanne. I don't say nothin' to nobody."

The two watchers tiptoed backwards.

"What does it mean?" Mrs. Shortbridge whispered.

"Manchineel."

"Poison—deadly?"

"They say so."

"Take her away," Mrs. Shortbridge pleaded in a choked voice. "Get her out of this. Who was that savage? Who wants to—to—murder you?"

"Transom. And I am late for a meeting with his wife. Good night."

XVI

CHARLIE BONSAL, wrapped in a waterproof coat that hid the shining brightness of his clothes, climbed silently over the stone wall at the back of Mrs. Turnquest's garden, and dropped prone as a whir and a crash above his head startled the night. His heart pounded as he lay listening in a darkness so intense that he could see nothing. A faint sound close by came to him and he jumped to his feet. A hand touched his shoulder. Lips touched his ear.

"Quick! And go. He is coming here."

He placed the papers in Mrs. Turnquest's hand and was about to speak when he caught footsteps on the veranda.

"Hs-st! Hs-st!" It was like the hiss of a snake. Frightened, Mrs. Turnquest gave Bonsal a foolish push that almost toppled him over.

"All right, honey, I'm coming," she called out in a low voice and walked away.

"What was that noise?" came in a whisper which Charlie knew. He had been promised death by the owner of that voice.

"I frightened a bird of paradise, honey."

She turned on the light. Bonsal looked through croton bushes with intent curiosity at the squat blocky figure sitting at the top of the steps, which did not move as Mrs. Turnquest with fawning humility silently tendered the bundle of documents.

"You've been a long time about it." He looked his wife up and down and grinned. "Expecting me, hey?" She was in evening dress of simple white, and she looked a figure of pathetic dignity. "Your nigger daughter has been playing hell." He turned and called "Slathe, bring her."

In the doorway appeared two colored men, each holding an arm of Cepara, a savage, barefooted, clothed only in a rude sack. "Come here," her father said in that quiet, inexorable voice which was always the same. He dismissed his men with a wave of the hand.

The girl stumbled across. It seemed to Bonsal that she wished to crawl and lie down and turn over and paw the air as would a deprecating dog expecting the lash.

"My men were watching," he said, leaning back. "You must butt in on my job—and fail. You almost stepped on that fool sergeant when you went in and never saw him. They'll prosecute, and all the Bahamas will know you're my daughter. So I have to take you away tonight. You get that. You spoiled my job and you force me away before I'm ready. Into a northwester, mind. It's coming." He lifted his head. The light came full on a face whose fat repulsive cruelty was visible to the intent secret listener, twenty yards away. The girl lifted a bare arm to hide her head, but a gesture from the father made it drop as though struck and broken.

"Despised you, did he? Well, the other didn't. He hadn't been ashore ten minutes today before your arms were round his neck. I saw it myself." The light bronzed chiseled legs projecting beneath the ragged edges of the gunny sack perceptibly shook and the knees knocked together. "Well, speak up. What does it mean?"

Bonsal could not catch the muttered answer.

"Oho!" her father repeated. "He would rather have you, but she had the money. He said that, did he, and made love to you, and you believed him?"

"He was always watching and waiting for me." Charlie caught these words.

"Bah!"

"He was white," Cepara said, shivering.

"Take her in." Transom turned to his wife, who had stood silent, staring. "Dress her up."

He lolled back, alone on the veranda, without movement of hand or foot. To Bonsal he looked like a gigantic toad except that even thus, lax, sprawling, he suggested power, evil power; but that came from perception of the fear that he inspired in his wife and daughter. Footsteps sounded. Transom lifted himself lazily as Drake Holton came round the veranda and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder. Transom nodded as the younger man flung himself down on the steps.

"The girl is poor, as things stand," Holton said, plunging into the middle of things. "That's come out since we made our agreement. There may or may not be hidden stuff. If I find it I marry her; she's promised that. There may be something in it. That deaf-and-dumb man is its guardian if there's anything left to guard, and that laboratory is the place he's guarding. I'm that far on the track. Can you leave two of your men behind? If we can get that big nigger tied up and take his keys I can search the place. Whatever there is, you get half, and your men see fair division."

"Can't spare 'em."

As Transom spoke he drew a long knife from its sheath in his belt, drew his thumb along its edge, let it rest for an instant in his lap, then propped it up by his right hand in the shade of the veranda post. His manner said that all this was mechanical and the knife removed that he might sit more comfortably. But Bonsal's heart beat more quickly and he could note, when Holton spoke, some loss of jaunty confidence.

"Sorry," said the latter. "I'll give up the search then. But there's a new point. These Shortbridges may make a generous deal with her. If she's got a hundred thousand dollars in the clear I'll marry her. But she can't expect to get so much that I can go fifty-fifty with you and have that left. You said in Jamaica, 'There's a girl swimming in gold. She'd marry a tailor if he came from Devon. Come from Devon. Marry her. Fifty-fifty!' But the gold turned out to be sea water. Will you take what's over a hundred thousand and keep quiet?"

Transom's arm had indolently gone to the back of his neck. From inside his loose collar band he drew a large revolver, cocked it full, then laid it by the knife. He settled back against the post and it was possible to believe that this further disarming was for further comfort. But Holton's chin was no longer thrust out and he vainly tried to appear indifferent.

"There's a girl here says you told her you'd rather marry her."

Transom seemed to laugh, and this, from him, unprecedented sound was obviously reassuring to Holton. He laughed too.

"Which one?" he asked. "One says things like that to so many yellow girls."

"My daughter, Cepara." Transom moved an arm so that his hand obviously rested on his pistol. "Sit down! Down!"

Holton sank back. "Your—daughter?" The words hardly reached Bonsal, but the rasping breath could be distinctly heard.

"Yes—pure white on my side, you see."

"I—didn't know."

"You know now. We are only waiting for Father Abraham. He is licensed to marry."

Holton jumped up. He cowered back as he looked into the mouth of the pistol.

"I guess you've heard a lot about me," Transom said softly, "and you know my gun spits when I say it will."

A long silence followed, unbroken until one of Transom's men brought the aged colored minister to them.

"Father Abraham," Transom said, "Mr. Holton admires our island. He likes our girls. He loves one, father. He wants to take Cepara away—wants to marry her now. He is impatient, father, and my boat is waiting. His real name is Jackson—William Henry Jackson." He raised his voice a little for the first time. "Cepara, come along. Ah! That's right! On her left, Jackson; or is it the other side?"

Bonsal stared at the transfigured Cepara. She was beautiful. A deep flush beneath the olive skin made her face vivid under the bright light. Her lips were a richer red than could be achieved with any pigment. A red hibiscus flamed at her breast and she carried in her hand a barbaric shield of flashing color—a fan of bird-of-paradise feathers on a handle of baroque home-cut tortoise shell. Only her hair betrayed her. She looked—yes, Charlie saw the glance—at the lowering bridegroom with a proud elation. A reprieve! The Nassau prison exchanged for the altar; escape from the hated island; a husband all white. Her responses were ringing, triumphant. His, and the mumbling of the toothless white-polled ancient, were inaudible to the absorbed listener beneath the wild-almond tree.

The old man raised trembling hands in a blessing. Sobs came from the mother's lips. Then the preacher, bending low, kissed with profound respect the hand of the bride. The bridegroom stood still, his hands clasped behind his back.

A swift secret lunge from the father, the gleam of the long knife blade; the stabbed fingers fell apart and quick arms clasped the bride. When they were withdrawn Charlie saw a red stain on the back of the dress. Then the mother flung her arms around her daughter's neck.

"Come, all of you," Transom ordered, "and sign the certificate." Four colored seamen gathered from the corners of the porch and surrounded the bridegroom. "Slathe, put them on board as quick as you can." He picked up his weapons and followed them into the house.

Mother and daughter were alone on the porch.

"He'll desert you as soon as he touches shore," sobbed the mother.

"You and I," was the proud answer, "have both married white men. Leave it at that."

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The situation became alarming. Tooth troubles constantly increased until very few escaped. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

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A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

"And that's so too." They lifted their heads and stepped proudly into the house.

Bonsal slipped away, blinking his eyes in the darkness, dizzy and bewildered as one who steps from the cinema into a fog. Sure that Holton would escape, he hurried to the shore by the cave where Transom made his landings and hid himself on the top of the little cliff; and presently this bridal party came. Somebody flashed a torch that they might scramble down, and Charlie saw that bride and groom were linked by handcuffs. He watched them into their waiting boat; listened until he could no longer hear the oars; until there came the sound of an engine; until all was silence.

He ran back, laughing, light-hearted. It was as though everything unpleasant had been swept from his life with one movement of a broom. He glanced exultantly at Jeanne's shut-in veranda as he passed. There was a hammock there in which she often slept; he had heard her say so. He stopped short, reflected for a dazed instant, then picked up a stone and impulsively tapped on the railing.

"Who's there?" came in a startled voice.

"It's me—Charlie Bonsal. I'm a fool, that's what I am. That green pool—not rising and falling with the tide, and yet the water always clear and clean."

"Yes? What of that?"

"But I have seen it empty," he said excitedly. "I looked through a crack of the dome. Congo can let the water out. Did you know that?"

"No, but ——"

"But what if that's the way to the treasure?"

"Oh!"

"Fling out keys to the house and the laboratory. It's dead low tide now."

"Wait."

Within five minutes he heard jingling as of sleigh bells, but the keys were not thrown out. She came herself, a slim boy in her bathing suit.

"No," he ordered. "I must run, for the tide is turning. You'd hold me back."

She chuckled and sprang away to the north, lighting her path in the road with flash now and again from a torch. He followed this jingling will-o'-the-wisp, shedding his waterproof as he ran. He could not overtake her before they were among the scented pines. There she stayed for him, for beneath the trees was pitchy darkness.

"You're right!" she cried. "I'm sure you are. Twenty reasons come back. An undersea tunnel to the little island. I ——"

"Save your breath," he panted. "It can only be opened at low tide, and it's turning." So they sped on silently.

The house stood dark and silent. He unlocked the front door and then that leading through the rock to the domed green pool. She switched on the lights. He ran to the place where from above he had seen the giant negro standing, kicked off his shoes and let himself down into the water.

"Steps," he said, turning.

"Yes, I know." She stood across from him, bending forward, eager, excited. That flashing moment came back to him afterwards and he recalled the vivid picture—that poised alert figure, those intent lovely eyes.

"This one moves!" he cried, gripping the edge and pressing downwards with all his strength. He heard a splash and felt her arms on his shoulders. The added weight did it. The stone step slowly descended. The water perceptibly fell.

"Found!" She was thrilled. He could feel the beating of her heart against his back.

"Found the way to put in fresh water," he said soberly, discounting failure.

"If that were all, I should have known," she cried, laughing in her exhilaration.

"It's a lever," he said; "it opens a sluice gate at low tide."

The water sank so low that she was now riding pickaback and she had to cling tight; and as soon as only silver sand was beneath them they dropped together. Bonsal stretched a hand high above his head and clutched the lever stone. It had not begun to ascend when free of his weight. Relieved of that fear he turned round. Jeanne had disappeared.

"Come back!" he called, and plunged, bent double, down the sharply descending tunnel through which the water had escaped. "A trap, perhaps—and we must have candles."

But only a laugh echoed and reechoed back to him. He came to the upgrade, flooded with light. She was standing waiting, beckoning. He ran up and she caught his hand. They stood staring round what looked like a modern business office—cabinets, filing systems, electric lights, a pipe for pumping in air. Charlie burst into excited laughter at equipment so unexpected.

"The president's office!" he cried. "Not the pirate's den."

But Jeanne had gone from his side to the only ancient things in the place—three shell-incrusted, rust-banded, crumbling old chests. He watched her eagerly; he was sure that she would find them empty. He read the story of the electric furnace in the corner, the crucibles, the iron molds; John Smith had melted everything down. Charlie knew why: that grim modern pirate was not one to worry himself about treasure-trove laws or to contribute to governments.

"Nothing here!" Jeanne's voice doubled and redoubled round the domed room. He did not speak and she turned and called, smiling. She divined his hesitation in peering into the well-hidden secrets of the father's estate. When she found the key that fitted a large safe she hesitated, playing with her eager curiosity. "You," she said, pointing to the door.

He pulled it ajar, held it there.

"Oh!" Jeanne pleaded, all a-quiver. "Please!" She peered like a child through the crack.

He had the sudden conviction that he was opening to great riches. For an instant he regretted his discovery. Jeanne already seemed inaccessible. He flung the door wide. They stood in silence, looking at piled up reams of paper. He took down the top bundle.

"Liberty Bonds."

"Enough to pay the mortgage?" she asked.

"To buy the West Indies," he answered soberly.

"I knew I could trust my father," she said. "Perhaps there's some message."

She opened cabinets, ransacked drawers. Charlie saw heaps of bonds labeled "Industrials," piles marked "State," others "Municipal," "County," "Rails," "Foreign," "Irrigation," and so on. His dejection grew with Jeanne's wealth. They found record books and correspondence. An investment ledger contained items so stupendous that Charlie was sure that it would require eight figures to measure Jeanne's fortune. He became cynical and told himself that there was one paper she would never find—a receipt for income tax. He watched her moodily as she took folders to the table and scanned their contents. He thought it probable that she would find her true pedigree; he prepared his defense, for he knew that she would not readily forgive his participation in that deceit.

"All business!" Jeanne cried as she was opening another drawer. "I'm glad it was you," she said enigmatically; but he knew what she meant. His spirits soared; he knew the reward she had promised to Drake Holton. He went towards her, passionate words trembling to his lips, but her cry stopped him.

"Gold!" she cried. "Gold bars!" She held up one. The light shone on the mellow yellow of its surface. "Why, it's stamped Mardon, Idaho—J. S. 100 ounces." She pretended to be disappointed. "I thought it was pirates' loot," she said. Charlie knew that that marking was no more than a false blaze to confuse the trail that might lead a government to a hidden hoard; but he said nothing.

"O-o-h!"

Gems, jewels—he knew before she said it that that was the message of the long-drawn exclamation of awed admiration. She plunged her hands into the drawer, cupped a double handful of gleaming white and red and green stones and let them fall back in a tinkling rivulet. She straightened suddenly.

"I knew," she said softly, "my father would never deceive me. And I—I owe it all to you."

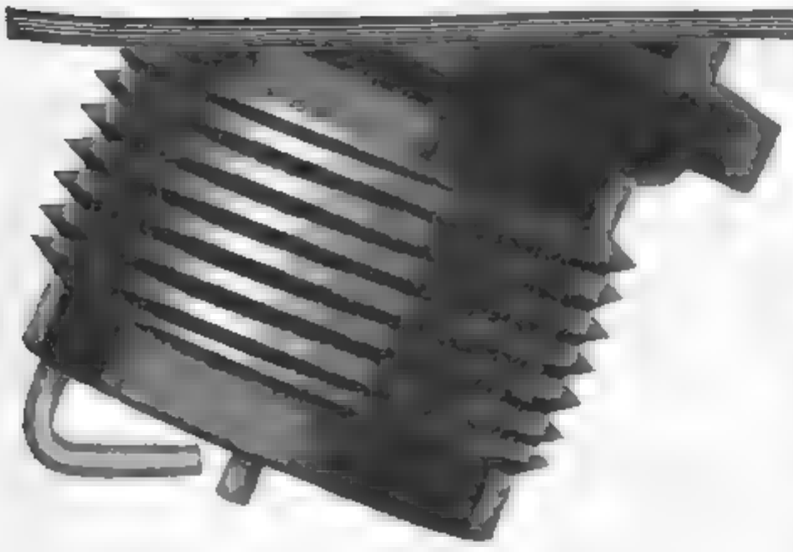
He sprang towards her. She opened her arms. They stood rooted, in sudden black darkness.

"Congo!" Charlie said, grasping her arm. "Come quick!"

He knocked against the open drawer, and neither knew nor cared that diamonds and rubies and emeralds rolled like peas on the floor. His matches were water-soaked. He flung them away. Their hands gripped hard as they heard the roaring of water.

(Continued on Page 60)

The Difference That Makes Champion a Better Plug



This new spark plug is Champion's latest and greatest contribution to motoring. It re-emphasizes all of Champion superiority. It reaffirms Champion's right to leadership.

The difference in this plug—the source of the superiority that entitles it to a place in every engine—is its Double-Ribbed core.

All spark plug cores were once made of clay-porcelain. Some were better and stronger, but all were subject to breakage under stress, to oil-soaking, and to loss of insulating properties.

Here Champion scientists have accomplished what never before was done in a spark plug.

They have produced a core that withstands temperatures far higher than the heat of the hottest engine. A core that stands up under tests of shock, and of heat and cold, far more severe than actual service ever imposes.

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Thus, seemingly at one sweep, the one-time weaknesses of spark plugs are wiped out, thanks to Champion scientists.

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Here, finally, is freedom from the bugbear of spark plug troubles.

Already, this Champion plug has proved its superiority. Thirty million have been manufactured in the last year. Sixty per cent of America's motor cars are equipped with it.

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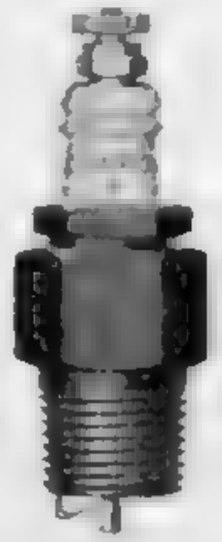


CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

The Ford standard equipment for 10 years. Recognized by dealers and owners as the most economical, most efficient spark plug for Ford cars, trucks, and tractors. Sold everywhere.

(Continued from Page 58)

"He'll find I'm missing," Jeanne said. "We must wait."

"Hours," Charlie cried as they went down the sloping floor. "We might smother." They stepped into water. It boiled and surged about their feet.

"We can't get through," she said. "The tunnel is full."

"Wait here," he ordered.

"No, no! Congo will kill you."

He wrenched himself free from her grasp, took a deep breath and plunged headlong into the surging tide. He caught the insulated wire that carried electricity to the vault and pulled himself along, down, down, until at last at the lowest point he was abreast of the intake valve. The inrush forced him from the wire but shot him up into the green pool. He gulped a great breath, heard a splash behind him, felt his throat clutched with a grip of steel, dimly knew that a slim shape was shot by the water's force its full length above the surface.

He was unconscious when Congo King, three minutes later, at Jeanne's command, held him upside down by the ankles; and he did not know that she put her lips to his and breathed into his lungs; nor was he aware that when his breath was coming regularly, Jeanne fainted. That was because she tried to lift his head and found that a useless left arm shot unendurable pain; Congo King, contemptuously brushing aside this puny unrecognized assailant in the pool, had snapped the forearm.

The deaf-and-dumb giant picked up the unconscious Jeanne, wrapped her in a counterpane—there were no useless blankets at Causeway House—and carried her two miles through a raging gale to her home. An alarmed and astonished household was quieted by its young mistress, once again herself. Aid was sent to Charlie Bonsal, and Mrs. Turnquest summoned. This natural bonesetter put the arm in splints, talking the while. So Jeanne, towards the dawn, fell into fevered slumber, murmuring of a wedding party sure to be wrecked in the gale because a rabbit's foot was missing.

XVII

MRS. SHORTBRIDGE ran to Charlie the next day in excitement such as he had never seen her show before. Alarmed, he questioned. He was told that the arm was going on all right, but that Jeanne seemed crazy.

"She tells fairy tales of millions," she said breathlessly, her eyes glittering.

She stamped her foot in impatience as deliberate Charlie eyed her in surprise.

"It is all true," he said at length.

"Ah!" She trembled visibly. "A great heiress!"

"Just that!"

She swung on her heel and danced away, humming a bar, laughing almost hysterically. She hesitated, came back. "Could I see it?"

He glanced out at the tide. "Now, if you think it's all right and Congo King will let us in."

Within an hour she was picking up diamonds from the floor of the cavern. "A hen, pecking at corn," thought Charlie as he sat in silent gloom, watching her rummage amid wealth. He knew what was coming, and it came right then and there.

"If you do," she said, glancing up, "she's bound to accept you."

He nodded, eying the beautiful woman who could face a newly discovered daughter unmoved, but trembled and shook before a mountain of Liberty Bonds.

"Gratitude!" she said a little later as she rubbed an ecstatic finger over a gold bar. "You will never know whether it is more than that."

"I will take a chance."

Apparently absorbed in a cabinet of old coins—methodical John Smith had kept two specimens of every coin he had found in the pirates' hoard—she made no answer. Charlie looked at the spot where Jeanne had stood when she had opened her arms to him. One instant more of light—if Congo King had pressed the button five seconds later Jeanne would have given her promise. Charlie forgot Mrs. Shortbridge in moody reverie.

That lady tried keys, locked drawers and cabinets, and finally drew him from abstraction by jingling the bunch before his face.

"I am suffocating," she said. "Come."

All the way back, silence; as they parted at the house she whispered in awe, "Ten millions at least."

"At least," he agreed.

Boundless ambition had seized her for this unacknowledged daughter, rich beyond reason. It was unendurable that such charm, beauty and wealth should be wasted on a simple boy, very good in his way, but a nobody.

Charlie had tracked her mental processes with nice accuracy. He waited for her next move. It came that night.

"She is inexperienced," she said. "She knows nothing of young men. Of course you know that she could make a brilliant match."

"I know."

"She has asked me to stay the winter. She has promised to go to Europe with me in the spring."

"Promised?"

"It is almost settled. She will see London under the best auspices, be presented at court, enjoy a London season—you know, country houses and all. A wonderful time for her, without a cloud, everything coming fresh to her. Oh, she will be the hit of the season! She will be adored, fêted." She turned pleading eyes on him. "She has never had her chance," she said. "Give her her fling."

That was all that night. Charlie was sleepless. Inexorable forces were closing around him.

The next day came the inevitable suggestion that Jeanne should go unfettered by promise—word or look. Mrs. Shortbridge was relentless in her logic, charming in her manner, and all but tearful in her sympathy.

"Give her the one season that every girl has the right to expect," she said. "It's up to you. She's in honor bound to take you if you say the word. She's deeply grateful. She admits her debt to you."

Charlie, dry-lipped, groaned. "I believe that she loves me," he muttered.

"She hasn't said so," was the quick answer, "and even I can't tell. I hope she does." At this Charlie's lids dropped to hide incredulity. "I hope it will all be right for you," she continued earnestly. "Come to London, say, in June. Ask her then. That's the fair thing. That's the honorable way."

Her arguments, convincing to his brain, seared his heart. Fear that he would lose her, Mrs. Shortbridge pointed out, was proof that he ought to wait.

"If it is only gratitude," she said, "or if you have made so slight an impression that contact with the world wipes you from memory ——" She shrugged her shapely shoulders. Then she consoled, "If she loves you, what a triumph for you! She rich, you poor; she experienced, with the fresh taste of pleasure and power on her lips, gives them to you. There's no choice for you, Charlie. You are too straight not to take the straight path."

That afternoon the island flamed in excitement and the whole population flocked to the pier, for Jeanne's yacht, which had been seized at Vicksburg, was seen to anchor off the Fang. From it came ashore a tall, elderly man with a jolly smile and eyes that twinkled with pleasure.

"I told you I would come," Judge Dangerfield said as he pumped Charlie's arm up and down. "When you wrote about the yacht I decided to come by Vicksburg and see what I could do."

He explained that on putting up a bond to the value of the vessel he had been allowed to sail away in her; and that he hoped ultimately, when the case was heard, to win it. Thus the Jeanne came back to her owner.

They had passed a motor boat, bottom up, Judge Dangerfield said, but found no trace of human life; nor could any name be read. A sailor had fished up a life-preserver, and in its cord a brilliant feathered fan was caught.

Charlie took the fan to Mrs. Turnquest.

"I knew it," she said, weeping, as her hand went involuntarily to her breast and fumbled for a missing rabbit's foot.

Charlie had a long talk with Judge Dangerfield.

"My boy," said the latter, "I have only read romance. You have lived it. I envy you." But he entirely agreed with Mrs. Shortbridge—that most charming of women. "She's right," he declared. "Give the girl her fling."

Mrs. Shortbridge, now profoundly anxious about the safety of the Juniata, was relieved by the arrival of the yacht on Christmas morning. Her husband told her that he had begun proceedings to foreclose.

"Jeanne has found the treasure," she said, "and could pave the island with thousand-dollar bonds."

Shortbridge flung up his white yachting cap and hallooed. He, too, loved romance on vacations, even if it did cost him an island of perfumes. "I'm mighty glad for her sake," he said. "I must be off tomorrow."

"I'll stay," his wife said. "She's offered us Causeway House for the winter. You must come down later. Perhaps we can induce her to return with us, and then go with me to London for the season."

"Fine!"

"Take Bonsal with you tomorrow," she pleaded. "Give him a place in your office. Give him a good chance."

He shook his head. "He fooled me," he said.

"Fooled you?" His wife laughed. "He believed in the treasure. He had reason to. He found it. He's made good. Where's the fooling?"

"Send him along."

"Good! Keep it quiet."

Mrs. Shortbridge went to Charlie and asked him to come on board the Juniata and help her pack.

On the yacht she gave him his Christmas present, a fine business opening. "When you come to Jeanne in the summer," she said, "you will have something to offer her"; and he felt that he had to accept a chance so promising.

"If you go quietly," she said softly, "if you don't see her ——"

"But she's getting up for Christmas dinner," he cried. "You said so."

She shook her head. "A risk," she told him. "She has some fever this morning."

On shore she met Mrs. Pillinger and expressed sorrow that Jeanne could not join them at dinner. She said the same thing to Eunice, the trained nurse of the island, and to Lulu, the maid; and when after due delay she arrived at the sick room she had so deftly arranged successive opinions that Jeanne accepted her decision as final.

She went to dress for late dinner with a pleased confidence that she had done all that a fond mother could do to ward off an ineligible suitor.

"Poor boy!" she murmured with genuine sympathy as she unfastened her frock. Then she dreamed of a gilded marriage for her rich and beautiful "protégée." She was highly elated; she could renew her youth in London.

But on the yacht she had given necessary directions to a second steward about preparing a stateroom. She had said casually to Charlie, measuring his length with her eye, that there would not be more than an inch to spare in the berth. That was all, but it was enough. The steward that afternoon had told Sapolita of the shiny shoes that Mr. Bonsal was going in the yacht. Sapolita had told Manuelo Sanchez, whose father was believed to have been a Cuban, and who was courting Lulu. It was just as Mrs. Shortbridge was dreaming of a conquest of London that Lulu handed on her news to her young mistress.

"Dress me!" the latter ordered, jumping up. "Turn on the water, quick! Lay out the rose color, Lulu; the new one. I am going to surprise them at dinner."

Slow work, with an arm in splints; Jeanne was impatient, but at last she was ready.

"Find Mr. Bonsal," she ordered as she looked herself over in the long double mirror. "Find him alone. Tell him please to come to my veranda and help me to the drawing-room. Don't tell anybody, Lulu."

"Ya-as, Miss Jeanne. You suttinly do look beautiful, Miss Jeanne."

"Quick, Lulu!"

Her knees wabbled a little as she went out to the veranda. She sat down, breathing hard.

Bonsal came, holding himself in a fierce grip, restrained to stiffness. He sat down heavily, did not look at her, and asked awkwardly about her arm.

"No swelling now," she told him, "and begun to knit already. There's very little pain. Congo King has a grip, hasn't he? How's your throat?"

"All right," he said gruffly.

She eyed him, head a little aslant. "That was fine," she said softly—"your plunging into that tunnel."

He wanted to say, "So did you, and you fought Congo and saved me"; but such recollections must come in a flood, and break barriers. "Forget it," were his uttered words. "Everything is all right now."

"You were going without saying good-by," she reproached. "Why?"

He looked into her eyes for the first time. What he saw there forced him to truth, but truth seasoned with argument. He poured out a passionate flood of common sense with a terseness born of controlled ardor.

Jeanne listened with hidden mirth.

The voice was that of Charlie Bonsal, but the words were those of Mrs. Shortbridge; Jeanne's conviction that that managing lady had been very busy was confirmed.

When he cried out, deadly serious, "You don't know anything about young men, Jeanne; you don't know the world; take your fling," Jeanne stopped him with laughter. He stood over her and scowled. Her eyes mocked him.

"I'm for work," he said sternly. "You go to Europe with Mrs. Shortbridge."

"I would rather," she said, "go with you." She caught his clenched fist. "Will you take me with you?" she whispered.

He sank on his knees by her side, babbling about her having her fling; but her sound arm circled his neck and she kissed a livid mark on his throat made by the mighty thumb of Congo King. He held her close for a long minute.

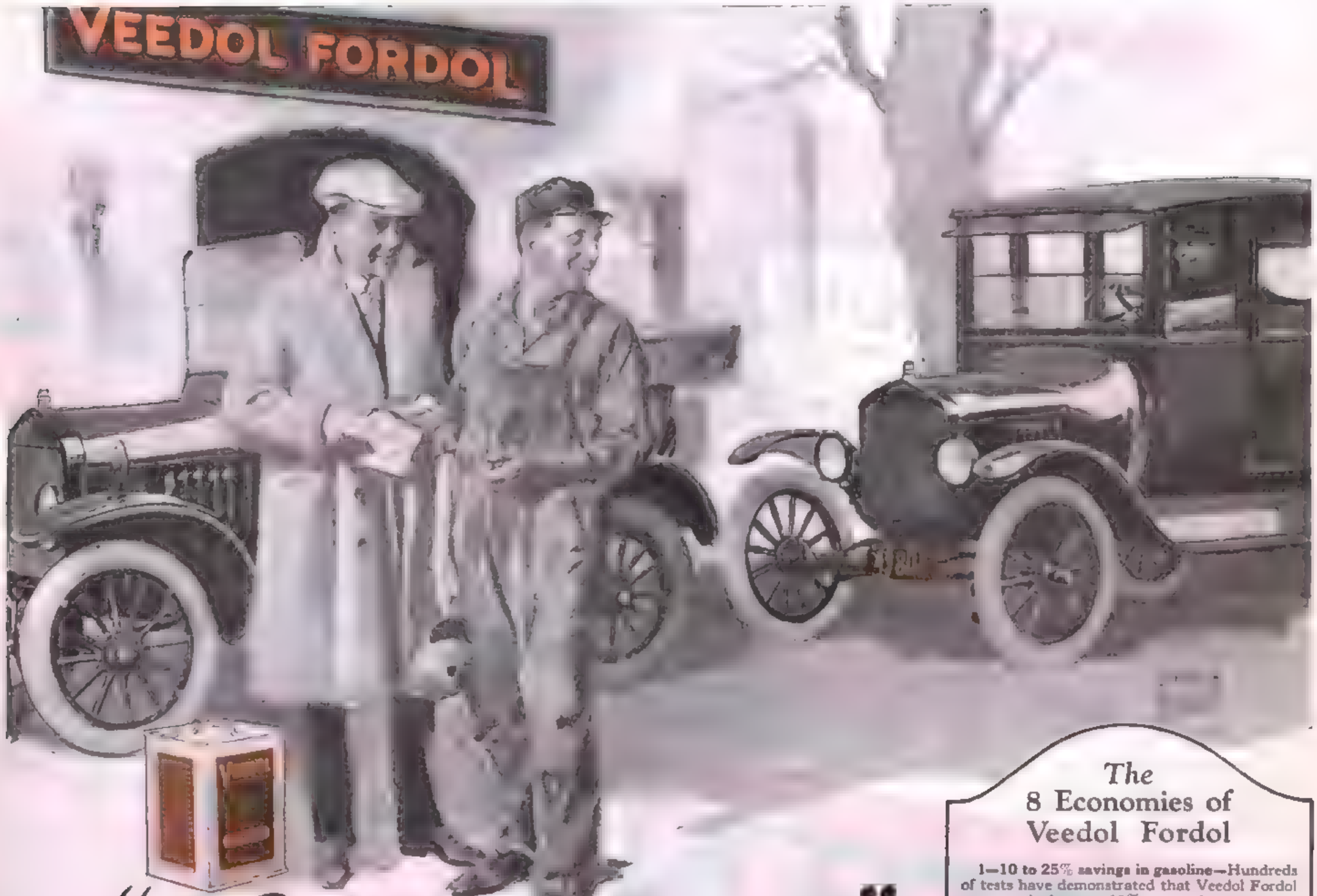
When she drew her lips from his she murmured, "We'll have our fling together, you and I."

To a drawing-room depressed over a missing hostess, MacGregor announced dinner, but they gave Charlie Bonsal five minutes' grace.

"He funks it," thought elated Mrs. Shortbridge. "He's gone on board. He's safe." And then she saw the couple coming. She ran to them, her two hands outstretched. "My dear Jeanne," she cried, "every happiness to you! To both of you! Charlie, my congratulations!"

(THE END)

Half Dome and Crest of Sierra Nevada Range from Glacier Point Hotel, Yosemite National Park, California



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A WEDDING GIFT

(Continued from Page 6)

"It's all right," he said; "good food, quick service—you'll like it."

He all but dragged me into the café and steered me to a table in the corner. I lifted my voice above an earnest clatter of gastronomical utensils and made a last effort.

"The Biltmore's just across the street."

George pressed me into my chair, shoved a menu card at me and addressed the waiter.

"Take his order." Here he jerked out his watch and consulted it again. "We have forty-eight minutes. Service for one. I shan't eat anything; or, no—bring me some coffee—large cup—black."

Having ordered mechanically, I frankly stared at George. He was dressed, I now observed, with unusual care. He wore a rather dashing gray suit. His tie, which was an exquisite shade of gray-blue, was embellished by a handsome pearl. The edging of a handkerchief, appearing above his breast pocket, was of the same delicate gray-blue shade as the tie. His face had been recently and closely shaven, also powdered; but above that smooth whiteness of jowl was a pair of curiously glittering eyes and a damp, a beaded brow. This he now mopped with his napkin.

"Good God," said I, "what is it, George?"

His reply was to extract a letter from his inside coat pocket and pass it across the table, his haunted eyes on mine. I took in its few lines at a glance:

> Father has persuaded me to listen to what you call your explanation. I arrive Grand Central 2:45, daylight saving, Monday.
>
> ISABELLE.

Poor old George, I thought; some bachelor indiscretion; and now, with his honeymoon scarcely over, blackmail, a lawsuit, heaven only knew what.

"Who," I asked, returning the letter, "is Isabelle?"

To my distress, George again resorted to his napkin. Then, "My wife," he said.

"Your wife!"

George nodded.

"Been living with her people for the last month. Wish he'd bring that coffee. You don't happen to have a flask with you?"

"Yes, I have a flask." George brightened. "But it's empty. Do you want to tell me about your trouble? Is that why you brought me here?"

"Well, yes," George admitted. "But the point is—will you stand by me? That's the main thing. She gets in"—here he consulted his watch—"in forty-five minutes, if the train's on time." A sudden panic seemed to seize him. His hand shot across the table and grasped my wrist. "You've got to stand by me, old man—until the ice is broken. That's all I ask. Just stick until the train gets in. Then act as if you knew nothing. Say you ran into me here and stayed to meet her. I'll tell you what—say I didn't seem to want you to stay. Kid me about wanting her all to myself, or something like that. Get the point? It'll give me a chance to sort of—well, you understand."

"I see what you mean, of course," I admitted. "Here's your coffee. Suppose you have some and then tell me what this is all about—if you care to, that is."

"No sugar, no cream," said George to the waiter, "just pour it. Don't stand there waving it about—pour it, pour it!" He attempted to swallow a mouthful of steaming coffee, gurgled frightfully and grabbed his water glass. "Great jumping Jehoshaphat!" he gasped, when he could speak, and glared at the waiter, who promptly moved out into the sea of diners and disappeared among the dozen of his kind.

"Steady, George," I advised as I transferred a small lump of ice from my glass to his coffee cup.

George watched the ice dissolve, murmured "Idiot" several times and presently swallowed the contents of the cup in two gulps.

"I had told her," he said suddenly, "exactly where we were going. She mentioned Narragansett several times—I'll admit that. Imagine—Narragansett! Of course, I bought her fishing things myself. I didn't buy knickers or woolens or flannel shirts—naturally. You don't go around buying a girl breeches and underwear before you're married. It wouldn't be—well, it isn't done, that's all. I got her the sweetest three-ounce rod you ever held in your hand. I'll bet I could put out sixty feet of line with it against the wind. I got her a pair of English waders that didn't weigh a pound. They cost me forty-five dollars. The rest of the outfit was just as good. Why, her fly box was a Truxton. I could have bought an American imitation for eight dollars. I know a lot of men who'll buy leaders for themselves at two dollars apiece and let their wives fish with any kind of tackle. I'll give you my word, I'd have used anything I got her myself. I sent it all out to be packed with her things. I wanted her to feel that it was her own—not mine. I know a lot of men who give their wives a high-class rod or an imported reel and then fish with it themselves. What time is it?"

"Clock right up there," I said. But George consulted his watch and used his napkin distressingly again.

"Where was I?"

"You were telling me why you sent her fishing things out to her."

"Oh, yes! That's all of that. I simply wanted to show you that from the first I did all any man could do. Ever been in the Cuddiwink district?"

I said that I had not.

"You go in from Buck's Landing. A lumber tug takes you up to the head of Lake Owonga. Club guides meet you there and put you through in one day—twenty miles by canoe and portage up the west branch of the Penobscot; then nine miles by trail to Lost Pond. The club's on Lost Pond. Separate cabins, with a main dining and loafing camp, and the best squaretail fishing on earth—both lake and stream. Of course, I don't fish the lakes. A dry fly belongs on a stream and nowhere else. Let me make it perfectly clear."

George's manner suddenly changed. He hunched himself closer to the table, dropped an elbow upon it and lifted an expository finger.

"The dry fly," he stated, with a new almost combative ring in his voice, "is designed primarily to simulate not only the appearance of the natural insect but its action as well. This action is arrived at through the flow of the current. The moment you move a fly by means of a leader you destroy the ——"

I saw that an interruption was imperative.

"Yes, of course," I said; "but your wife will be here in ——"

It was pitiful to observe George. His new-found assurance did not flee—flee suggests a withdrawal, however swift—it was immediately and totally annihilated. He attempted to pour himself some coffee, take out his watch, look at the clock and mop his brow with his napkin at one and the same instant.

"You were telling me how to get to Lost Pond," I suggested.

"Yes, to be sure," said George. "Naturally you go in light. The things you absolutely have to have—rods, tackle, waders, wading shoes, and so forth, are about all a guide can manage at the portages in addition to the canoe. You pack in extras yourself—change of underclothes, a couple of pairs of socks and a few toilet articles. You leave a bag or a trunk at Buck's Landing. I explained this to her. I explained it carefully. I told her either a week-end bag or one small trunk. Herb Trescott was my best man. I left everything to him. He saw us on the train and handed me tickets and reservations just before we pulled out. I didn't notice in the excitement of getting away that he'd given me three trunk checks all stamped 'Excess.' I didn't notice it till the conductor showed up, as a matter of fact. Then I said, 'Darling, what in heaven's name have you brought three trunks for?' She said—I can remember her exact words—"Then you're not going to Narragansett?'

"I simply looked at her. I was too dumfounded to speak. At last I pulled myself together and told her that in three days we'd be whipping the best squaretail water in the world. I took her hand, I remember, and said, 'You and I together, sweetheart,' or something like that."

George sighed and lapsed into a silence which remained unbroken until his eye happened to encounter the face of the clock. He started and went on:

"We got to Buck's Landing, by way of Bangor, at six in the evening of the following day. Buck's Landing is a railroad station with grass growing between the ties, a general store and hotel combined, and a lumber wharf. The store keeps canned peas, pink-and-white candy and felt boots. The hotel part is—well, it doesn't matter except that I don't think I ever saw so many deer heads; a few stuffed trout, but mostly deer heads. After supper the proprietor and I got the three trunks up to the largest room. We just got them in and that was all. The tug left for the head of the lake at seven next morning. I explained this to Isabelle. I said we'd leave the trunks there until we came out, and offered to help her unpack the one her fishing things were in. She said, 'Please go away!' So I went. I got out a rod and went down to the wharf. No trout there, I knew; but I thought I'd limber up my wrist. I put on a Cahill Number Fourteen—or was it Sixteen ——"

George knitted his brows and stared intently but unseeingly at me for some little time.

"Call it a Sixteen," I suggested.

George shook his head impatiently and remained concentrated in thought.

"I'm inclined to think it was a Fourteen," he said at last. "But let it go; it'll come to me later. At any rate, the place was alive with big chub—a foot long, some of 'em. I'll bet I took fifty—threw 'em back, of course. They kept on rising after it got dark. I'd tell myself I'd go after one more cast. Each time I'd hook a big chub, and—well, you know how the time slips away.

"When I got back to the hotel all the lights were out. I lit matches until I got upstairs and found the door to the room. I'll never forget what I saw when I opened that door—never! Do you happen to know how many of the kind of things they wear a woman can get into one trunk? Well, she had three and she'd unpacked them all. She had used the bed for the gowns alone. It was piled with them—literally piled; but that wasn't a starter. Everywhere you looked was a stack of things with ribbons in 'em. There were enough shoes and stockings for a girls' school; silk stockings, mind you, and high-heeled shoes and slippers." Here George consulted clock and watch. "I wonder if that train's on time," he wanted to know.

"You have thirty-five minutes, even if it is," I told him; "go right ahead."

"Well, I could see something was wrong from her face. I didn't know what, but I started right in to cheer her up. I told her all about the chub fishing I'd been having. At last she burst into tears. I won't go into the scene that followed. I'd ask her what was the matter and she'd say, 'Nothing,' and cry frightfully. I know a lot of men who would have lost their tempers under the circumstances, but I didn't; I give you my word. I simply said, 'There, there,' until she quieted down. And that isn't all. After a while she began to show me her gowns. Imagine—at eleven o'clock at night, at Buck's Landing! She'd hold up a dress and look over the top of it at me and ask me how I liked it, and I'd say it was all right. I know a lot of men who wouldn't have sat there two minutes.

"At last I said, 'They're all all right, darling,' and yawned. She was holding up a pink dress covered with shiny dingle-dangles, and she threw the dress on the bed and all but had hysterics. It was terrible. In trying to think of some way to quiet her it occurred to me that I'd put her rod together and let her feel the balance of it with the reel I'd bought her—a genuine Fleetwood, mind you—attached. I looked around for her fishing things and couldn't find them. I'll tell you why I couldn't find them." George paused for an impressive instant to give his next words the full significance due them. "They weren't there!"

"No?" I murmured weakly.

"No," said George. "And what do you suppose she said when I questioned her? I can give you her exact words—I'll never forget them. She said, 'There wasn't any room for them.' Again George paused. "I ask you," he inquired at last, "I ask you as man to man, what do you think of that?"

I found no adequate reply to this question, and George, now thoroughly warmed up, rushed on.

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STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

PADEREWSKI PLAYS THE MINUET

AN APPRECIATION *by* IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI

"The supreme qualities of the Steinway piano have been for many years universally recognized. Musicians and the musical public have long regarded it as the standard of perfection. It would seem from this that the summit had been reached, for with the attainment of perfection progress is stopped.

"And yet, I feel obliged to declare, upon revisiting Steinway Hall, that an astonishing progress has been achieved. To the former qualities, now magnified and intensified, an entirely new quality has been added, an easy, light, surprisingly agreeable action. Another thing—I have tested a very large number of Steinway concert grands, and I have not been able to choose any one of them as the best, because all are the best.

"... There is something in the history of the Steinway family to bring joy to the heart of every one who is devoted to his profession. The Steinway piano is an unmistakable product of love of profession, and to it I pay my tribute of high esteem and admiration."

PADEREWSKI'S TRIBUTE to the Steinway is echoed in the preference of every great musician. The Steinway is the piano of Hofmann and of Rachmaninoff. It is the companion of Fritz Kreisler and Mischa Elman; an inspiration to the songs of Schumann-Heink and Farrar. To Damrosch and Stokowski the Steinway "stands unequaled."

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The music lover who knows the beauty of the Steinway concert grand should know also that its remarkable excellences are reproduced in pianos for the home. The qualities that have endeared the Steinway to the greatest artists are a part of every Steinway that is made.

Does not your every inclination tell you that you can find permanent musical happiness only in the Steinway? Need you delay this happiness when you know that the Steinway price is a reasonable one? And when the terms of payment are so generous that your purchase is relieved of any inconvenience?

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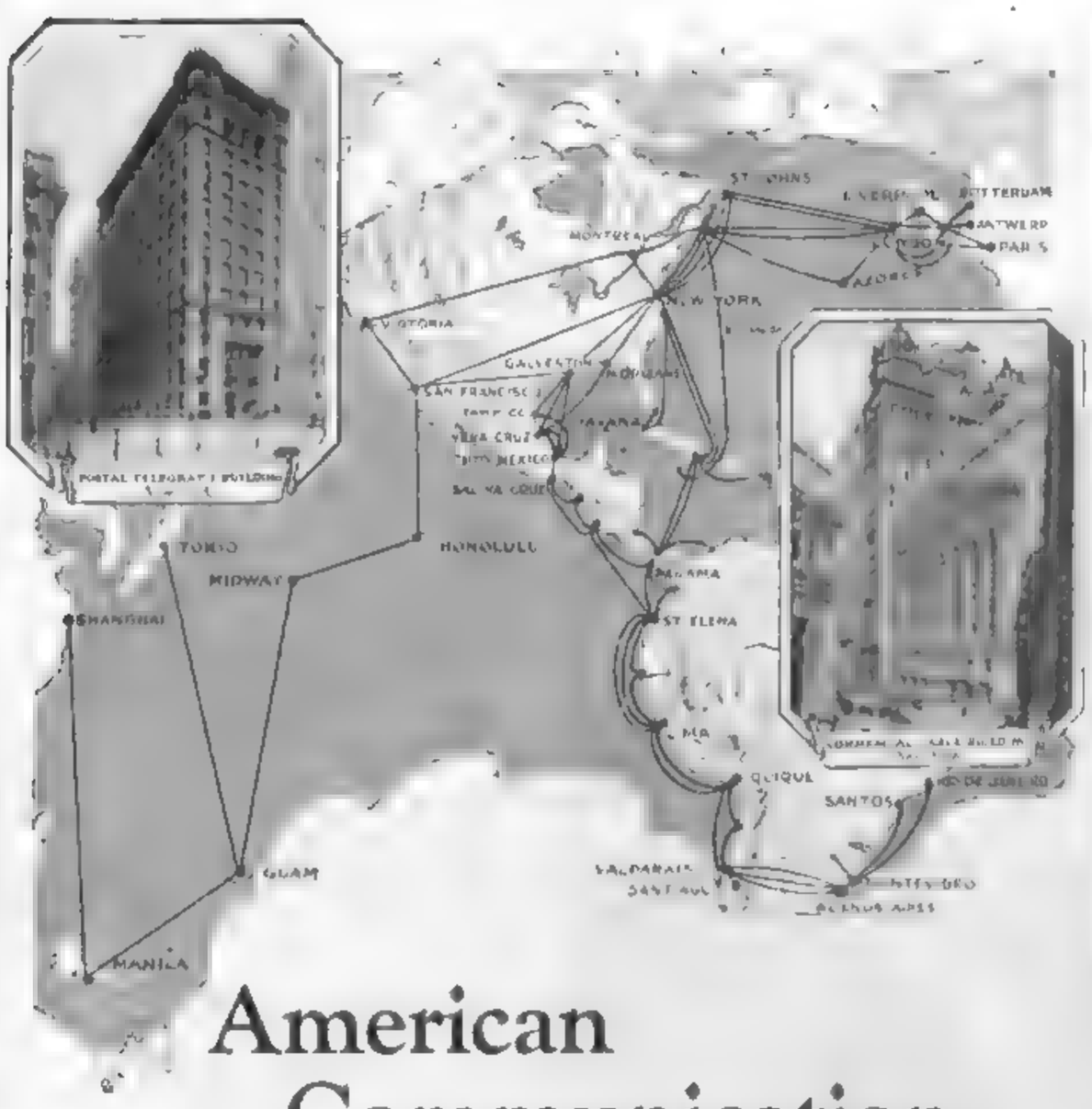

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POSTAL TELEGRAPH
COMMERCIAL CABLES
CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT

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"You'd swear I lost my temper then, wouldn't you? Well, I didn't. I did say something to her later, but I'll let you be the judge when we come to that. I'll ask you to consider the circumstances. I'll ask you to get Old Faithful in your mind's eye."

"Old Faithful?" I repeated. "Then you went to the Yellowstone later?"

"Yellowstone! Of course not! Haven't I told you we were already at the best trout water in America? Old Faithful was a squaretail. He'd been in the pool below Horseshoe Falls for twenty years, as a matter of record. We'll come to that presently. How are we off for time?"

"Thirty-one minutes," I told him. "I'm watching the clock—go ahead."

"Well, there she was, on a fishing trip with nothing to fish with. There was only one answer to that—she couldn't fish. But I went over everything she'd brought in three trunks and I'll give you my word she didn't have a garment of any sort you couldn't see through.

"Something had to be done and done quick, that was sure. I fitted her out from my own things with a sweater, a flannel shirt and a pair of knickerbockers. Then I got the proprietor up and explained the situation. He got me some heavy underwear and two pairs of woolen stockings that belonged to his wife. When it came to shoes it looked hopeless, but the proprietor's wife, who had got up, too, by this time, thought of a pair of boy's moccasins that were in the store and they turned out to be about the right size. I made arrangements to rent the room we had until we came out again to keep her stuff in, and took another room for the night—what was left of it after she'd repacked what could stay in the trunks and arranged what couldn't so it wouldn't be wrinkled.

"I got up early, dressed and took my duffel down to the landing. I wakened her when I left the room. When breakfast was ready I went to see why she hadn't come down. She was all dressed, sitting on the edge of the bed. I said, 'Breakfast is ready, darling,' but I saw by her face that something was wrong again. It turned out to be my knickers. They fitted her perfectly—a little tight in spots—except in the waist. They would simply have fallen off if she hadn't held them up.

"Well, I was going in so light that I only had one belt. The proprietor didn't have any—he used suspenders. Neither did his wife. She used—well, whatever they use. He got me a piece of clothesline and I knotted it at each end and ran it through the what-you-may-call-'ems of the knickers and tied it in front. The knickers sort of puckered all the way round, but they couldn't come down—that was the main thing. I said, 'There you are, darling.' She walked over and tilted the mirror of the bureau so that she could see herself from head to foot. She said, 'Who are going to be at this place where we are going?' I said, 'Some of the very best dry-fly men in the country.' She said, 'I don't mean them; I mean the women. Will there be any women there?'

"I told her, certainly there would be women. I asked her if she thought I would take her into a camp with nothing but men. I named some of the women: Mrs. Fred Beal and Mrs. Brooks Carter and Talcott Banning's sister and several more.

"She turned around slowly in front of the mirror, staring into it for a minute. Then she said, 'Please go out and close the door.' I said, 'All right, darling; but come right down. The tug will be here in fifteen minutes.'

"I went downstairs and waited ten minutes, then I heard the tug whistle for the landing and ran upstairs again. I knocked at the door. When she didn't answer I went in. Where do you suppose she was?"

I gave it up.

"In bed!" said George in an awe-struck voice. "In bed, with her face turned to the wall; and listen, I didn't lose my temper, as God is my judge. I rushed down to the wharf and told the tug captain I'd give him twenty-five dollars extra if he'd hold the boat till we came. He said all right and I went back to the room.

"The breeches had done it. She simply wouldn't wear them. I told her that at a fishing camp in Maine clothes were never thought of. I said, 'No one thinks of anything but trout, darling.' She said, 'I wouldn't let a fish see me looking like that.'" George's brow beaded suddenly. His hands dived searchingly into various pockets. "Got a cigarette? I left my case in my other suit."

He took a cigarette from me, lighted it with shaking fingers and inhaled deeply.

"It went on like that for thirty minutes. She was crying all the time, of course. I had started down to tell the tug captain it was all off, and I saw a woman's raincoat hanging in the hall. It belonged to someone up in one of the camps, the proprietor told me. I gave him seventy-five dollars to give to whoever owned it when they came out, and took it upstairs. In about ten minutes I persuaded her to wear it over the rest of her outfit until we got to camp. I told her one of the women would be able to fix her up all right when we got there. I didn't believe it, of course. The women at camp were all old-timers; they'd gone in as light as the men; but I had to say something.

"We had quite a trip going in. The guides were at the head of the lake all right—Indian Joe and a new man I'd never seen, called Charlie. I told Joe to take Isabelle—he's one of the best canoemen I ever saw. I was going to paddle bow for my man, but I'd have bet a cooky Indian Joe could stay with us on any kind of water. We had to beat it right through to make camp by night. It's a good stiff trip, but it can be done. I looked back at the other canoe now and then until we struck about a mile of white water that took all I had. When we were through the other canoe wasn't in sight. The river made a bend there, and I thought it was just behind and would show up any minute.

"Well, it didn't show up and I began to wonder. We hit our first portage about ten o'clock and landed. I watched downstream for twenty minutes, expecting to sight the other canoe every instant. Then Charlie, who hadn't opened his head, said 'Better go back,' and put the canoe in again. We paddled downstream for all that was in it. I was stiff with fright. We saw 'em coming about three miles lower down and backpaddled till they came up. Isabelle was more cheerful-looking than she'd been since we left New York, but Joe had that stony face an Indian gets when he's sore.

"I said, 'Anything wrong?' Joe just grunted and drove the canoe past us. Then I saw it was filled with wild flowers. Isabelle said she'd been picking them right off the banks all the way along. She said she'd only had to get out of the boat once, for the blue ones. Now, you can't beat that—not in a thousand years. I leave it to you if you can. Twenty miles of stiff current, with five portages ahead of us and a nine-mile hike at the end of that. I gave that Indian the devil for letting her do such a thing, and tipped the flowers into the Penobscot when we unloaded for the first portage. She didn't speak to me on the portage, and she got into her canoe without a word.

"Nothing more happened going in, except this flower business had lost two hours, and it was so dark when we struck the swamp at Loon Lake that we couldn't follow the trail well and kept stumbling over down timber and stepping into bog holes. She was about fagged out by then, and the mosquitoes were pretty thick through there. Without any warning she sat down in the trail. She did it so suddenly I nearly fell over her. I asked her what was the matter and she said, 'This is the end'—just like that—'this is the end!' I said, 'The end of what, darling?' She said, 'Of everything!' I told her if she sat there all wet and muddy she'd catch her death. She said she hoped so. I said, 'It's only two miles more, darling. Just think, tomorrow we'll be on the best trout water in the world!' With that she said, 'I want my mother, my darling mother,' and bowed her head in her hands. Think it over, please; and remember, I didn't lose my temper. You're sure there's nothing left in your flask?"

"Not a drop, George," I assured him. "Go ahead; we've only twenty-five minutes."

George looked wildly at the clock, then at his watch.

"A man never has it when he wants it most. Have you noticed that? Where was I?"

"You were in the swamp"

"Oh, yes! Well, she didn't speak after that, and nothing I could say would budge her. The mosquitoes had got wind of us when we stopped and were coming in swarms. We'd be eaten alive in another

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Barney Oldfield crossing over Raton Pass in midwinter—A painting by F. S. Cole

"My Marmon Surely Stands the Gaff
-cross continent eight times"
By Barney Oldfield

"I've driven many makes of high grade cars, but none ever had such hard service as my Marmons.

"The reason for this is that since adopting Marmons I have undertaken the manufacture of Oldfield tires, which I test personally. To get definite, first-hand knowledge of how my tires stand punishment, I've driven my Marmons continuously under most extreme conditions—high speed on race tracks, ordinary travel on bad roads and hard going on cross-country trips.

"My Marmons have served as pacemakers for a lot of races during the past two years, and I have driven all over the country visiting Oldfield dealers.

"Mrs. Oldfield is equally enthusiastic over her Marmon Coupe, having driven it across the continent twice. She comments constantly on its easy handling, comfort and dependability.

"I've had a hunch that the national survey of Marmon mechanical maintenance would prove the great economy of this sturdy car, and I'm not surprised that the monthly average is as low as $4.71. My Marmons pile up mileage with practically no maintenance expense to me.

"Believe me, there's no car to equal a Marmon for dependability, performance, and economical maintenance."

MARMON

The Foremost Fine Car

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ten minutes. So I told Joe to give his pack to Charlie and help me pick her up and carry her. Joe said, 'No, by damn!' and folded his arms. When an Indian gets sore he stays sore, and when he's sore he's stubborn. The mosquitoes were working on him good and plenty, though, and at last he said, 'Me carry packs. Charlie help carry—that.' He flipped his hand over in the direction of Isabelle and took the pack from Charlie.

"It was black as your hat by now, and the trail through there was only about a foot wide, with swamp on each side. It was going to be some job getting her out of there. I thought Charlie and I would make a chair of our arms and stumble along with her some way; but when I started to lift her up she said, 'Don't touch me!' and got up and went on. A blessing if there ever was one. We got to camp at ten that night.

"She was stiff and sore next morning—you expect it after a trip like that—besides, she'd caught a little cold. I asked her how she felt, and she said she was going to die and asked me to send for a doctor and her mother. The nearest doctor was at Bangor and her mother was in New Rochelle. I carried her breakfast over from the dining camp to our cabin. She said she couldn't eat any breakfast, but she did drink a cup of coffee, telling me between sips how awful it was to die alone in a place like that.

"After she'd had the coffee she seemed to feel better. I went to the camp library and got The Dry Fly on American Waters, by Charles Darty. I consider him the soundest man in the country. He's better than Pell or Fawcett. My chief criticism of him is that in his chapter on Streams East of the Alleghanies—east of the Alleghanies, mind you—he recommends the Royal Coachman. I consider the Lead-Wing Coachman a serviceable fly on clear, hard-fished water; but the Royal—never! I wouldn't give it a shade over the Professor or the Montreal. Just consider the body alone of the Royal Coachman—never mind the wings and hackle—the body of the Royal is ——"

"Yes, I know, George," I said; "but——"

I glanced significantly at the clock. George started, sighed, and resumed his narrative.

"I went back to the cabin and said, 'Darling, here is one of the most intensely interesting books ever written. I'm going to read it aloud to you. I think I can finish it today. Would you like to sit up in bed while I read?' She said she hadn't strength enough to sit up in bed, so I sat down beside her and started reading. I had read about an hour, I suppose, when she did sit up in bed quite suddenly. I saw she was staring at me in a queer, wild way that was really startling. I said, 'What is it, darling?' She said, 'I'm going to get up. I'm going to get up this instant.'

"Well, I was delighted, naturally. I thought the book would get her by the time I'd read it through. But there she was, as keen as mustard before I'd got well into it. I'll tell you what I made up my mind to do, right there. I made up my mind to let her use my rod that day. Yes, sir—my three-ounce Spinoza, and what's more, I did it."

George looked at me triumphantly, then lapsed into reflection for a moment.

"If ever a man did everything possible to—well, let it go. The main thing is, I have nothing to reproach myself with—nothing. Except—but we'll come to that presently. Of course, she wasn't ready for dry flies yet. I borrowed some wet flies from the club steward, got some cushions for the canoe and put my rod together. She had no waders, so a stream was out of the question. The lake was better, anyway, that first day; she'd have all the room she wanted for her back cast.

"I stood on the landing with her before we got into the canoe and showed her just how to put out a fly and recover it. Then she tried it." A sort of horror came into George's face. "You wouldn't believe anyone could handle a rod like that," he said huskily. "You couldn't believe it unless you'd seen it. Gimme a cigarette.

"I worked with her a half hour or so and saw no improvement—none whatever. At last she said, 'The string is too long. I can't do anything with such a long string on the pole.' I told her gently—gently, mind you—that the string was an eighteen-dollar double-tapered Hurdman line, attached to a Gebhardt reel on a three-ounce Spinoza rod. I said, 'We'll go out on the lake now. If you can manage to get a rise, perhaps it will come to you instinctively.'

"I paddled her out on the lake and she went at it. She'd spat the flies down and yank them up and spat them down again. She hooked me several times with her back cast and got tangled up in the line herself again and again. All this time I was speaking quietly to her, telling her what to do. I give you my word I never raised my voice—not once—and I thought she'd break the tip every moment.

"Finally she said her arm was tired and lowered the rod. She'd got everything messed up with her last cast and the flies were trailing just over the side of the canoe. I said, 'Recover your cast and reel in, darling.' Instead of using her rod, she took hold of the leader close to the flies and started to pull them into the canoe. At that instant a little trout—couldn't have been over six inches—took the tail fly. I don't know exactly what happened, it was all over so quickly. I think she just screamed and let go of everything. At any rate, I saw my Spinoza bounce off the gunwale of the canoe and disappear. There was fifty feet of water just there. And now listen carefully: Not one word did I utter—not one. I simply turned the canoe and paddled to the landing in absolute silence. No reproaches of any sort. Think that over!"

I did. My thoughts left me speechless. George proceeded:

"I took out a guide and tried dragging for the rod with a gang hook and heavy sinker all the rest of the day. But the gangs would only foul on the bottom. I gave up at dusk and paddled in. I said to the guide—it was Charlie—I said, 'Well, it's all over, Charlie.' Charlie said, 'I brought Mr. Carter in and he had an extra rod. Maybe you could borrow it. It's a four-ounce Meecham.' I smiled. I actually smiled. I turned and looked at the lake. 'Charlie,' I said, 'somewhere out there in that dark water, where the eye of man will never behold it again, is a three-ounce Spinoza—and you speak of a Meecham.' Charlie said, 'Well, I just thought I'd tell you.' I said, 'That's all right, Charlie. That's all right.' I went to the main camp, saw Jean, the head guide and made arrangements to leave the next day. Then I went to our cabin and sat down before the fire. I heard Isabelle say something about being sorry. I said, 'I'd rather not talk about it, darling. If you don't mind, we'll never mention it again.' We sat there in silence, then, until dinner.

"As we got up from dinner, Nate Griswold and his wife asked us to play bridge with them that evening. I'd told no one what had happened, and Nate didn't know, of course. I simply thanked him and said we were a little tired, and we went back to our cabin. I sat down before the fire again. Isabelle seemed restless. At last she said, 'George.' I said, 'What is it, darling?' She said, 'Would you like to read to me from that book?' I said, 'I'm sorry, darling; if you don't mind I'll just sit here quietly before the fire.'

"Somebody knocked at the door after a while. I said, 'Come in.' It was Charlie. I said, 'What is it, Charlie?' Then he told me that Bob Frazer had been called back to New York and was going out next morning. I said, 'Well, what of it?' Charlie said, 'I just thought you could maybe borrow his rod.' I said, 'I thought you understood about that, Charlie.' Charlie said, 'Well, that's it. Mr. Frazer's rod is a three-ounce Spinoza.'

"I got up and shook hands with Charlie and gave him five dollars. But when he'd gone I began to realize what was before me. I'd brought in a pint flask of prewar Scotch. Prewar—get that! I put this in my pocket and went over to Bob's cabin. Just as I was going to knock I lost my nerve. I sneaked away from the door and went down to the lake and sat on the steps of the canoe landing. I sat there for quite a while and took several nips. At last I thought I'd just go and tell Bob of my loss and see what he said. I went back to his cabin and this time I knocked. Bob was putting a few odds and ends in a shoulder pack. His rod was in its case, standing against the wall.

"I said, 'I hear you're going out in the morning.' He said, 'Yes, curse it, my wife's mother has to have some sort of a damned operation or other.' I said, 'How would a little drink strike you, Bob?' He said, 'Strike me! Wait a minute! What kind of a drink?' I took out the flask and handed it to him. He unscrewed the cap and held the flask to his nose. He said, 'Great heavens above, it smells like ——' I said, 'It is.' He said, 'It can't be!' I said, 'Yes, it is.' He said, 'There's a trick in it somewhere.' I said, 'No, there isn't—I give you my word.' He tasted what was in the flask carefully. Then he said, 'I call this white of you, George,' and took a good stiff snort. When he was handing back the flask he said, 'I'll do as much for you some day, if I ever get the chance.' I took a snifter myself.

"Then I said, 'Bob, something awful has happened to me. I came here to tell you about it.' He said, 'Is that so? Sit down.' I sat down and told him. He said, 'What kind of a rod was it?' I said, 'A three-ounce Spinoza.' He came over and gripped my hand without a word. I said, 'Of course, I can't use anything else.' He nodded, and I saw his eyes flicker toward the corner of the room where his own rod was standing. I said, 'Have another drink, Bob.' But he just sat down and stared at me. I took a good stiff drink myself. Then I said, 'Under ordinary circumstances, nothing on earth could hire me to ask a man to ——' I stopped right there.

"Bob got up suddenly and began to walk up and down the room. I said, 'Bob, I'm not considering myself—not for a minute. If it was last season, I'd simply have gone back tomorrow without a word. But I'm not alone any more. I've got the little girl to consider. She's never seen a trout taken in her life—think of it, Bob! And here she is, on her honeymoon, at the best water I know of. On her honeymoon, Bob!' I waited for him to say something, but he went to the window and stared out, with his back to me. I got up and said good night and started for the door. Just as I reached it he turned from the window and rushed over and picked up his rod. He said, 'Here, take it,' and put the rod case in my hands. I started to try to thank him, but he said, 'Just go ahead with it,' and pushed me out the door."

The waiter was suddenly hovering above us with his eyes on the dishes.

"Now what do you want?" said George.

"Never mind clearing here," I said. "Just bring me the check. Go ahead, George."

"Well, of course, I can't any more than skim what happened finally, but you'll understand. It turned out that Ernie Payton's wife had an extra pair of knickers and she loaned them to Isabelle. I was waiting outside the cabin while she dressed next morning, and she called out to me, 'Oh, George, they fit!' Then I heard her begin to sing. She was a different girl when she came out to go to breakfast. She was almost smiling. She'd done nothing but slink about the day before. Isn't it extraordinary what will seem important to a woman? Gimme a cigarette.

"Fifteen minutes, George," I said as I supplied him.

"Yes, yes, I know. I fished the Cuddiwink that day. Grand stream, grand. I used a Pink Lady—first day on a stream with Isabelle—little touch of sentiment—and it's a darn good fly. I fished it steadily all day. Or did I try a Seth Green about noon? It seems to me I did, now that I recall it. It seems to me that where the Katahdin brook comes in I ——"

"It doesn't really matter, does it, George?" I ventured.

"Of course, it matters!" said George decisively. "A man wants to be exact about such things. The precise details of what happens in a day's work on a stream are of real value to yourself and others. Except in the case of a record fish, it isn't important that you took a trout; it's exactly how you took him that's important."

"But the time, George," I protested.

He glanced at the clock, swore softly, mopped his brow—this time with the blue-bordered handkerchief—and proceeded.

"Isabelle couldn't get into the stream without waders, so I told her to work along the bank a little behind me. It was pretty thick along there, second growth and vines mostly; but I was putting that Pink Lady on every foot of good water and she kept up with me easily enough. She didn't see me take many trout, though. I'd look for her, after landing one, to see what she thought of the way I'd handled the fish, and almost invariably she was picking ferns or blueberries, or getting herself untangled from something. Curious things, women. Like children, when you stop to think of it."

George stared at me unseeingly for a moment.

"And you never heard of Old Faithful?" he asked suddenly. "Evidently not, from what you said a while ago. Well, a lot of people have, believe me. Men have gone to the Cuddiwink district just to see him. As I've already told you, he lay beside a ledge in the pool below Horseshoe Falls. Almost nothing else in the pool. He kept it cleaned out. Worst sort of cannibal, of course—all big trout are. That was the trouble—he wanted something that would stick to his ribs. No flies for him. Did his feeding at night.

"You could see him dimly if you crawled out on a rock that jutted above the pool and looked over. He lay in about ten feet of water, right by his ledge. If he saw you he'd back under the ledge, slowly, like a submarine going into dock. Think of the biggest thing you've ever seen, and that's the way Old Faithful looked, just lying there as still as the ledge. He never seemed to move anything, not even his gills. When he backed in out of sight he seemed to be drawn under the ledge by some invisible force.

"Ridgway—R. Campbell Ridgway—you may have read his stuff, Brethren of the Wild, that sort of thing—claimed to have seen him move. He told me about it one night. He said he was lying with just his eyes over the edge of the rock, watching the trout. Said he'd been there an hour, when down over the falls came a young red squirrel. It had fallen in above and been carried over. The squirrel was half drowned, but struck out feebly for shore. Well, so Ridgway said—Old Faithful came up and took Mister Squirrel into camp. No hurry; just came drifting up, sort of inhaled the squirrel and sank down to the ledge again. Never made a ripple, Ridgway said; just business.

"I'm telling you all this because it's necessary that you get an idea of that trout in your mind. You'll see why in a minute. No one ever had hold of him. But it was customary, if you fished the Cuddiwink, to drop a few casts over him before you left the stream. Not that you ever expected him to rise. It was just a sort of gesture. Everybody did it.

"Knowing that Isabelle had never seen trout taken before, I made a day of it—naturally. The trail to camp leaves the stream just at the falls. It was pretty late when we got to it. Isabelle had her arms full of—heaven knows what—flowers and grass and ferns and fir branches and colored leaves. She'd lugged the stuff for hours. I remember once that day I was fighting a fourteen-inch fish in swift water and she came to the bank and wanted me to look at a ripe blackberry—I think it was—she'd found. How does that strike you? And listen! I said, 'It's a beauty, darling.' That's what I said—or something like that. . . . Here, don't you pay that check! Bring it here, waiter!"

"Go on, George," I said. "We haven't time to argue about the check. You'd come to the trail for camp at the falls."

"I told Isabelle to wait at the trail for a few minutes, while I went below the falls and did the customary thing for the edification of Old Faithful. I only intended to make three or four casts with the Number Twelve Fly and the hair-fine leader I had on, but in getting down to the pool I hooked the fly in a bush. In trying to loosen it I stumbled over something and fell. I snapped the leader like a thread, and since I had to put on another, I tied on a fairly heavy one as a matter of form.

"I had reached for my box for a regulation fly of some sort when I remembered a fool thing that Billy Roach had given me up on the Beaver Kill the season before. It was fully two inches long; I forgot what he called it. He said you fished it dry for bass or large trout. He said you worked the tip of your rod and made it wiggle like a dying minnow. I didn't want the contraption, but he'd borrowed some fly oil from me and insisted on my taking it. I'd stuck it in the breast pocket of my fishing jacket and forgotten it until then.

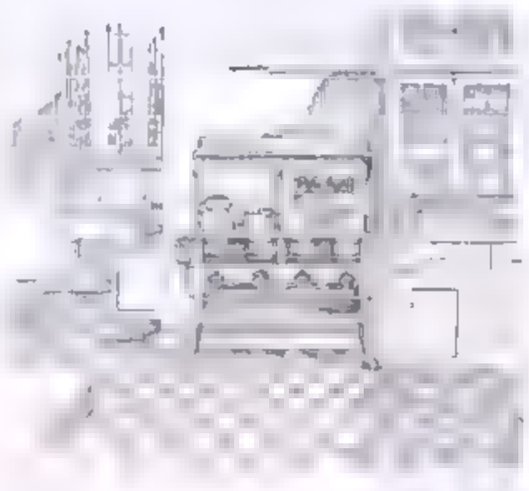
"Well, I felt in the pocket and there it was. I tied it on and went down to the pool. Now let me show you the exact situation." George seized a fork. "This is the pool." The fork traced an oblong figure on the tablecloth. "Here is Old Faithful's ledge." The fork deeply marked this impressive spot. "Here is the falls, with white water running to here. You can only wade to this point here, and then you have an abrupt six-foot depth. 'But you can put a fly from here to here with a long line,' you say. No, you can't. You've forgotten to allow for your back cast. Notice this bend

(Continued on Page 73)

Take out the roast —Turn off the heat

Why burn fuel when it is unnecessary? To prepare three meals a day with a coal range it is necessary to keep a fire all day and sometimes through the night. With a Florence when the meal is ready you turn off the heat.

Every woman wants an attractive kitchen and a small fuel bill, and every woman can have them. The wickless Florence Oil Range will make your kitchen a pleasanter and happier place in which to work and will give you more time for the outside things you love to do.



It burns with a hot flame which can be regulated to intense, medium or simmering by a lever under each burner. The burners are all large and powerful, and the intense heat is brought close to the cooking.

The Florence is surprisingly beautiful—the mantel and chimneys are porcelain enamel in blue or white. Will not discolor, and is easily cleaned with soap and water. The rest of the stove is finished in a satiny, durable, baked-on enamel and nickel trim. Some good hardware or furniture store in your vicinity will have a Florence filled with kerosene so you can see it work. Send for illustrated booklet.

Burner

THE heat is so close under the cooking that there is no loss of time in getting meals under way.

Leveler

EACH leg of the Florence has a simple, practical leveling screw By simply turning this screw the leg may be lengthened or shortened, so that no matter how uneven the kitchen floor the Florence always stands firm and perfectly level.

Oven

NEVER has there been anything better in which to roast or bake than the old Dutch ovens. The Florence Oven is modeled on the same principle, with the Florence Baker's Arch—the top inside corners are arched or rounded to distribute heat evenly to all parts of the oven. The asbestos-lined Florence Heat Distributor prevents the heat from directly striking the bottom of the cooking. Food cannot burn on the bottom in a Florence, and you can bake perfectly on both upper and lower grates.

Heat Dial

UNDER each burner is a dial marked into many divisions. You will quickly learn the amount of heat there will be as you regulate the control lever at each point. To light, raise the chimney, turn the lever to "Light here." Touch a match to the asbestos kindler and you quickly have an intense clear flame.

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Fire

The Mark of Quality

The Spirit of Leadership

NOWHERE has the characteristic spirit of leadership in American industry shown itself more strikingly than in the development of automotive transportation.

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Imbued with this spirit from the beginning, Firestone set the pace in fine tire building by pledging car owners the Most Miles per Dollar.

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Into this tire's building have gone the full cumulative force of twenty-two years' experience and the efforts of an organization numbering thousands of workers.

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MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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Remember, all O-Cedar products are always sold on a guarantee of complete satisfaction. When you need polish or wax, *think*, *say*, and *insist* on O-Cedar.

"Cleans as it Polishes"

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.
Chicago-Toronto-London-Paris-Cape Town

O-Cedar Polish

(Continued from Page 68)

here? That tells the story. You're not more than twenty feet from a lot of birch and what not, when you can no longer wade. 'Well then, it's impossible to put a decent fly on the water above the sunken ledge,' you say. It looks like it, but this is how it's done: Right here is a narrow point running to here, where it dwindles off to a single flat rock. If you work out on the point you can jump across to this rock—situated right here—and there you are, with about a thirty-foot cast to the sunken ledge. Deep water all around you, of course, and the rock is slippery; but—there you are. Now notice this small cove, right here. The water from the falls rushes past it in a froth, but in the cove it forms a deep eddy, with the current moving round and round, like this." George made a slow circular motion with the fork. "You know what I mean?"

I nodded.

"I got out on the point and jumped to the rock; got myself balanced, worked out the right amount of line and cast the dingaree Bill had forced on me, just above the sunken ledge. It didn't take the water lightly and I cast again, but I couldn't put it down decently. It would just flop in—too much weight and too many feathers. I suppose I cast it a dozen times, trying to make it settle like a fly. I wasn't thinking of trout—there would be nothing in there except Old Faithful—I was just monkeying with this doodle-bug thing, now that I had it on.

"I gave up at last and let it lie out where I had cast it. I was standing there looking at the falls roaring down, not thinking about anything in particular, when I remembered Isabelle, waiting up on the trail. I raised my rod preparatory to reeling in and the what-you-may-call-'em made a kind of a dive and wiggle out there on the surface. I reached for my reel handle. Then I realized that the thingamajig wasn't on the water. I didn't see it disappear, exactly; I was just looking at it, and then it wasn't there. 'That's funny,' I thought, and struck instinctively. Well, I was fast—so it seemed—and no snags in there. I gave it the butt three or four times, but the rod only bowed and nothing budged. I tried to figure it out. I thought perhaps a waterlogged timber had come diving over the falls and upended right there. Then I noticed the rod take more of a bend and the line began to move through the water. It moved out slowly, very slowly, into the middle of the pool. It was exactly as though I was hooked onto a freight train just getting under way.

"I knew what I had hold of then, and yet I didn't believe it. I couldn't believe it. I kept thinking it was a dream, I remember. Of course, he could have gone away with everything I had any minute if he'd wanted to, but he didn't. He just kept moving slowly, round and round the pool. I gave him what pressure the tackle would stand, but he never noticed a little thing like that; just kept moving around the pool for hours, it seemed to me. I'd forgotten Isabelle; I admit that. I'd forgotten everything on earth. There didn't seem to be anything else on earth, as a matter of fact, except the falls and the pool and Old Faithful and me. At last Isabelle showed up on the bank above me, still lugging her ferns and what not. She called down to me above the noise of the falls. She asked me how long I expected her to wait alone in the woods, with night coming on.

"I hadn't had the faintest idea how I was going to try to land the fish until then. The water was boiling past the rock I was standing on, and I couldn't jump back to the point without giving him slack and perhaps falling in. I began to look around and figure. Isabelle said, 'What on earth are you doing?' I took off my landing net and tossed it to the bank. I yelled, 'Drop that junk quick and pick up that net!' She said, 'What for, George?' I said, 'Do as I tell you and don't ask questions!' She laid down what she had and picked up the net and I told her to go to the cove and stand ready.

"She said, 'Ready for what?' I said, 'You'll see what presently. Just stand there.' I'll admit I wasn't talking quietly. There was the noise of the falls to begin with, and—well, naturally I wasn't.

"I went to work on the fish again. I began to educate him to lead. I thought if I could lead him into the cove he would swing right past Isabelle and she could net him. It was slow work—a three-ounce rod—imagine! Isabelle called, 'Do you know what time it is?' I told her to keep still and stand where she was. She didn't say anything more after that.

"At last the fish began to come. He wasn't tired; he'd never done any fighting, as a matter of fact. But he'd take a suggestion as to where to go from the rod. I kept swinging him nearer and nearer the cove each time he came around. When I saw he was about ready to come I yelled to Isabelle. I said, 'I'm going to bring him right past you, close to the top. All you have to do is to net him.'

"When the fish came round again I steered him into the cove. Just as he was swinging past Isabelle the stuff she'd been lugging began to roll down the bank. She dropped the landing net on top of the fish and made a dive for those leaves and grasses and things. Fortunately the net handle lodged against the bank, and after she'd put her stuff in a nice safe place she came back and picked up the net again. I never uttered a syllable. I deserve no credit for that. The trout had made a surge and shot out into the pool and I was too busy just then to give her any idea of what I thought.

"I had a harder job getting him to swing in again. He was a little leery of the cove, but at last he came. I steered him toward Isabelle and lifted him all I dared. He came up nicely, clear to the top. I yelled, 'Here he comes! For God's sake, don't miss him!' I put everything on the tackle it would stand and managed to check the fish for an instant right in front of Isabelle.

"And this is what she did: It doesn't seem credible—it doesn't seem humanly possible; but it's a fact that you'll have to take my word for. She lifted the landing net above her head with both hands and brought it down on top of the fish with all her might!"

George ceased speaking. Despite its coating of talcum powder, I was able to detect an additional pallor in his countenance.

"Will I ever forget it as long as I live?" he inquired at last.

"No, George," I said; "but we've just exactly eleven minutes left."

George made a noticeable effort and went on:

"By some miracle the fish stayed on the hook; but I got a faint idea of what would have happened if he'd taken a notion really to fight. He went around that pool so fast it must have made him dizzy. I heard Isabelle say, 'I didn't miss him, George'; and then—well, I didn't lose my temper; you wouldn't call it that exactly. I hardly knew what I said. I'll admit I shouldn't have said it. But I did say it; no doubt of that; no doubt of that whatever."

"What was it you said?" I asked.

George looked at me uneasily.

"Oh, the sort of thing a man would say impulsively—under the circumstances."

"Was it something disparaging about her?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," said George, "nothing about her. I simply intimated—in a somewhat brutal way, I suppose—that she'd better get away from the pool—er—not bother me any more is what I meant to imply."

For the first time since George had chosen me for a confidant I felt a lack of frankness on his part.

"Just what did you say, George?" I insisted.

"Well, it wasn't altogether my words," he evaded. "It was the tone I used, as much as anything. Of course, the circumstances would excuse—still, I regret it. I admit that. I've told you so plainly."

There was no time in which to press him further.

"Well, what happened then?" I asked.

"Isabelle just disappeared. She went up the bank, of course, but I didn't see her go. Old Faithful was still nervous and I had to keep my eye on the line. He quieted down in a little while and continued to promenade slowly around the pool. I suppose this kept up for half an hour more. Then I made up my mind that something had to be done. I turned very carefully on the rock, lowered the tip until it was on a line with the fish, turned the rod under my arm until it was pointing behind me and jumped.

"Of course, I had to give him slack; but I kept my balance on the point by the skin of my teeth, and when I raised the rod he was still on. I worked to the bank, giving out line, and crawled under some bushes and things and got around to the cove at last. Then I started to work again to swing him into the cove, but absolutely nothing doing. I could lead him anywhere except into the cove. He'd had enough of that; I didn't blame him, either.

"To make a long story short, I stayed with him for two hours. For a while it was pretty dark; but there was a good-sized moon that night, and when it rose it shone right down on the pool through a gap in the trees fortunately. My wrist was gone completely, but I managed to keep some pressure on him all the time, and at last he forgot about what had happened to him in the cove. I swung him in and the current brought him past me. He was on his side by now. I don't think he was tired even then—just discouraged. I let him drift over the net, heaved him out on the bank and sank down beside him, absolutely all in. I couldn't have got to my feet on a bet. I just sat there in a sort of daze and looked at Old Faithful, gleaming in the moonlight.

"After a half hour's rest I was able to get up and go to camp. I planned what I was going to do on the way. There was always a crowd in the main camp living room after dinner. I simply walked into the living room without a word and laid Old Faithful on the center table.

"Well, you can imagine faintly what happened. I never got any dinner—couldn't have eaten any, as a matter of fact. I didn't even get a chance to take off my waders. By the time I'd told just how I'd done it to one crowd, more would come in and look at Old Faithful; and then stand and look at me for a while; and then make me tell it all over again. At last everybody began to dig up anything they had with a kick in it. Almost everyone had a bottle he'd been hoarding. There was Scotch and gin and brandy and rye and a lot of experimental stuff. Art Bascom got a tin dish pan from the kitchen and put it on the table beside Old Faithful. He said 'Pour your contributions right in here, men.' So each man dumped whatever he had into the dish pan and everybody helped themselves.

"It was great, of course. The biggest night of my life, but I hope I'll never be so dog-tired again. I felt as though I'd taken a beating. After they'd weighed Old Faithful—nine pounds five and a half ounces; and he'd been out of water two hours—I said I had to go to bed, and went.

"Isabelle wasn't in the cabin. I thought, in a hazy way, that she was with some of the women, somewhere. Don't get the idea I was stewed. But I hadn't had anything to eat, and the mixture in that dish pan was plain TNT.

"I fell asleep as soon as I hit the bed; slept like a log till daylight. Then I half woke up, feeling that something terrific had happened. For a minute I didn't know what; then I remembered what it was. I had landed Old Faithful on a three-ounce rod!

"I lay there and went over the whole thing from the beginning, until I came to Isabelle with the landing net. That made me look at where her head should have been on the pillow. It wasn't there. She wasn't in the cabin. I thought perhaps she'd got up early and gone out to look at the lake or the sunrise or something. But I got up in a hurry and dressed.

"Well, I could see no signs of Isabelle about camp. I ran into Jean just coming from the head guide's cabin and he said, 'Too bad about your wife's mother.' I said, 'What's that?' He repeated what he'd said, and added, 'She must be an awful sick woman.' Well, I got out of him finally that Isabelle had come straight up from the stream the evening before, taken two guides and started for Buck's Landing. Jean had urged her to wait until morning, naturally; but she'd told him she must get to her mother at once, and took on so, as Jean put it, that he had to let her go.

"I said, 'Let me have Indian Joe, stern, and a good man, bow. Have 'em ready in ten minutes.' I rushed to the kitchen, drank two cups of coffee and started for Buck's Landing. We made the trip down in seven hours, but Isabelle had left with her trunks on the 10:40 train.

"I haven't seen her since. Went to her home once. She wouldn't see me; neither would her mother. Her father advised not forcing things—just waiting. He said he'd do what he could. Well, he's done it—you read the letter. Now you know the whole business. You'll stick, of course, and see me through just the first of it, old man. Of course, you'll do that, won't you? We'd better get down to the train now. Track Nineteen."

George rose from the table. I followed him from the café, across the blue-domed rotunda to a restraining rope stretched before the gloomy entrance to Track Nineteen.

"George," I said, "one thing more: Just what did you say to her when she ——"

"Oh, I don't know," George began vaguely.

"George," I interrupted, "no more beating about the bush. What did you say?"

I saw his face grow even more haggard, if possible. Then it mottled into a shade resembling the brick on an old colonial mansion.

"I told her ——" he began in a low voice.

"Yes?" I encouraged.

"I told her to get the hell out of there."

And now a vision was presented to my mind's eye; a vision of twelve fish plates, each depicting a trout curving up through green waters to an artificial fly. The vision extended on through the years. I saw Mrs. George Baldwin Potter ever gazing upon those rising trout and recalling the name on the card which had accompanied them to her door.

I turned and made rapidly for the main entrance of the Grand Central Station. In doing so I passed the clock above Information and saw that I still had two minutes in which to be conveyed by a taxicab far, far from the entrance to Track Nineteen.

I remember hearing the word "quitter" hurled after me by a hoarse, despairing voice.

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HIS BITTER HALF

Continued from Page 15

And then, quite suddenly, Florian stopped short. His eyes took on a speculative, interested light. "Wigglin' tripe!" he ejaculated. "There's another idea which come right outen my own haid."

It was an idea—one that took form rapidly. Admitting that the car was not stolen property, one must also admit that Damocles did not know positively that it was not. Therefore if he could be made to believe that it was, much of the joy of possession would have departed. "It's the same as killin' a man if you c'n scare him to death."

Florian's shoulders went back as he retraced his steps southward on Eighteenth Street. With each lengthening stride his subtle scheme for vengeance assumed more imposing proportions. Briefly, Florian planned to sprinkle salt in the ice cream of the Twigg beatitude. Though he, Florian, could not prove that the new car was stolen, it appeared equally impossible for Damocles to prove that it was not.

"An' what I does," cogitated Mr. Slappey, "is to make him mis'able. Yassuh, jes' that. Unless he knows suttin sure that the car ain't stole, misery is gwine be the one feelin' he ain't gwine have nothin' else but."

Ten minutes later Florian Slappey rang the bell on the door of Sis Callie Flukers' home. Sis Callie, elderly, acrid and eager, eyed her visitor suspiciously. As the champion long-distance gossip of the world she had more than once had occasion to cause severe embarrassment to Florian, and the feeling between them was not one of warm friendliness. But the geniality of Florian's manner was disarming.

"You is lookin' terrible charmin' this mawnin', Sis Callie."

"What you cravin' fum me, Florian?"

"Nothin'. Nothin' 'tall. Jes' dropped by to pass the time of day. How things is with you?"

"Fair to middlin', Florian. An' with you?"

"Quiet, Sis Callie, quiet. They is so awful quiet I could pick up a pin. An' Ise mad too."

"How come?"

"It's that ornery Damocles Twigg an' wife."

Sis Callie pricked up her ears. The Twigg-Slappey imbroglio had proved the most toothsome morsel that had come her way in many a green moon, and here was golden opportunity to extract salient facts from the hitherto Sphinxlike fountainhead of information.

The details of the situation were already fairly familiar to the avid Miss Flukers. She knew that Damocles and Magnesia had probably been engaged from the first, that the unsuspecting Florian had been deliberately tricked into a proposal—or what could be construed as such—by the calculating Magnesia, and that the money he had paid in settlement had furnished the dowry with which Magnesia came to her bridegroom. Ordinarily no champion of Florian's, Sis Callie's sense of justice aligned her with the balance of Darktown in the belief that Florian had been done exceedingly dirt and was entitled to thorough and complete vengeance. And now ——

"That money I earned by runnin' the beauty contes' an' which they gotten off me," Florian was explaining, "they has done bought an automobile with to go on a honeymoon to Hot Boilin' Springs."

"No?"

"Yeh. An' Ise sore. Ise angry plumb th'oo. You ought to see the automobile which they has bought." He lowered his voice confidentially. "He boughten it off a strange cullud man which he didn't know, an' I has heard tell that it's a stolen car."

Sis Callie's eyes popped wide. "You ain't sayin' so?"

"Yes, I is. 'Course I don't know for sure whether it was stole or not, but folks says that the succumstances looks awful suspicious. Ain't no guy sellin' no sixteen-hund'ed-dollar car f' less'n half price less'n they is somethin' fishy 'bouten it."

"Tha's right. That sho'ly soun's correc', Florian. An' it woul'n't be above them doin' jes' that." She laid a friendly hand on Florian's knees. "How come you ever to be sech a fool as to fall in love with Magnesia?"

Florian's teeth clicked angrily. "Fall in love with her? Goshamighty, Sis Callie, I never fell in nothin' with that woman! I ain't fallin' in love with no gal no time. I hates wimmin—s'far's fallin' in love with them is concerned at. All I done with Magnesia was to gallivant aroun' with her a li'l' bit, an' she made out like she took it se'ious, when all the time she was engaged secret to Damocles. She knowed good an' well that I ain't nothin' but a gay Othello, tha's all. But she kept on inducin' me until fust thing you know she had me in hot water. Then her an' Damocles boiled me."

"An' now they has boughten a stolen automobile with the money they got outen you! T'chk! I wishes them a heap of hahd luck."

"An' I wishes them twice as much."

Florian departed, knowing that he had made an excellent start in the campaign to discomfit the bridal couple. Nor had he figured wrongly. Within fifteen minutes of his departure Sis Callie breezed into the handsome residence of Mrs. Dr. Elijah Atcherson, and into the willing ears of that long-tongued lady poured the story of Damocles' business error.

"An' they ain't no doubtin', Mis' Atcherson, that the automobile which Damocles bought was stolen. Chances are he's gwine git arrested or somethin'."

By noon of that day the story had circulated thoroughly through Darktown, embellished with each retelling. At that time each colored person of importance had been informed—and fully believed—that not only was Damocles the purchaser of stolen property but that he had purchased it well knowing that it had been stolen. Eventually the report came to the ears of Damocles and his wife.

His denial was instant and indignant.

Sis Callie, who had carried the tale to headquarters, was insistent. "How you know it ain't a stolen car?"

"I know it ain't, tha's how I knows."

"Well—folks all over town is talkin' 'bout that car was stole by the feller you say you bought it offen, an' Lawyer Chew says if that's so you is mos' likely gwine git in a peck of trouble."

"Fumadiddles! Lawyer Chew don't do nothin' but talk with his mouf."

At the door Sis Callie added a final disquieting comment: "I hopes fo' yo' sake that ev'ybody is wrong, Brother Twigg. But where they is so much smoke they is boun' to be a cigar."

As she departed Damocles turned worried eyes upon his wife.

"'Tain't true," he muttered in a valiant attempt to convince himself.

Magnesia's lips pressed tightly together. "It better not be."

"What do you meah, woman?"

"I mean you bought that automobile with my money, an' if'n it turns out that you bought a stolen car which gits took away fum us you had better make arrangements to travel—an' travel sudden."

"You ain't th'eatenin' me, is you?"

"No-o. Not exac'ly. But if anythin' happens to that car, Damocles-honey, they is gwine be a heap of trouble aroun' this house at the same time you is in it."

The bridegroom was amazed by this display of militancy. Hitherto he had fancied that Magnesia was pretty well under his control. But now ——

"Anyway, it ain't no stolen car."

"You don't know 'tis or 'tain't."

"Ise willin' to bet ——"

"You has bet a'ready, cullud man. An' you has bet with my money. Bes' thing fo' you to do is to see you don't lose yo' bet. Tha's all; absotively all."

Damocles retired miserably to the seclusion of the ramshackle garage in the rear of his cottage. Resplendent to his gaze stood the handsome gray roadster, polished within an inch of its life, distinctive in model, scintillant with special equipment.

"If folks is right," he reflected unhappily, "they woul'n't be no trouble identifryin' it."

The owner of the roadster was no fool. He knew that he had bought the car in fairly good faith. True, there may have been a lurking suspicion that all was not quite as it should be, but on the other hand he had paid a more or less reasonable price for the car. Therefore he knew that he could not be endangered by the law in connection with his possession of the machine. But if it developed that the now

(Continued on Page 76)

WITHOUT DESTINATION

Every day, from every city in the land, thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise is shipped without destination.

True, the shipping tags and packing-boxes bear the names and addresses of consignees. True, in places near and far, men in warehouses will receive them; merchants will put the goods upon their shelves.

But these are not destinations. These are merely junctions. Merchandise is not made for wholesalers or retailers. It is not fashioned to grow old in storerooms or catch dust on shelves.

Yet how many makers ship their merchandise to these junctions and then forget it—ignoring the fact that its journey is not yet completed—failing to provide for it a waiting destination in the homes and business places of those who use it.

They seem to think, these makers, that when their salesmen take an order from a wholesaler or retailer the merchandise is sold. They leave it to shift for itself in the crowded junctions of trade—to find its way, if it can, into the hands of casual buyers who do not seek it, and to whom its quality means nothing.

But these are not the leaders of to-day—and their method is the method of the past. Fewer and fewer they become—harder and harder grows their road. Their merchandise, lost in the maze at the junctions, gives way to products that know where they are going—advertised products whose market is assured.

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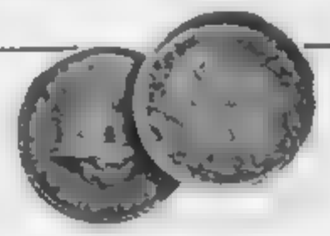


(Continued from Page 74)

popular rumor was founded on fact and the car was actually stolen property, it could be taken from him willy-nilly. That much Damocles knew—and that much he feared.

The taking away of the car spelled disaster for the erstwhile blithesome bridegroom. For one thing, it meant that the thunderbolts of wifely wrath would be loosed upon his head; for another, it meant that considerable prestige would be suddenly lost; for another, it meant that his dream of dreams—a one-week honeymoon at Hot Boiling Springs—would be denied him. Altogether the prospect had become suddenly very drab and dull indeed; so drab that Florian, had he been fully cognizant of the misery that Damocles was at the moment undergoing, would have experienced an elation that was pretty much his just due.

Mr. Twigg seated himself on an overturned soap box and gave careful thought to the predicament in which he found himself. He was not without fertility of brain and he groped earnestly for a solution to his problem. Come what might he dared not face the thought of losing the car. It behooved him then to figure out ways and means for retaining it—and doing so in safety. And finally, when the sun had slanted sharply toward the west, the inspiration came, and he fairly ran into the bridal cottage to explain his scheme to the doubtful and angry wife.

"All I does," he explained, "is to git the car disguised so if'n a detective comes along an' reckernizes it he won't reckernize it."

"How you is gwine do that?"

"Th'oo Castor Snipe. He's a good frien' of mine, an' does I take him a job of wuk he is gwine do which I says an' no questions asked."

She thought it over awhile and nodded heavy approval. "It's got sense," she admitted. "Mo'n what you has."

Twenty minutes later he drove his machine into the musty and narrow confines of Castor Snipe's garage. That lean and hungry mechanic was glad to see his newly married friend, and gave attentive ear to instructions.

"Fust off," explained Damocles, "I wants this car painted blue. Gray ain't no color for nothin' but hearses nohow. Then I reckon you better take off them fenders to make it look mo' sportier. Also remove the isinglass away fum the back of the top an' put in a plate glass instead, an' while you is doin' all that you might as well take off the se'ial number of the car. Se'ial numbers don't do no car no good. Understan'?"

Castor nodded happily. "You sho'ly is aimin' to fix the car up elegant."

"I craves to have the swellest cutdown car in Bummin'ham—an' I craves to have it right now. Reckon you can gimme a quick job of wuk?"

"Yassuh; sho'ly can. Wukkin' quick is the fondest thing I'm of."

"Good. Tha's fine." Damocles rubbed moist palms together unctuously. "You suttinly is the right sort of a frien' fo' a feller to have."

"I an' you always has been good frien's, haven't we, Damocles?"

There was just a hint of wistfulness in Castor's voice; he had been considerably disturbed by Florian's passionate denunciation of his affluent friend.

"Hot dam! Brother, you said it. I loves you like you was my wife's own father. They ain't nothin' I woul'n't do you for." The little eyes narrowed slightly. "An' they ain't nothin' you woul'n' do fo' me, is they?"

"Nary thing."

"A'right. Then you does this: Does anybody ast you whose car is you doin' what to—you says nothin' an' you keeps on sayin' it. They's a heap of foolishment bein' talked aroun', an' the sooner folks knows that they don't know what they know the better off ev'ybody is gwine be. Git me?"

"I gits."

Damocles departed and Castor turned happily to work. Jobs had been few and far between recently and Castor's one-man garage business was not prosperous. Castor well knew the reason: lacking a car himself he was unable to provide road service. To make up that deficiency he had struggled manfully to accumulate the price of a new flivver, but his best efforts still found him nearly one hundred dollars short of the desired goal.

Here, then, was a job that promised fair pay, although the simple Castor had no thought to profiteer against his friend. And there would be undoubtedly considerable advertising value to the present bit of work; he could stand forth as the man who had converted Damocles' bridal roadster into a radiant cutdown speedster.

"Folks ain' even gwine reckernize it when I finishes up," he reflected, and then, whistling, he went to work.

Until late that night Mr. Snipe labored, pausing only briefly about seven o'clock for a flying trip to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where he partook heartily of Brunswick stew and pork sandwiches, washed down by steaming coffee. The following morning at seven o'clock he was again on the job, and by nine all the preliminary work had been done—fenders removed and the car washed and prepared for its painting. The serial-number plate had also been taken off and lay now, unnoticed, in a corner of the garage.

It was upon this scene of industrial activity that Florian Slappey happened. At first there was no recognition in the glance he bestowed upon the car that engaged Castor's laborious attention. And then he understood, and turned somewhat puzzled eyes upon his friend.

"Whose car that is, Castor?"

"Nemmin'."

"Which's?"

"Don't make no diff'ence."

Florian inspected more closely. "Tha's the automobile Damocles Twigg boughten with my britch-of-promise money of his wife's."

"I ain't said it ain't." Castor was a truthful gentleman.

"You ain't said it is."

"I ain't said nothin'."

"Well, is it is or is it ain't?"

"Tha's fo' me to know, Florian, an' you to find out."

The task was not difficult. In common with the millions of persons who have long entertained a passion for car ownership, Florian could recognize any car's make and he discerned readily enough that this was the Twigg automobile. With that certitude his brain commenced a process of deduction.

"What color you is gwine paint it, Castor?" he questioned with simulated indifference.

"Blue."

"It ought to look swell painted that color. When you starts?"

"Right away."

Florian pressed a cigar upon the laboring gentleman and ambled away. Once out of earshot he smacked one fist into the palm of his other hand and emitted an ejaculation of delight.

"If I ain't done nothin' else I have gave Damocles hell! He's heard mebbe his car was stole, an' he's havin' it disguised."

Florian derived immense satisfaction from contemplation of that fact. The rather subtle scheme for discommoding his archenemy had already succeeded beyond his fondest anticipations. And the more he thought of it the more ambitious he became.

Two facts were apparent: Damocles had heard the rumor and Damocles was so perturbed that he was paying out good hard cash to have his car disguised. Ergo, Damocles himself was not entirely sure that the car was not stolen property. And gradually there came to Florian the inspiration to carry his revenge to a logical conclusion. The idea did not arrive full-panoplied, it seeped into his brain bit by bit, but it took concrete form finally, and Florian swung downtown with his lips expanded to a broad and happy smile.

"Time I finishes with Mistuh Damocles Twigg an' wife they ain't gwine think that car is stole. They is gwine know it."

He sought the modest office of Mr. Boston Marble, a dark and silent individual who earned a quarter of his income by writing insurance and the other three-quarters by serving as agent for Cap'n Jackson Ramsay's Pool & Genuine Lottery. Boston was glad to see Florian. Mr. Slappey was one of his best-paying patrons and Boston was more than a little indebted to him for various kindly offices.

Florian lost no time in getting down to brass tacks.

"You know how I hate Damocles Twigg?" he questioned.

Boston, always laconic, nodded affirmation.

"How you like him yo'se'f, Boston?"

"Take how you feel," returned Mr. Marble, "an' add two damns."

"Good. Tha's swellegant. Now lis'en at me ——"

Florian plunged into an oration of explanation. Boston gave attentive ear, nodding occasionally.

"You bein' an insurance agent," finished the enthusiastic Mr. Slappey, "makes it a cinch. You ain't takin' nothin' fum Damocles an' you is simply givin' him a heap of worry. You don't love him none."

"Never has sence he tried to git me kicked out of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise."

"An' so you gits revenge as well as me. Is you with me?"

"I is."

"A'right," exulted Florian. "T'morrow mawnin' you shoots yo' skyrocket."

There was additional earnest conversation before Florian took his leave, and when he did go there was a pleased glint in Mr. Marble's eyes. Next to Semore Masby the uppity Mr. Twigg was his pet aversion.

At ten o'clock the following morning the paint-smeared Castor Snipe looked up from his work to find the solemncholy eyes of Boston Marble bent distrustfully upon him. Castor rose to his feet, a hint of apprehension smiting him. Damocles' car was now half blue and half its original gray tone, the disguising process being but partially completed.

"Mawnin', Castor Snipe."

"Mawnin', Brother Marble."

"You looks like you is busy."

"Looks-like ain't no liar."

Boston circled the car, eying it critically. "Whose automobile that is?"

Castor was on guard. "'Tain't mine."

"I ain't ast whose ain't it. I ast whose is it?"

"Ise paintin' it," stalled Mr. Snipe.

Deliberately Boston looked where the serial-number plate should have been. "Somebody has removed sumthin' offen heah."

"Well—what diff'ence does that make to you?"

"I," explained Boston, "represents a suttin' automobile-insurance comp'ny."

Castor did not effervesce with enthusiasm. "You ain't tellin' me nothin' new."

"I craves to ask you a few questions."

"Ain't nobody stoppin' you, is they?"

Boston discerned a glint in the dust of the floor. He retrieved the discarded number tag and ostentatiously put it in his wallet.

"Reckon tha's gwine make good evidence."

"Huh?"

The keen eyes of the insurance adjuster transfixed the trembly Castor. "Reckon you di'n't know this heah car was stolen propitty, did you?"

"You is doin' a lot of reckonin', Boston."

More inspection of the car and many affirmative t'chks. "'Tain't no mistake—it's the ve'y same car." He looked up commiseratingly. "What you has done got yo'se'f into, Brother Snipe, is a helluva fix."

"How come you says I is in one?"

"Ain't this yo' car?"

"No!" explosively.

"Whose 'tis?"

Castor hesitated, but only for a moment. "It was brung heah by Mistuh Damocles Twigg."

"Ah-ha! Mistuh Twigg, eh? I aispected as much an' a li'l' bit mo'." He nodded portentously. "I sho'ly is glad I ain't Damocles Twigg."

Boston passed majestically through the door. Castor flung a question after him: "Where you is goin' to?"

"Mistuh Twigg's residence."

Castor watched the insurance man pass down the street. He was racked with anxiety for his friend Damocles. So it was true, after all. Damocles had purchased a stolen car! So that was why he wanted the machine disguised? Castor shook his head.

"Mistuh Hahd Luck jes' walked into Damocles' house an' went to bed on the table."

But Mr. Snipe was unswerving in his loyalty. Once Boston was out of sight the lanky garage keeper hotfooted to a telephone and within a minute was in communication with his friend.

"Damocles," he breathed excitedly, "you is in one awful mess."

"How come?"

"This heah car of yourn was stole."

"Offen you?" fearfully.

"No. Offen the feller which owned it before it was stole off him by the feller which sold it to you."

Terror was reflected in the voice of Mr. Twigg. "Who says so?"

"Nobody ain't said so, but I know it's so. Boston Marble, which wuks fo' the insurance folks, was jes' in heah, an' he ast a heap of funny questions. Right now he's on his way to yo' house to make talk with you. You sho'ly better fix up to git out of it or you an' the car is both gwine be took away sudden an' complete."

Damocles snapped the receiver on the hook. It was the work of but a moment to find his bride and explain. His information was not greeted with any wild burst of enthusiasm.

"You po', liver-faced, moth-eaten, seconhan' imitation of a never-could-be man!" she anathematized. "You gits me to wuk Florian Slappey fo' them moneys, an' then you goes an' buys a stole car. Now you is mos' likely goin' to jail an' ——"

"Quit talkin' foolishment with yo' mouf, woman. Ain't nobody goin' to jail no time. Now listen at me. Boston Marble is comin' heah an' he's gwine ast is that my car. An' I is gwine say it ain't."

"Which ain't so much lie as you think."

"They cain't do nothin' to me if that car ain't mine."

"No-o. Leastways they cain't put you in jail fo' receivin' stolen propitty."

"Tha's the way I figgers. Anythin' is better'n bein' in the Big Rock."

"Huh! Tha's what you think. If'n they takes my automobile away fum you you is gwine wish you was in jail."

"Hush yo' talkin'. Us is gwine say that car ain't ourn an' we don't know nothin' 'bout it. An' if they jes' nachelly 'sists that we tell 'em whose car it is we says we don't know, but we hear'n Castor Snipe say it was hisn."

The accusing countenance of Boston Marble appeared on the threshold. He demanded to know if they knew that the car which Castor Snipe was then in the process of disguising was stolen property. They chorused a denial.

"Don't know nothin' 'bout no car Castor has got."

"He said you broughten it there."

"Castor Snipe never did care what he said."

"Ain't it yourn?"

"Us don't own no car."

"H'm!" This was a new development and it intrigued Mr. Marble. "You-all two come along with me. I want you to see that automobile."

Apprehensively they followed. En route to the garage they were seen by Florian Slappey, whose eyes lighted with joy at the expression of transcendent misery on the face of each member of the bridal pair. He joined them, his manner jaunty and suspiciously friendly.

"Whose fun'ral is you-all gwine to?" he inquired lightly.

Damocles and Magnesia favored him with stares of hatred. "Who 'vited you to jine up with us?"

"This is a free country, ain't it? I reckon I c'n walk whomever I wants to with."

The procession wound slowly down the street, Magnesia and Damocles leading the way, glancing furtively at each other from time to time. Boston Marble and his dapper confederate were having the time of their lives. They were united in detestation of the pursy bridegroom, and they realized that they were in for an extremely large afternoon at that gentleman's expense.

"Squirmin' is the one thing I has always wanted to see him do," murmured Florian ecstatically.

"You an' me bofe," returned Boston in a whisper. "But what does us do after he finishes squirmin'?"

Florian shrugged. "That don't make no nevermin's. He c'n take his ol' car then. I gits my seven hund'ed an' fifty dollars back out of how much fun us has."

At the corner of Avenue B, Damocles and his irate wife narrowly avoided collision with a pompous gentleman who swung out of a corner store puffing importantly upon a gold-banded cigar which matched his complexion.

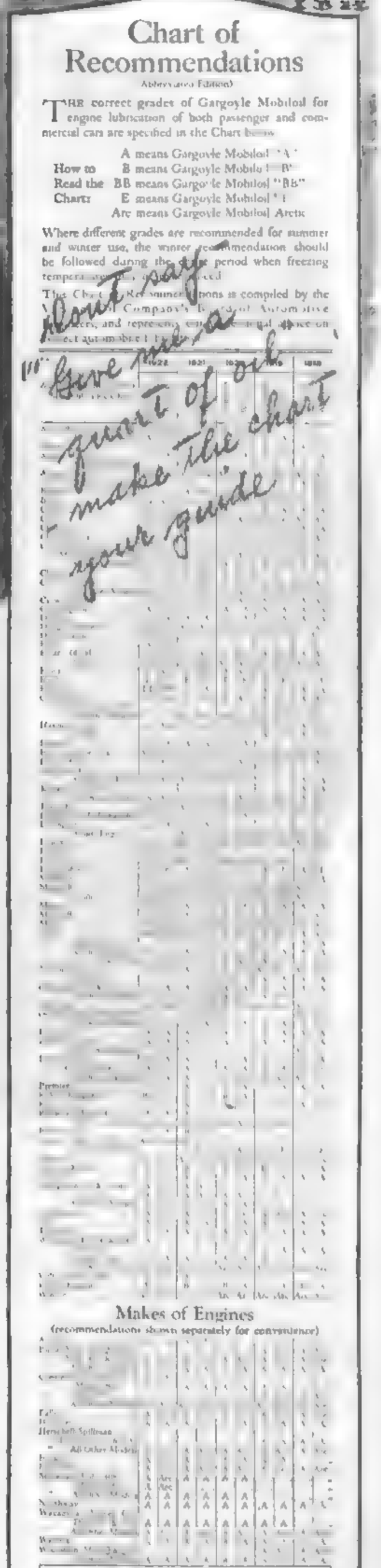
"A-a-h!" breathed this gentleman expansively, "my deah frien's. I greet you!"

Damocles cast a malevolent eye upon the other. "Huh! You might look at who you is runnin' into."

The eyes of Lawyer Evans Chew darkened with pained surprise. "I judge," he commented, "that all is not well with you this blammy day."

Florian snickered. "You ain't even half right, Lawyer Chew. He's mad as hell."

(Continued on Page 81)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(Continued from Page 76)

"Well, well, well!" The light of Birmingham's dusky legal fraternity was not to be stripped of his pervasive good humor. "An' may I speculate upon the cause of yo' indisposition, Brother Twigg?"

"No."

Boston Marble nudged Florian and that gentleman stepped forward with a suggestion. "Come along with us, Lawyer Chew. We craves to let you listen to somethin'."

Damocles transfixed Florian with a bitter glance. "I ain't invited Lawyer Chew to jine us."

"Co'se not," returned Florian cheerfully. "But I has. An' like I remarked a minute since, this heah is a free country. Ain't that a fac', Lawyer Chew?"

"It is," returned the lawyer unctuously. "Accawdin' to the Constitution of the United States, designatin' them powers which was give to the Federal Guv'ment by the sov'eign states of this noble an' ——"

"Fumadiddles!" snapped Damocles. "Le's us be gittin' on."

Florian linked his arm in that of the attorney. "You come along with us, Lawyer Chew. They maybe might be a case heah fo' you."

That decided the matter. Chew joined Boston and Florian in their quickstep behind the irate and nervous couple.

They filed eventually into Castor's garage. Mr. Snipe looked up hopefully.

"Mawnin', Damocles. I hope you 'splained to Mistuh Marble 'bout yo' automobile."

Damocles knew that the eyes of Evans Chew were fixed upon him.

"What you says, Castor?"

"I hope you 'splained 'bout yo' car."

"My car?"

"Uh-huh. Yourn an' Magnesia's."

"You says words, Brother Snipe, but they don't mean nothin'. Magnesia, n'r neither me, ain't got no automobile."

Castor stood rigid. His lanternlike jaw dropped slowly.

"Repeat that over ag'in, Damocles. My hearin' ain't so awful good."

"I says that I, n'r neither Magnesia, ain't got no automobile; never had one an' ain't never aimin' to git one."

Florian Slappey edged to the front. "You see, Castor," he interjected genially, "I tol' you him an' his wife was bofe crooks."

Boston Marble addressed the bridal pair. "Whose car is that?" he queried, designating the semidisguised automobile.

They shook their heads. "We ain't hahdly never saw'n that car before."

"Not hahdly never?"

"Well—skeercely. We did see Castor Snipe drivin' a car jes' like that which he said he had boughten off a strange cullud man."

The situation penetrated the brain of Castor Snipe. Damocles Twigg, his friend, was flirting with the law by reason of an unfortunate purchase, and now, deliberately and cold-bloodedly, he was attempting to pass the buck.

"Goodness Godness, Miss Agnes!" he sizzled, "Does you mean to stan' up there an' tell Boston Marble that not on'y this car ain't you-all two's, but that it's mine?"

"We does," brazened Damocles.

Castor was livid with rage. "In about th'ee minutes, Damocles Twigg, I is goin' to git mad, an' when I does you is gwine be ain't!"

Damocles ducked. "Anyway," he flung back, "that car belongs to Castor Snipe, an' I know it."

To Magnesia, as they walked swiftly up the street in the effort to place as much distance as possible between themselves and the justifiably irate Mr. Snipe, Damocles said, "I reckon that was a soht of mean trick to do Castor; but anythin' is better than us gittin' in jail."

"Huh!" bitterly. "I hope you is gwine keep on thinkin' so, Damocles. Because not on'y us keeps out of jail but also us keeps out of that hotel at Hot Boilin' Springs."

Meanwhile in the garage the tableau held until the bridal couple had disappeared. Castor Snipe, oppressed with the difficulty of proving that he was not the owner of the ill-starred car, was staring in horror at Boston Marble. And then quite suddenly the tense atmosphere of the musty workshop was split by a peal of full-throated laughter that emanated from between the lips of Mr. Florian Slappey. That gentleman had become convulsed with paroxysms of joy, and gradually an answering grin appeared on the habitually tight lips of Mr. Marble. Castor stared uncertainly from one to the other. He saw nothing humorous in the situation. Here he was, betrayed by his best friend, apparently owning a stolen automobile that was even then in the process of being disguised by him. Yet before him stood Boston Marble and Florian Slappey, both gentlemen of poise and distinction, convulsed with mirth.

"If Mistuh Idea is snoopin' 'roun' this garage," mused Castor unhappily, "I hope he applies fo' lodgin' in my brain."

The misery reflected upon Castor's face appeared to increase the merriment of his tormentors. Boston, now fully entered into the swing of enjoyment, fairly quivered with merriment. He and Florian gravitated toward each other and flung arms about shoulders. They howled hysterically. And only when Castor grimly demanded an explanation did they pull loose and make efforts to control themselves. It was Florian who addressed the dumfounded Mr. Snipe.

"Well, Castor," he inquired, "what you now thinks of yo' good frien', Mistuh Twigg?"

"If I was to say that, Florian, they would be two things I could be arrested for."

"Is you willin' to b'lieve me when I says he's a crook?"

"Tha's jes' where I stahts believin'."

"Is you willin' to admit that all my britch-of-promise trouble was a frame-up?"

"I admits anythin' you want 'bout them folks an' a heap mo' which I is too dignified to mention."

Lawyer Evans Chew, all this while a silent and puzzled spectator to the scene, now edged his way into the center of the group. He was well aware that something of a peculiar nature had occurred.

"S'posin' you-all 'splain this heah thing to me," he suggested.

Florian's vivid explanation was punctuated by snickers from him and the usually taciturn Boston Marble. And as Lawyer Chew listened his eyes opened wider and the hawserlike watch chain suspended across his flowered waistcoat fairly leaped with excitement. When the explanation was completed it was Lawyer Chew who grandiosely assumed charge of the situation. He turned a benevolent gaze upon the astounded Castor Snipe.

"I congratulates you, Brother Snipe."

"Says which?"

"I congratulate you on this mighty fine automobile of yourn."

"I ain't got no automobile."

"Who says you ain't?"

"I does."

"Whose car is it?"

"Damocles Twigg's."

"He says it ain't hisn."

"He ain't nothin' on'y a liar."

The attorney chuckled. "I woul'n't go callin' no harsh names against Brother Twigg, Castor. On account he has jes' said this car was yourn. Of course, as you now comprehend, he made said statement under the misapprehension that same was stolen property which he would get into jail for bein' seized and possessed of. The point bein' that if you say the car is hisn an' he says it ain't hisn but yourn, then it must be such."

Castor shook his head in bewilderment. "Ise in deep water," he moaned, "an' I don't know nothin' 'bout swimmin'."

The sudden relief at learning that he was not about to become involved in trouble was reflected upon his Cimmerian-hued countenance. But that brought no understanding.

"What you is gwine do with that car, Castor?"

"Which car?"

"Yourn. There."

"'Tain't my car. It's Damocles'."

"He says it's yourn."

"I don't care what he says. He never was lovin' the troof much."

"Listen at me, Castor Snipe." Lawyer Chew summoned his most barristerlike pose. "As between you an' Damocles Twigg, that there car belongs to Mistuh Twigg. But as between you an' a innocent third pusson, the car would belong to same. Does you understan'?"

"Uh-huh. But I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that was you to sell that car to someone else Damocles Twigg would be estopped fum sayin' that it wasn't yo' car on account he has said in public that it is. In other words, was you to sell that car you could sell what you owns in same, an' since the on'y pusson in the world who c'n say you don't own it is Damocles Twigg an' since he cain't say it on account he has a'ready said it was yourn, then the title you would pass to a purchaser is puffec'ly good against Mistuh Twigg, an' he is the on'iest pusson which counts."

Castor was not convinced. "Mebbe so, Lawyer Chew—but I has had trouble enough with that ol' car. An' I ain't gwine git myse'f into no mo' foolishness."

Florian had given strict attention to the verbose explanation of the erudite attorney. He was satisfied that Lawyer Chew knew his law.

"Whose car is that, Lawyer Chew?" inquired Slappey.

"That," returned the man of law pompously, "is one of the mootest questions which has been ast me in a long time."

"The way I understan's it is that the car ain't Damocles' n'r neither Castor's, but does Castor sell it to someone it would be hisn. Is that right?"

"You are imminently correc', Brother Slappey."

"In other words, was Castor to sell me that automobile Damocles couldn't never say he didn't have no right to do such?"

"Yo' understandin' has all the clarity of yo' 'loocidation."

Florian turned to the bewildered Castor. "You is needin' 'bout a hund'ed dollars to buy yo'se'f a service car, ain't you?"

"Yeh."

"Well, I offers you one hund'ed dollars fo' this car an' also fifty mo' dollars fo' finishin' up the repairs."

Castor shook his head. "You talks foolishment, Florian."

"Ise willin' to buy what you has to sell."

"Ain't got no car to sell."

"Ain't he, Lawyer Chew?"

"He c'n sell such right, title an' intrus' as he is possessed of."

"One hund'ed an' fifty dollars when the repairs is done," tempted Florian.

"Lawyer Chew, is you shuah I won't git into no trouble if'n I sells Florian this car?"

"I is."

Castor extended an eager hand. "Gimme them hund'ed an' fifty dollars, Florian. The repairs is gwine be finished day after t'morrow an' I delivers the car then. It's yourn s'far's I is concerned at."

Precisely forty-eight hours later Florian Slappey dropped in at Castor Snipe's garage. Before the door stood a new and shiny truck of the flivver type.

"My new service car," explained Castor, "which I bought with the money I done had saved up an' that hund'ed an' fifty extry I got fum you."

Inside the garage was the one-time gray roadster, now beautifully disguised. Florian surveyed it with the pleased pride of ownership.

"Hot dog! Castor, it looks elegant! The hund'ed an' fifty I give you fo' it, an' the seven hund'ed an' fifty dollars which was britch-of-promised away fum me by them crooks, makes this heah car cost me nine hund'ed dollars. Seein' that it's wuth ev'y cent of sixteen hund'ed, I makes seven hund'ed on the deal."

He mounted to the driver's seat, touched the starter and thrilled to the rhythmic hum of the exquisitely tuned motor. From the seat he waved a joyous farewell to Castor Snipe. Then he drove direct to his boarding house.

It was the work of but a half hour to change into a new and natty gray suit of clothes and pack a shiny new suitcase. That done, Florian once again entered his car, suitcase beside him. Grinning happily he drove to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Damocles Twigg. In answer to his insistent honking they came eventually to the curb, where they gazed in amazement upon the resplendent automobile and the blissful Florian.

To them Florian explained that he had purchased the car from Castor Snipe. Magnesia emitted a howl of protest. "But it was a stolen car."

"No," said Florian; "it turned out that this wasn't the car a-tall."

"Then," snapped Damocles, "it's mine."

"You go ask Lawyer Chew is it. You said befo' witnesses that it was Castor's, an' on the strength of what you said I boughten it off Mistuh Snipe. Me bein' an innocent third pusson, said car is now mine fo' better or worse."

Damocles was a business man; he knew that Florian's position was impregnable. But the situation did not appeal to Magnesia. All she knew was that she had worked hard and obtained nothing. The luring of Florian into a position that resulted in a breach-of-promise suit, the purchase of the automobile—it appeared to her merely as though her husband had blundered inexcusably. She turned wrathfully to Damocles and expressed her opinion in unmistakable terms.

"I hopes," said Florian suavely, "that you two happy couple stays as merry all th'oo life as what you is now."

He slipped into low gear and rolled slowly away from the curb. Magnesia and Damocles stared bitterly after him.

"Wh-where is you goin', Florian?"

Mr. Slappey injected the full radiance of his fascinating personality into the smile he bestowed upon the dejected couple.

"Oh, me?" he answered easily as the car crept forward. "I is jes' goin' up to Hot Boilin' Springs on your honeymoon!"

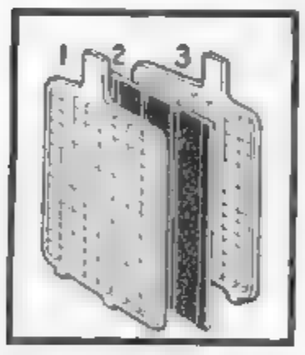
The Inside Story of Now Told for the First Time

by T. A. WILLARD

SEVEN years ago we, as well as other battery builders, used wood for insulating the battery plates of storage batteries and separating them from each other. By careful selection for uniformity and durability and by special treatment, we built a very satisfactory battery—which we still make and which gives good service.

But I was never wholly satisfied, because wood is a *purely natural product* and has some disadvantages for that reason. Nature never made two pieces of wood exactly alike, and no one piece is uniform either in durability or in another important quality—porosity.

This variation affected both the life of the insulation and also its efficiency—because when it began to wear out, the plates did not function properly.



How Insulation is Used in a Battery: 1. Negative plate. 2. Insulator. 3. Positive plate.

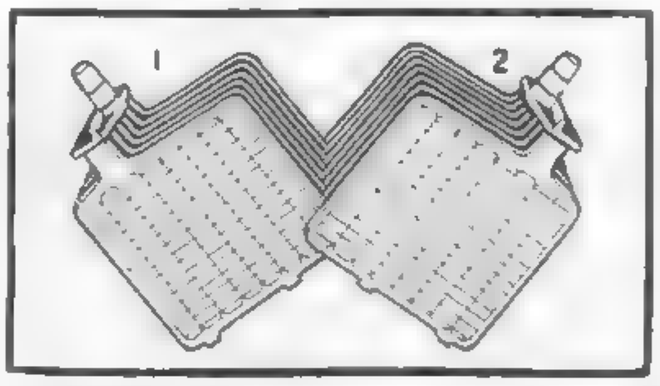
Often, too, the wood insulation would wear out entirely and have to be replaced before the plates were worn out, and this cost the owner $10.00 or more.

I Wanted a Better Balanced Battery

It didn't seem right to me to put plates that would have a long and satisfactory life into a battery with insulation that averaged eighteen months.

Sometimes the life was much longer. After I began to write this story, one of our dealers sent us the name plate of a Willard Battery made in 1912. It had been on two cars, had had three owners, had been re-insulated over, and was still good!

But the average owner doesn't keep any car or battery that long. He'd rather have a two to three year battery that wore out all at once—like the deacon's One-Hoss Shay—and gave



1. "Group" of positive plates.
2. "Group" of negative plates.

The two are put together so that the positive and negative plates alternate. Then the insulators are inserted between the plates.

no trouble or expense in all that time, than a six-year battery that had to be tinkered with every little while. I knew that better insulation would give us that kind of battery.

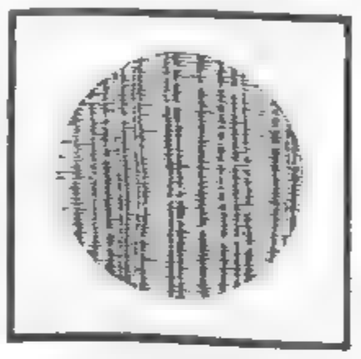
I Wanted to Use Rubber

I always had wanted to use rubber. It was acid-resisting, durable, and the best insulating material known; but it wasn't *porous*, and how to make it so seemed for a time a problem that no battery builder could solve.

By this time you are wondering why battery insulation must be porous, and as this is a very interesting point I will endeavor to explain it.

Why Insulation Must be Porous

In a battery there are two entirely different things taking place. One is chemical action, the other electrical action—without the first you can not have the second.



Section of wood magnified showing the cellular structure which is not entirely uniform.

The electrical current must be prevented by the insulation from jumping directly from the positive plate to the negative one, because we wish it to take the longer route along the wires and through the starting motor, spark plugs and lamps.

But the chemical action of the battery solution must go right *through the insulation* from plate to plate. In wood, the battery solution is drawn by capillary attraction through the cells of the wood. The problem was to find a way to let it pass through rubber. At first it was thought this could be done by boring holes in the rubber—but the holes were always too big—they filled

Willard

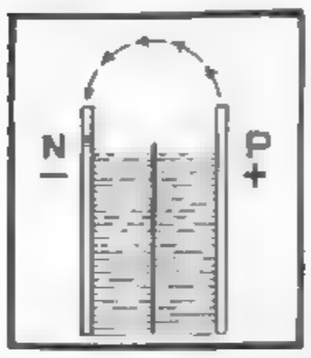
THREADED RUBBER

up with lead from the plates and let the electric current jump across, making a "short circuit".

The Idea of Using Threads

Somehow I got the idea that if I could find a way to draw little cotton threads through the rubber, I could then dissolve out the threads by acid and they would leave the tiny holes I was looking for.

After long experimenting we did find a way to pierce a solid block of rubber with threads so close together that there were over 5,000 of them to

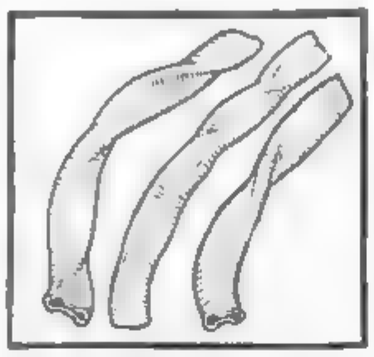


A Simple Diagram of Battery Action. Chemical action (shown by dotted lines) goes from plate to plate directly through the porous separator. Electrical action goes from positive plate through the electrical system of the car and back to negative plate.

a square inch. Then we cut the rubber into slices and each slice was pierced from front to back with 196,000 threads.

But I did not have to dissolve out the threads. They proved indestructible in the battery acid—and the acid was drawn through the cotton cells by capillary action just as it was through the wood cells!

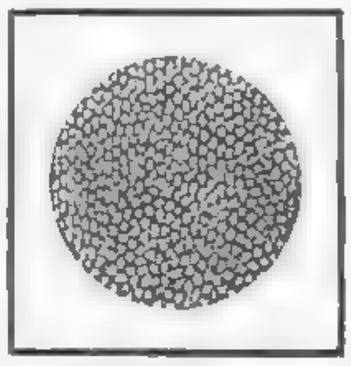
We had achieved absolutely uniform porosity with complete and durable insulation. And we now had the properly balanced battery that I had been working for.



Cotton Fibers magnified. They are like little tubes through which the battery acid is drawn by capillary attraction.

The First Test

Then we built Threaded Rubber Batteries and put them on a limited number of cars for a thorough test. Some of them are still in the cars after seven years. They showed all the durability I was looking for—and a number of things I had hardly expected, among them higher voltage or force to spin the engine, greater resistance to summer heat and winter cold, less need of recharging and other good qualities.



Section of threaded rubber magnified—showing uniform distribution of threads, and hence uniform porosity.

After this test had lasted two whole years and the evidence was too positive to be doubted, we announced the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery, for sale to motorists generally.

Now Used by 134 Car Builders

Since then over 134 car builders have adopted the Threaded Rubber Battery. It has already saved hundreds of thousands of dollars formerly spent in repairing battery insulation.

No battery is, or ever will be, 100% acid-proof, electricity-proof, or proof against ignorance, abuse, leakage in the wiring system and so on. But the way we are making Threaded Rubber Batteries today, there is no question that they show more energy to spin the motor, longer life, and less need of recharging and repairs than any other automobile batteries we ever built.

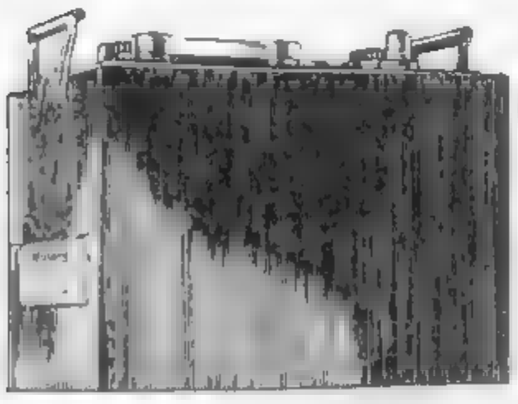
WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO

T. A. Willard

President

Willard Wood Insulated Batteries

The Batteries that Built Willard Reputation



The high quality and reasonable prices of Willard Wood Batteries appeal to many car owners with whom immediate economy is a serious question, but who realize that no one can afford a battery with less than this sturdy, dependable value built into it, and the name and reputation of Willard back of it

Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries

The Batteries Used on 134 Makes of Cars

Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are being purchased by constantly increasing thousands of car owners for replacement. They do this, not only for greater assurance against repairs, but for greater resistance to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and greater vim and punch to start their engines.

Ask your Willard Dealer also about Willard "A" and "B" Radio Batteries. They reduce noises and increase efficiency.

Batteries

Drink it through a STRAW

"At home"

whenever refreshments are served

To entertain cleverly and in up-to-date fashion, a touch of original daintiness is needed. Stone's Straws add just such a touch when serving cold drinks.

As for TASTE—the "best drink tastes better through a straw." Remember that! Children know it and love to drink through Stone's Straws. And luckily they do, for their use prevents gulping. Let them drink their daily quart of milk this more healthful way.

Use Stone's Straws at home whenever cold drinks are served. They safeguard your health and protect the clothing. Get a box at your druggist's today. The cost is small.

NOTE: Always ask for a straw or two at the soda fountain.

The Stone Straw Co

ENGLISH AMERICAN FACTORIES
GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.
FACTORIES
WASHINGTON, D. C. BALTIMORE, MD.

ORIENTAL LIFE AND LABOR

(Continued from Page 17)

It was the General Federation of Labor that ordered the strike at the great Kawasaki Shipyards at Kobe in 1921. These were the most serious labor disorders that Japan has had to cope with. The men walked out because they were refused an increase in pay. When strike breakers were put in, the yards were stormed. The company finally had to compromise. During my stay in Japan 5000 men went on strike at the Yokohama shipyards because 1000 of them had been laid off and were refused the retirement allowance. This allowance is the bonus which precedent dictates that the Japanese employer must give his men when he dismisses them. It is shared in by skilled and unskilled, efficient and inefficient alike. Whether a man works for six weeks or six years he gets it. It grew out of the family system, by which everyone must care for his own in some way.

In addition to the strike, the Japanese unionist has two other potent weapons with which to combat his employer. One is indirect and characteristically Oriental, for it is nothing more nor less than personal violence against the bureaucracy. The assassination of Premier Hara was a lamentable example of it. The fanatic who stabbed him had no grievance against his victim, but he felt that the proletariat was being oppressed. This policy of personal violence, which has developed during the past few years, explains the nervousness of the authorities with respect to labor or socialistic gatherings.

The other method is through the Japanese conception of sabotage, which is called "Go slow." The workers go to their lathes or benches as usual, but refrain from any useful labor, all the while maintaining perfect order and carefully abstaining from any trouble with the police. This procedure has the added advantage of throwing the expense of the industrial conflict upon the employers, a very important matter when the extreme poverty of the Japanese laborer is taken into consideration. He has all the advantages of going on strike without any of its handicaps.

The Floating-Labor System

Everywhere in Japan the tendency of labor is toward organization. No other class of labor is so degraded as that of agriculture. The Japanese farmer literally ekes out an existence with primitive tools and incessant toil. The average farm throughout the empire is less than three acres in area, and most of the tillers are tenants. Even this worm has begun to turn, for the first mass meeting of tenant farmers was held at Kobe last April, when a program was outlined to improve working conditions, establish a rural newspaper, and take advantage of the advance made in the science of farming in the West. It showed that the farmer is emulating the example of the mill worker and expects to better his condition through organization.

Besides members of the unions and craft guilds, Japan has a large floating labor population which presents something of a difficult problem to the employer, especially the alien contractor. These laborers range from coolies to artisans and are controlled in groups by a boss, who is very much like the Italian padrone in the United States. This boss guarantees his gang a living wage, whether the members work or not. He usually sees that they are busy. For every day they work the men pay him fifty sen. Since some of the gangs number a hundred, the rake-off is considerable, measured by Japanese standards.

The center of the floating-labor business is Tokio. At a place called Kanda, the gangs assemble every morning at five o'clock—the Japanese go to bed at nine and are up at dawn—when they are assigned to their tasks. Employers must send representatives here daily to get help. The floating laborer is a real bird of passage. Hence the labor turnover in Japan is frequent. It is estimated that 60 per cent of the men on every job in Tokio—and it also holds good at Kobe and Osaka—are new every twenty-four hours. On big construction the builders get reliable foremen and make them live on the spot. This is why one sees dozens of tumble-down shacks built of corrugated iron or waste lumber surrounding every excavation, and there they remain until the work is completed.

In connection with Japanese labor let me tell the story of the invasion of Tokio by one of the best-known American construction companies. Just as Commodore Perry opened up the empire to world trade, so did this concern introduce Japan to American get-there building methods, and in circumstances not without their element of humor.

Up to 1920, when the American firm arrived, there were no skyscrapers in Japan. Building height is restricted to 100 feet, which would make about eight stories. No Japanese structure for commercial purposes had approached anywhere near this maximum. One of the greatest of Japanese corporations, the Mitsubishi Company, was crowded for office space, so it decided to erect a big building after the American pattern. Many engineering problems peculiar to Japan had to be solved by these pioneers, the chief one relating to foundations.

On account of the poor soil in Tokio it was necessary to use Oregon pine piles fifty feet in length. The best Japanese engineers maintained that these piles would not bear the burden of concrete and steel which had to be placed upon them. When the first were put down thousands of spectators gathered. That was only one innovation. Structural steel and reenforced concrete were also novelties. As story after story rose from the ground the site of the building continued to draw multitudes. It was one of the shows of Tokio.

The Japanese displayed great aptitude in becoming monkeys, as the steel workers are called. They labored under a serious handicap, however, when royalty came along. In Japan no one can look down upon a member of the royal family. Therefore, when the emperor or the crown prince rode or drove by, the workers had to scamper to the ground hotfoot. Otherwise they would have been placed under immediate arrest.

This construction company did more than introduce American building methods. In Japan even the unionists do not observe the eight-hour day. As was the case in Germany before the war, the average working day ranges from ten to twelve hours and sometimes longer. The New York firm not only installed the eight-hour day but also liability insurance, which was absolutely unheard of in Japan up to that time. They also provided hospital treatment for people injured in their employ. That was another new wrinkle that soon led to abuse. The Japanese worker found it much easier to loaf in a clean and sanitary hospital at half pay than to risk his life on a steel skeleton. One man in particular seemed to be continually on the sick list, for he was in the hospital five times. The foreman began to suspect him, and one day found him smashing his toe with a hammer.

Another innovation was what American corporations call a fixer, whose principal job was to settle with the families of the men injured in service. One day a woman carrying a child on her shoulder came to see the fixer to get compensation for her husband, who had been killed the week before. She was offered 6000 yen, which was the established price for a life.

The superintendent of construction happened to be standing near by when she arrived, and after sizing up the woman he said, "She looks so pitiable that I think we ought to give her more."

The fixer remonstrated, saying, "Don't worry about this woman. She is to be married to her late husband's brother next week."

It appeared that the husband's brother had just lost his wife, so the two bereaved ones had decided to console each other.

In addition to the pioneer skyscraper that I have mentioned, the American firm is also erecting similar structures in Tokio for the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the N. Y. K., Japan's leading steamship company, and the Japan Oil Company. The picturesqueness of view in the capital, with its temples, tiled roofs and acres of pine trees, is now broken by a real metropolitan skyline. Kobe has also joined the procession of cities that are constructing tall buildings. The East will soon resemble the West in more ways than one.

A Gloomy Outlook

To return to the general labor situation in Japan, one needs no diagram to show that the future looks dark. On the one hand is the capitalist, accustomed to dividends ranging from 25 to 75 per cent, and strongly supported by the government agencies. On the other is militant labor, increasing in power and numbers, with its constant threat of sabotage and personal violence, and with a growing sense of class consciousness. To this must be added a gloomy industrial outlook, because labor is not efficient, costs of production are excessive and the quality of the product is inferior.

Under these conditions it is difficult to see how Japan can compete in the markets of the world with the United States, England and especially Germany, whose labor is docile and effective and whose wages are comparatively low. The solution lies in a more intensive industrialization; capital must be satisfied with less return; the exploitation of labor must cease; a higher degree of scientific management in factories is imperative. Unless Japan does these things it is not unlikely that labor will go to extremes. The unions are getting into a position where they can dictate to the employer. It is one of the many startling phases of a changing Japan.

Turn to China and you find labor presenting a solid front. It is coordinated for offensive and defensive purposes through the guilds, which are almost as old as Chinese civilization itself. Capital—and this includes banks, merchants and manufacturers—is united through the same kind of agency. The line-up presents very much the same spectacle as

(Continued on Page 87)

The Thirteen Servants of an American Home in Peking. They Include Five Rickshaw Men, Two Cooks, Two Coolies, a Gatekeeper, a Gardener, a Chauffeur and the "No. 1 Boy"

Eitman's
Sampler
CONFECTIONS

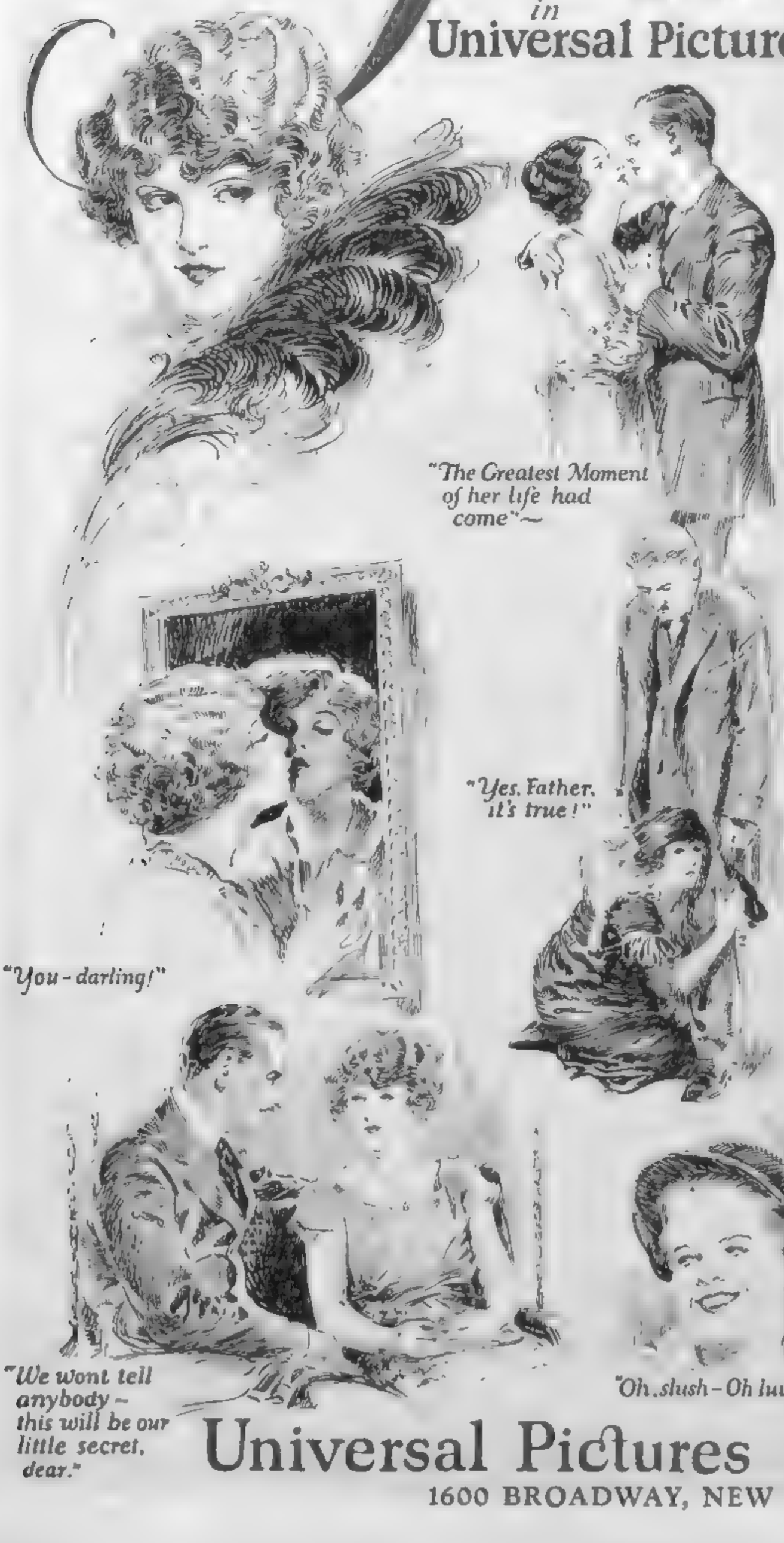
CARL LAEMMLE *presents*

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S Masterpiece

"The Flirt"

in

Universal Pictures

Booth Tarkington

"The Greatest Moment of her life had come"—

"Yes, Father, it's true!"

"You - darling!"

"We wont tell anybody – this will be our little secret, dear."

"Oh, slush – Oh luv-aly slush!"

"Cora! Cora! get up! are you crazy?"

The Picture Event of the Year

SHE was sweet of face and graceful of figure—so alluring, in fact, that she captivated herself. And often she pressed her lips to her own image in the mirror and murmured "You darling!" She mowed the swains down right and left, and awoke to the shallowness of her soul only after she had involved her loved ones in grief and near-tragedy.

It is such a story as Booth Tarkington has always loved to write—full of dramatic situations, irresistible humor and just enough pathos now and then to arouse the softer emotions. No one knows American life as Tarkington knows it, no one can depict it more graphically.

I earnestly desire everybody in this country to see "The Flirt." And don't forget that you can't see all that is best in pictures until you have seen UNIVERSALS.

Carl Laemmle
President

Universal-Jewel Production

Presented with the following brilliant cast:

Eileen Percy	Helen Jerome Eddy
Buddie Messinger	George Nichols
Edward Hearn	Lloyd Whitlock
Harold Goodwin	Bert Roach
Lydia Knott	William Welch
Tom Kennedy	Dorothea Wolbert

Directed by HOBART HENLEY

Watch for it, or, better still, ask your theatre manager when it will be shown

Universal Pictures Corporation

1600 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 84)

the United States with its unions on one hand and the many employers' associations on the other. Our unions, however, wield nothing like the power vested in the guilds.

No phase of Chinese life and labor is more characteristic than this guild organization, which expresses what we would call collective bargaining, plus various unique details. Originally formed to protect the merchant and the craftsman, to regulate trade and banking, and to standardize the apprentice system, it developed prerogatives far in advance of those enjoyed by kindred bodies in medieval Europe, such as the goldsmiths' or hatters' guilds of London, Ghent, Cologne or Florence. The latter often had control over the municipal and religious, as well as commercial life of the community. The Chinese guild, which has survived all the European types, is social and economic. Modern methods have in no way weakened its influence. In fact, it is stronger today than ever before.

If there is any one thing that the Chinese fears or hates more than the devils he is constantly exorcising, it is a lawsuit. During the past ten years the guild has developed into an arbiter between merchants and become a sort of lawsuit-saving device which might profitably be emulated in America.

There is no need of going into the technical organization of the guild, whether for merchants, craftsmen, coolies or artisans. It is a close-knit union that has been well called a self-governing bit of democracy. Its decisions are reached by majority vote and every reputable man in the calling it represents is entitled to membership. It is safe to say that practically every male person who labors or touches commerce in any way is a member of a guild. Once a man betrays the body or even breaks one of its rules he is doomed.

Bandits and Burglars' Guilds

A member of the goldbeaters' guild at Soochow engaged a greater number of apprentices than the rules permitted. He was able to do this by entering into a conspiracy with a local magistrate. This gave him some degree of legal protection. His fellow members vowed vengeance on him. They discovered that biting to death is no murder, as the technical phrase goes. Therefore, more than a hundred of his colleagues called upon him in succession and each one departed with a bloody mouth and carrying a souvenir in the shape of a section of the unfortunate man's anatomy. Within twenty-four hours he was dead. Such amiable performances as this—and I could cite a good many more—show to what extent a guild will go to punish an offender.

Just as nearly everybody in China joins a guild, so is there a guild for everything. One of the most picturesque is the beggars' guild. In China alms seeking is an ancient and honorable calling, and children are trained for it, sometimes from the age of four years. They are taught to array themselves in the filthiest possible garments and to affect misery and suffering. Many of the professional beggars would make good actors in the theaters. If a mendicant encroaches upon the preserves of one of his mates he is haled before the guild and brought to book.

No calling is too debased or lowly to have a guild. Even the bandits down in Shan-tung have a union. The guild business has reached such an extent that I was seriously told by a man in Hangchow that the burglars had formed a guild and that by connivance with the police they are informed whenever a citizen takes out a license to carry a revolver.

The finest and stateliest figure in Chinese life is the guild merchant, who goes back thousands of years. Perhaps the richest and most powerful of all the merchant guilds was the famous Thirteen Firms, or the Co-hong of Canton. It flourished in the day when Canton was the only Chinese port open to foreign trade. This commerce had to be regulated, and the Co-hong did it, never overlooking a bet. So valuable were the pickings that a membership in it cost £66,000, which makes the price of a seat on the New York Stock Exchange look sick. The members amassed immense wealth. One of them, for instance, left a fortune of $26,000,000, which was the largest personal accumulation of money in China up to that time.

With the opening up of other ports to world trade the Co-hong declined. Canton, however, remains a city of guilds. At the present time there are seventy-two. Just how far-reaching is their influence you will discover when I tell the story of the Hong-Kong strike.

One further aspect of guild life must be explained. Wherever a Chinese goes in China he is certain to find a guild composed of his townspeople there. The Canton Guild at Shanghai contains thousands of members. It is a real first aid. If a Cantonese visits Hangchow to buy silk, almost his first step is to go to the Canton Guild there. As soon as he states his business the guild at once introduces him to the proper persons with whom to deal. If he falls sick or gets into trouble the guild sees him through. It frequently happens that a merchant engaged in varied commerce belongs to the guild of every line represented by his concern. Like the American whose favorite diversion is in secret societies, he is a joiner.

The most effective demonstration of guild power yet known came early this year in the great seamen's strike at Hong-Kong. A brief account of it will serve two purposes: One is to show that the Chinese are masters of the art of the walkout, and the other is the utter helplessness of the Europeans, once the Chinese are organized against them.

Get the general picture in your mind first. Thirty-four per cent of the commerce of China enters or clears at Hong-Kong. The majority of ships calling there have Chinese crews, including the firemen. Practically every one of these men is a member of the Seamen's Union. Most of them are Cantonese, and the headquarters of the organization is at Canton. In China, as elsewhere, but to a much less degree than obtains in Japan, Europe and America, the cost of living has increased during the past five years. So long as silver was high the crews could manage.

With some of them the wage has been a mere incident. The more intelligent earn big incomes by dealing surreptitiously in pidgin—which, freely translated, means business. They smuggle opium, tobacco and spirits in and out of China and the United States. Some even go in for coolie smuggling, which is a highly profitable occupation. The professional coolie smuggler gets as high as $1000 for every man put safely ashore in a forbidden land. I was told at Hong-Kong that a machinist on a trans-Pacific liner had paid $17,000 silver for his job. This gives you some idea of the graft that prevails. An oiler has been able to educate all his sons at college at Hong-Kong and send one of them through an American university.

The Seamen's Strike

The bulk of Chinese seamen, however, have no such rich prerogatives. With the decline of silver they were up against it. Early in January the Seamen's Union at Hong-Kong—it is a glorified guild—demanded an increase of 40 per cent on all wages under thirty dollars Mexican a month, and a sliding scale on those higher. The Mexican dollar is worth fifty cents in our money. The seamen had never struck before and the companies were disposed to regard the request lightly. Their indifference cost them dear. On January twelfth the seamen went on strike, on orders from Canton, and it included all the Chinese lines, coastal and otherwise.

At first it did not look serious, but before long a situation developed that was without precedent in the history of the Far East. Just as soon as a vessel arrived in Hong-Kong it was boarded by agents of the union, and in many instances before the passengers got ashore the crew had left in sampans. The guild even sent representatives to Singapore, Manila, Shanghai and elsewhere to organize the men so that they would leave their ships as soon as anchor was dropped in Hong-Kong. By the middle of February a hundred vessels swung idly at their moorings, and by the time the strike ended, on March fourth, exactly 168 ships were tied up. No Oriental port ever presented such a spectacle.

Now for the extraordinary event that precipitated settlement. As the strike lengthened the seamen became desperate. I might interject here that just as soon as a crew left a ship it was convoyed to Canton, eighty miles away. A perfect system was devised, including special rates and special accommodations on the trains and steamers, for the Kwangtung capital is accessible by rail and water. This teamwork led to the widespread belief that the strike was instigated by Sun Yat-sen and his followers in retaliation on Hong-Kong, which has always been hostile to the head of the Southern government. The Chinese love to celebrate and usually shoot off an immense quantity of fireworks. The Cantonese in Hong-Kong planned a huge fête when Sun Yat-sen was inaugurated in May, 1921, but were forbidden by the British authorities from using firecrackers. This was only one of many grievances that the Cantonese had against Hong-Kong.

Whether the Southern government inspired the strike or not, the Cantonese at Canton were the proverbial master minds in the startling events that followed thick and fast. Toward the end of February the Seamen's Union declared a general strike at Hong-Kong. Every Chinese, whether clerk, chauffeur, cook, house boy, elevator man, stevedore, engineer, waiter or porter, was included in the order. Each one of these workers was a member of a guild, and the unwritten law among guilds is that they must heed the call of their kind in time of need. Almost overnight Hong-Kong became servantless.

A Servantless City

If a loyal cook or boy hesitated about leaving a faithful master he was threatened with dire reprisals. My boy at the Hong-Kong hotel told me that he had no desire to strike. As soon as the guild found out his attitude he was informed that unless he walked out immediately his father and mother at Canton would be killed. A porter in the same hotel was warned that his children would be kidnaped and his ears cut off if he did not strike in sympathy with the seamen. These two cases were typical of what happened everywhere.

In these circumstances no Chinese could refuse to join his fellows. The general walkout was attended by many amusing features. When the cargo coolies struck they issued a quaintly worded statement in explanation of their action. It was published on the eve of their withdrawal and took the shape of a farewell letter informing the public of their troubles "in the hope that these will appeal to the consciences of unvirtuous capitalists, so that the seamen's demands may be quickly granted."

The statement continued: "Employed as we are on ships to load and unload cargo, a strenuous day's work yields us but a few 10-cent pieces, which paltry amount is soon expended on buying food and paying rent. It is like planting a tree in the morning and sawing the wood at night."

Then followed a recital of other hardships, "for the record of which all the bamboo grown on the great Nam Mountain would not suffice." Before the introduction of paper in China the natives used thin slabs of bamboo upon which to write. The statement ended: "Gentlemen, we bid you farewell."

The result was that real hardship prevailed at Hong-Kong. Guests in the hotels had to provide their meals and make their beds. Housekeepers were thrown on their own resources and compelled to rustle up food as best they could. Not a street car ran; business almost ceased, in short, the paralysis that had descended upon shipping spread to every office, countinghouse and home, because there are practically no European servants in Hong-Kong.

For a few days it was amusing, but stern and uncompromising reality soon stared the populace in the face. Then and only then did the shipping companies yield. On March fourth—almost two months after the seamen struck—an agreement was reached by which a 30 per cent increase was granted to all seamen who had received under thirty dollars a month. For those getting over thirty dollars the advance ranged from 15 to 20 per cent. The Seamen's Union was recognized before negotiations were entered into. Thus the men scored in both ways.

That the strike virus has thoroughly impregnated the Chinese system was shown by the fact that when I arrived at Hong-Kong on May twentieth I found a launch strike in progress. Since most of the ships anchor out in the bay there is an immense launch activity. With their usual thoroughness every Chinese launch employe had quit. Most of my fellow passengers had to go ashore in native sampans, whose owners received the usual threats from the strikers for serving the foreigners. Before I left the trouble was adjusted, the strikers receiving an increase in pay

Unionism in China—the unions merely carry the guild idea a step farther by the introduction of the strike weapon—is being reënforced by a radical brand of socialism. Not only is Sun Yat-sen a socialist but most of his followers have been converted to his doctrines. Many of them have been recruited from among the graduates of American universities and are in close touch with communistic movements throughout the world. Even if Sun Yat-sen should fail to become president of the united country he is bound to continue a vital factor in Chinese affairs because the ultra-liberal wing of labor is rallying round him.

Typical of the trend of thought is the comparatively recent organization of what is known as the Hu Chu She, or Mutual Assistance Society. It was founded by Hsieh Ying-pai, who is a graduate of three American universities, a member of the first Republican Parliament in China, and an adherent of Sun Yat-sen. He got his first dose of socialism in America, where he attended the Rand School of Social Science in New York City, a not altogether conservative institution. Hsieh first set up his radical shop in Shanghai, where he tried to found a replica of the Rand School. Subsequently he started a socialist newspaper in Canton, which was suppressed by the civil governor, who was one of the Kwangsi militaristic usurpers and therefore a reactionary. He repeated the journalistic experiment in the Portuguese colony of Macao near Hong-Kong, with similar results. When the Kwangsi militarists who had overthrown the Sun Yat-sen government in Canton were driven out, Hsieh returned and organized the Mutual Assistance Society, which now has a membership of over 50,000. I can best reveal its purposes by reproducing the following article from its constitution:

"The object of this society is to educate workers with new ideas; to encourage the world-wide modern civilization; to discuss the labor question in all its phases and to plan a natural solution of industrial problems; to promote Marx socialism and to hasten the existence of a new liberal society within a short period."

While I was in China Hsieh indited a report to American workers, whom he addressed as "Dear Comrades." From this you can readily see that the Chinese have lost no time in acquiring the forms and usages of their Russian Soviet brethren.

Where Cost of Living Is Low

Just how far the radical movement will go in China remains to be seen. If Sun Yat-sen advances to large national authority, which seems likely at this writing, it will receive a sharp official impetus. In the event that he remains in private life he will probably devote the greater part of his time to it. Thus, it is certain not to lag. China is a much more fertile field for advanced thought than Japan, because the Chinaman is a natural democrat, while the Nipponese is a born feudalist. The Hong-Kong strike proved the efficacy of teamwork among the unions, and the alien employer will henceforth think twice before he turns down a union demand.

Strikes may come and go, but China remains the one refuge of the tired victim of extortion. It is the only place in the world where wages and the cost of living are low. Although prices have advanced with the general world increase, they were so far below the average in 1914 that compared with America and Europe they are almost too good to be true.

Nearly everybody is interested in the servant problem. China is the housekeeper's paradise. In Peking, Canton or Shanghai, for instance, you can get a dozen efficient servants, including cook, butler, house boys, chauffeur, gardener, laundryman, tailor and rickshaw coolie for less than the cost of two mediocre servants in New York, Chicago or Philadelphia. Moreover, you secure a perfection of service approached by no other domestics in the world, not even the British prewar variety.

The average wage of a first-class cook, fit to prepare meals in the most fastidious European household, is never more than ten dollars gold, this is twenty dollars Mexican a month. Indeed, this is an almost exorbitant wage. Most of the cooks get from six to eight dollars gold a month, and they are able to keep two or three wives on it. The cook, let me add, has a peculiar position in China. When he works for an alien it is definitely understood that he must buy

Continued on Page 90

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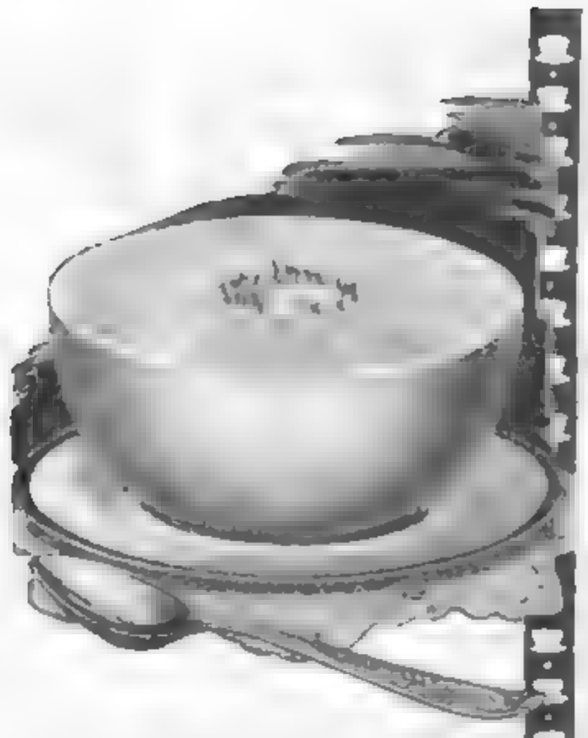

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FLORIDA

(Continued from Page 87)

all the food. He gets a 5 per cent commission or *cumshaw*, as it is called, on every purchase that he makes. This is tacitly understood when he takes service, and the shopkeeper regards it as a legitimate part of his business. Food in China costs about one-half as much as in Western countries, so this honest graft cuts no figure. Heaven help the uninitiated American or British housewife who tries to buy her own food. The shopkeepers at once charge her prohibitive prices, and in many localities they have been known to boycott the innocent who seeks to defy the traditions of the country. Of course this procedure is not new. It is a recognized feature of housekeeping in Paris, where the cook does the buying and gets a fee, but it is mainly localized in a few centers, while in China it is part of the unwritten law of the land.

I have no better way of showing living conditions in China than to give the monthly budget in gold of a family of two Americans -a man and his wife—whom I know in Peking. They live in a charming combination of Chinese and European house, the rent of which is $50 a month. They have six servants, including cook, two boys, two coolies and a chauffeur, whose total wages aggregate $50 gold. The marketing expenses including wine are $40, while other household sundries take toll of $35. This makes a total of $175, or $2100 a year. These people live in admirable style, as I can well attest, for I did not eat better food anywhere in Peking. I doubt if this record can be matched in any other city in the world.

Chinese wages in general are considerably lower than those in Japan. A carpenter now gets 70 cents gold for a working day averaging from twelve to fifteen hours. Absurd as this may seem, it is at least 40 per cent higher than his pay six years ago. The same increase prevails in most callings. Even with the advances, the rates are almost ridiculous compared with earnings of Western workers. An experienced Chinese chauffeur gets only $12 to $15 a month, a machinist $9 to $12, a cigarette maker $9, a tea packer $8, a coachman $3 to $6, an engine driver $15, and a bricklayer $12 to $15. Even a foreman printer pulls down only from $25 to $45 a month. All these wages that I have enumerated are in gold. This means that in Chinese money the amount is double. Women's wages are less than half the rate for men.

The Comprador's Job

Despite these small wages the Chinese seem to thrive. The reason is that, incredible as it may seem to us Westerners, the dollar still has purchasing power in China. A laborer can live on five cents gold a day, while on fifteen cents he can fare sumptuously. The Chinese are apparently eating all the time. In the cities they do not have to search for restaurants, because most of them are portable. They are carried in boxes slung on poles. The purveyor can change his location at will. In one box are a stove and raw food, while another contains folding table and dishes.

Labor naturally leads to business. In a preceding article I explained the conduct of commerce in Japan with reference to aliens. When you come to trade operations by foreigners in China you enter a unique arrangement.

The outstanding feature is that with few exceptions every alien firm—and this includes banks—must employ the individual known as a comprador. He is a Chinese and forms the link between the concern and the native customer. In an army he would be the liaison officer. He is as much a fixture of business as a telephone operator or a stenographer in America.

The need of the comprador grew out of the difficulties that foreigners contend with in Chinese trading. One is the invariable demand of the Celestial for long credit. The average American house in Shanghai, for example, has no way of getting the commercial rating of his prospect, because there are no Duns or Bradstreets out there. Besides, the alien seldom learns the language and has little social intercourse with the people. He is therefore absolutely at the mercy of the buyer. Hence the comprador, whose job is to know the credit standing of the customer, whose account he must guarantee.

The Chinese among themselves, and Chinese customers of foreign firms through the agency of compradors, do business on the basis of a settlement three times a year. One is the fifth day of the fifth moon, which is called the Dragon Festival. The second is the fifteenth day of the eighth moon, known as the Moon Festival. The third and most important of all is the first day of the first moon, or the Chinese New Year. In China all debts must be paid on this auspicious occasion. A man unable to meet his obligations loses his credit for the ensuing twelve months. Settlements may be deferred at the Dragon and Moon Festivals, but no excuses are taken on the New Year. The slate must be wiped clean. It is interesting to add that the Chinese, who are very superstitious, never carry over accounts from one year to another, because they consider it bad luck.

The comprador usually gets from 2 to 3 per cent on all export business that he secures for the firm, an average of 5 per cent on import business, and 3 per cent on machinery accounts. This would scarcely make it worth while, when you consider that the comprador must guarantee the account. He has therefore devised various systems by which he increases his income. One is through teamwork in the office. The comprador invariably supplies the Chinese staff, often including members of his family, and naturally they are devoted to his interests. If a telegram comes to the firm from New York or London, quoting a stated maximum price for an article, it goes to the manager's desk. The Chinese office boy, however, sees it first, and informs the comprador of its contents. When the manager calls in the comprador to discuss the purchase the latter knows exactly what the prospective buyer is willing to pay, and can take advantage of that knowledge.

At Shanghai I was informed of another system. In this one the compradors work together, for they create markets in their own interests. A wool comprador, as a concrete instance showed, had agents throughout the interior, assembling the raw material, which was mobilized in godowns, the Oriental word for warehouses. The wool was held until the compradors themselves, by a secret agreement, forced up the price. Then they unloaded it on the foreign buyers. The astuteness of the comprador is another evidence of the general cleverness of the individual Chinese business man. Chinese corporations, on the other hand, are not so successful, because the Chinese, despite the guilds, have no sense of collective responsibility.

Many compradors make much more money than the firms with which they are connected. This is notably true with American houses. One of the richest men in Hong-Kong is Sir Robert Ho Tung, who is the son of a Dutch father and a Chinese mother. He was comprador for fifteen years in the great British house of Jardine, Matheson & Co., at Hong-Kong, and was able to retire at forty with a fortune of not less than $10,000,000 Mexican. He became interested in many corporations and has dealt heavily in real estate, greatly increasing his wealth. The British government knighted him for his generous contributions to war charities and education. A few years ago he installed his oldest son as comprador for the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, with the understanding that he himself would be adviser. During Sir Robert's absence in Peking, where he was called to consult with the cabinet, the son guaranteed a loan on which his commission amounted to $5000. The loan was defaulted and the father had to make good the loss, which aggregated $235,000.

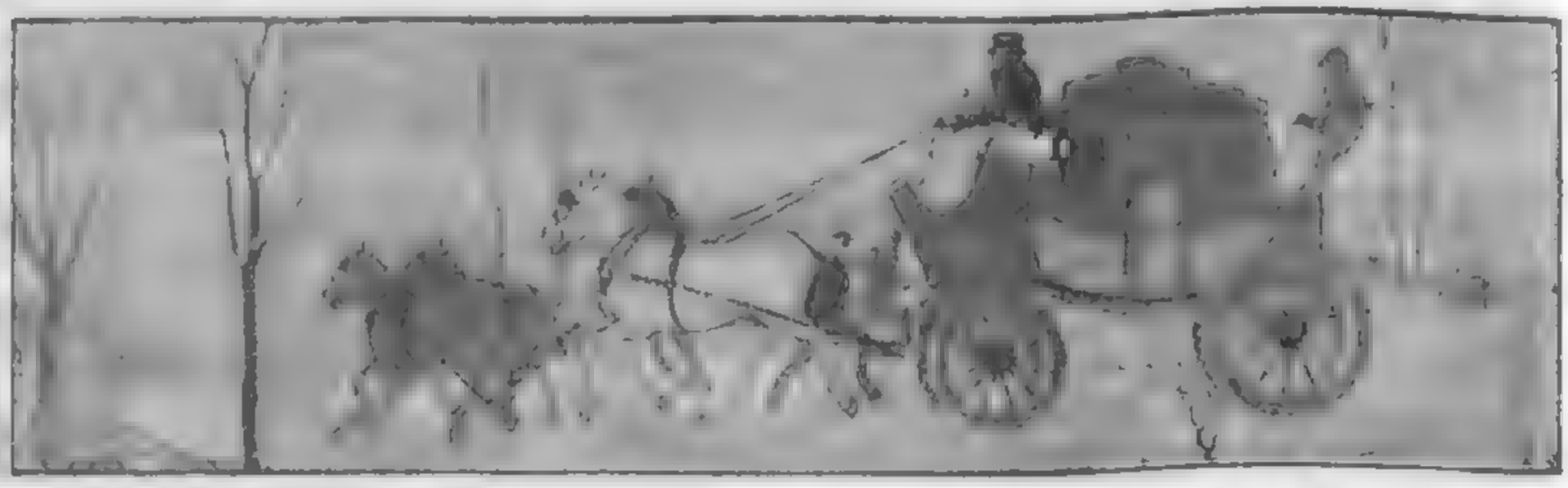
I cannot leave the subject of the comprador without a final detail of human interest. Since many of these middlemen have amassed great fortunes they not only have their own luxurious clubs but dwell in pretentious houses. They have a tendency toward European structures, which, because of their distinctive and not particularly esthetic designs, have come to be known throughout China as the compradoric style! An even uglier kind of house, which is affected by many of the rich Chinese, is called the godownic variety, for it resembles a warehouse.

The Postponed Burial Graft

In this swift survey of Oriental life and labor you have probably discovered that the Easterner, whether he be Chinese or Japanese, is a quaint individual. I had hoped to make some presentation of the many curious customs that directly or indirectly bear on business. I wanted to disclose, for instance, how kissing is not only forbidden in Japan but that all osculatory scenes in the imported movies are carefully eliminated. I could show further that in China you can see a big husky man walking along the street swinging a bird cage. In China every household has a bird, and since it is temperamental it must be taken out for an airing every day. In both countries commerce of all kinds is carried on through an intermediary. China takes the ribbon for invoking aid, whether to matrimony, trade or a funeral. A Chinese will not embark on any enterprise until he is certain that the time is propitious. To ascertain this he consults a fortune teller or an astrologer, and implicitly abides by the horoscope. Weddings are considered happy only when they take place under the right stars. Space limitation, however, forbids any further revelations.

One story, however, must be told in conclusion. When a Chinese dies, interment seldom follows the elaborate funeral ceremonies. It is believed that the departed will be in torment if his body is placed in the ground at an inopportune time. The so-called Feng Sui, or Spirits of Wind and Water, must not only be pacified by a proper location of the grave but the remains are laid to rest only when all devils are amiably disposed. It follows that the coffins are left in the open or placed in vaults, sometimes for protracted periods. Space for these coffins must be rented, and enterprising Chinese acquire acreage or construct mortuary chapels for this purpose. The final word for interment is usually given by an astrologer. More often the mortuary magnate and the astrologer enter into a secret agreement by which burial is deferred for the longest possible time. For his share in postponing the last sad rites the astrologer gets a rake-off on the rent. Even unto death the Chinese graft idea persists.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson.



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PASCAL'S MILL

(Continued from Page 19)

the farther wall of the steep valley. Silence fell again, more intense than the silence that had been before. Rob went back to the bowlder and sat down.

Jude had seemed to welcome his coming, to welcome the opportunity of escape for Dora from this moldy old house in which she dwelt with him. Yet he loved Dora; it must be a parting to be dreaded. He did not intend to go with her; had said he would never leave here. Was the man's capacity for sacrifice so great that he would be glad to have her go, since it was for her advantage? This did not seem wholly in keeping; Rob thought Jude would cling to the things he loved with an extraordinary tenacity. Yet he was willing that Dora should go.

The sun, Rob had perceived some time since, no longer shone. Wisps of cloud drifting overhead, twining among the trees atop the farther ridge, were coming lower, like a curtain that shut off the blue of the sky. The gloom in the gorge increased. It was still early afternoon, yet dark as twilight. The house, the hue of dusk seemed to sink into the shadows and merge with them; at times Rob had an illusion that the house was no longer there. He perceived that it would rain, and watched the approach of the downpour with some curiosity to witness the mechanics of a storm in this valley. He remembered the prediction of the woman at the farm which he had passed on his way in. She had said it would rain.

By and by a few drops began to fall; little drops, scarce perceptible. But they became more numerous, and the rough stuff of his tweed suit became frosted with tiny particles of water like drops of dew. He bestirred himself; as well that he should find cover. The barn invited him; he turned that way and went inside the wide doors. On his left hay was mowed from the floor a third of the way to the ceiling. Directly before him there was a tie-up for cows; no cows in it now. A horse stamped in a box stall in the right-hand corner. A litter of rusty farming tools was piled against the wall, near the door that led into the shed, which in turn connected with the house. Pascal was not to be seen, and Rob spoke the man's name aloud, but got no answer. Jude must have gone out through the tie-up. Rob perceived a door there; looked out through it along the runway the cows used. They must pasture in some marshy meadow down the brook; he saw that a fenced lane led that way, among the trees. But Jude was not here.

Rob turned back; he began to feel the need of companionship. The silence and gloom of this place oppressed him. He discovered, in abrupt surprise, that he was sweating, yet felt not hot but cold. He laughed at himself. "You're seeing things, old man," he said nervously, and the sound of his own voice startled him. He went to the barn door, looked toward the house. Dora was within there, at her work. He had, after all, an errand to do with her; had to tell her his mission. But Jude had given him no permission to speak, and a courteous instinct made Rob hesitate to speak without permission. Something stirred behind him and he whirled, to see an old gray rat cross the barn floor and climb a hewed timber out of sight behind the hay. He shuddered a little; rats affected him as snakes affect other men. He would go into the house—but not speak of his errand till Pascal should return.

He knocked, and Dora called to him to come in. "You're wet," she said when she saw him.

He brushed the mist off his clothes, shook his head.

"Not to hurt," he assured her. "But I'm thirsty."

She gave him a tin cup full of water from the bubbling flow in the barrel, and he found it sweet and cold. She had finished her dishes and was knitting a sock. He sat down on the haircloth sofa, watching her where she sat near the window. The dull light was glorified when it struck her hair; there was a sheen upon her warm cheeks. He could see the soft fine down upon them. It was pleasant to sit still and look at her; but after a little he perceived that his silence disturbed her, saw that she was uneasy. He began to talk.

He spoke jocularly of the walk in from Twin Falls. "They called it four or five miles," he said. "It seemed to me much longer. Twice as far at least."

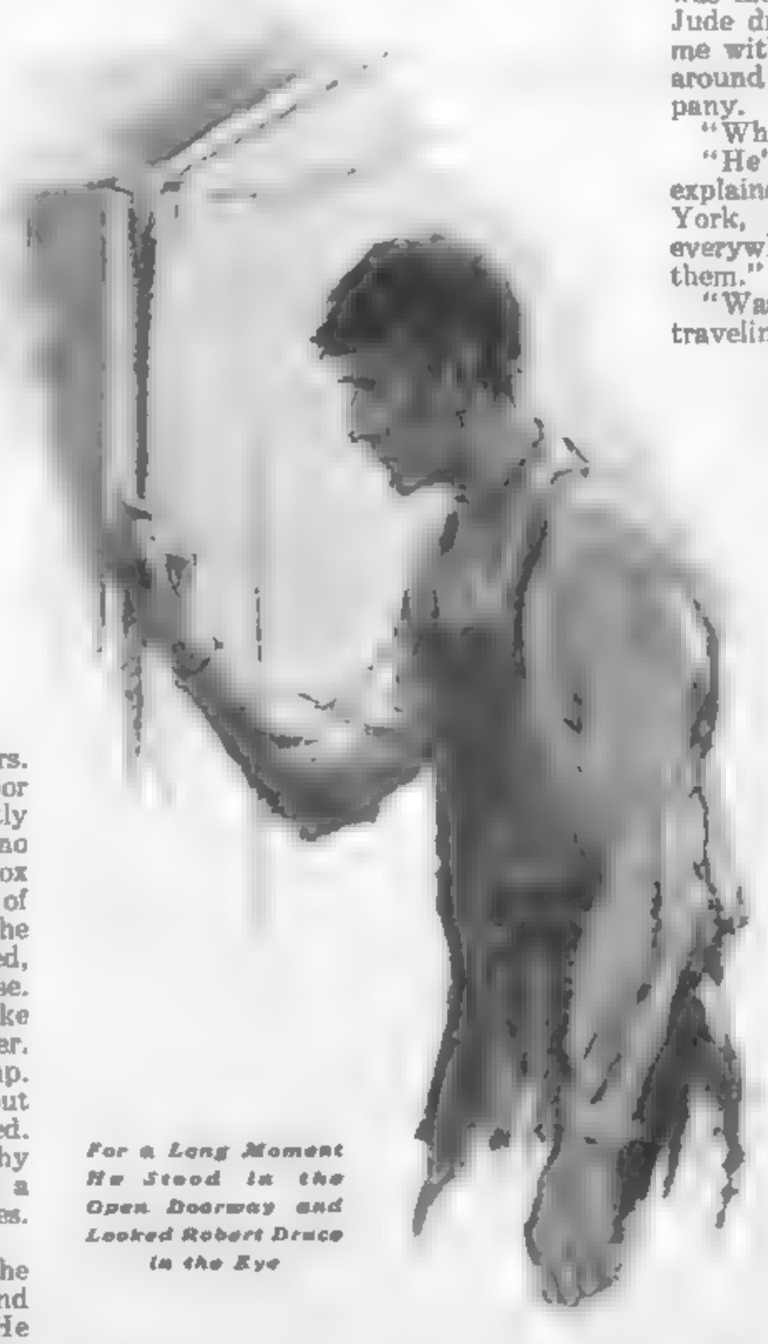
She replied soberly, "It is uphill, and hard walking the rest of the way. If you're not used to it it seems far."

"Do you walk it often?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I'm about the woods a lot," she told him. "But I don't go in to town."

He remembered townfolk said she was queer, and smiled a little at the thought; she looked so thoroughly sane and normal and healthy here, her knitting in her hands.

"It's hardly worth the trip, sure enough," he agreed. "Just to see Twin Falls." He



For a Long Moment He Stood in the Open Doorway and Looked Robert Druce in the Eye

laughed. "That hill would discourage me too."

"I don't mind the climbing," she told him. "If you're used to it it's not bad."

"My tongue was hanging out," he said. "I was panting like a tired dog. About halfway up I just lay down on my back and gasped like a fish. That's a mighty steep hill. There were places there where it seemed to me my knees were hitting my chin."

He saw that she was faintly amused, embroidered his distress in extravagant phrase, till at last the girl smiled, then laughed aloud with him. Her laughter he found delightful.

Laughter seemed to have loosened her tongue, relaxed some of the curb she put upon her words.

She asked him presently, "Did Uncle Jude go off into the woods?"

"He went into the barn," Rob told her. "But he had gone on through, and out somewhere, when I went in after him a while ago."

"He likes to go down to the cow pasture," she explained; looked at him a little wistfully. "You mustn't be—distressed by Uncle Jude. He's not usually so."

Rob was unable to find a ready assurance for her. She went on hurriedly, as though his silence were an accusation: "He used to get mad very easily, years ago; but he hadn't, for a long time, till lately. I remember, when he was angry, he used to go away afterward alone, and do penance in the woods by himself. He'll stay out in all this rain till suppertime, I expect."

"He's often away so?"

She nodded. "Yes. I'm here all alone lots of times."

"No company but the trains going by," Rob suggested, smiling, and she smiled with him.

"But Uncle Jude was all right till Uncle Zone came," she added.

He detected a faint tenderness in her tone as she spoke the name of this other uncle; and some jealous instinct moved him to ask, "Was he here very long?"

"Several weeks," she replied. "And he only went away day before yesterday." She hesitated, seemed to bridle her tongue. "Uncle Jude drove him to town," she explained.

"Did you like him?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered frankly. "Yes, he was nice to me, and I liked him. Uncle Jude didn't, but I did. He used to help me with the work, some; and he stayed around the mill here, so that I had company. And he told me so many things."

"What kind of things?"

"He'd been everywhere, you see," she explained gravely. "To Boston, and New York, and Chicago, and London, and everywhere. And he used to tell me about them."

"Was he in business?" Rob asked. "A traveling man?"

He used the word in the technical commercial sense, but saw at once she had not understood.

"Oh, yes, he was always traveling," she replied. "Whenever he wanted to go anywhere, he just went there. He'd ridden on trains, and steamboats, and in automobiles; and sometimes he just walked. I used to think he would soon get tired of just staying here, and go away again. But he didn't."

"Didn't go?"

She seemed faintly confused. "No, I didn't mean that." She hesitated. "I mean he didn't get tired of it here."

"What sort of things did he tell you?" he asked.

"Oh, about cities, and people, and theaters. He had been to the theater lots of times." She looked as though she had expected him to doubt this, so he nodded his belief. "Do you go to theaters in Boston?" she asked. "He did."

Her complete isolation from the world outside astonished and amused him. Such small things were marvelous to her. He tried to rival the narratives of Uncle Zone; he told her something of his life in Boston, and she forgot her knitting and listened with hands still in her lap, and eyes steady upon him. Once or twice she nodded.

"That's the sort of thing the people do who ride past here on the trains," she said at last. "I've often thought so. And Uncle Zone said it was true."

He perceived that she tested what he said by Uncle Zone's word, and the discovery irked him.

"But if he didn't get tired of it here, why did he go?" he asked, faintly petulant.

"I think Uncle Jude made him," she said incautiously, then moved quickly as though her own words had startled her, and eyed him keenly. "I didn't mean that," she declared, contradicting herself. "I didn't ——"

"Don't be afraid of me," Rob urged softly. "I've come to be friendly with you. Not to harm you, or Uncle Jude, or anyone." He spoke to her as though she were a child, and Dora seemed ready to be persuaded.

"You know I'm very fond of Uncle Jude," she explained. "It did use to worry me when Uncle Zone laughed at him."

"Laughed at him?"

"He used to make fun of him because he was so tall and thin. He said Uncle Jude looked like a stilyard bird."

She smiled at the remembrance, and he asked, "What is a stilyard bird?"

She imitated, with a surprising felicity, the voice and accent of a man. "All wings

(Continued on Page 95)

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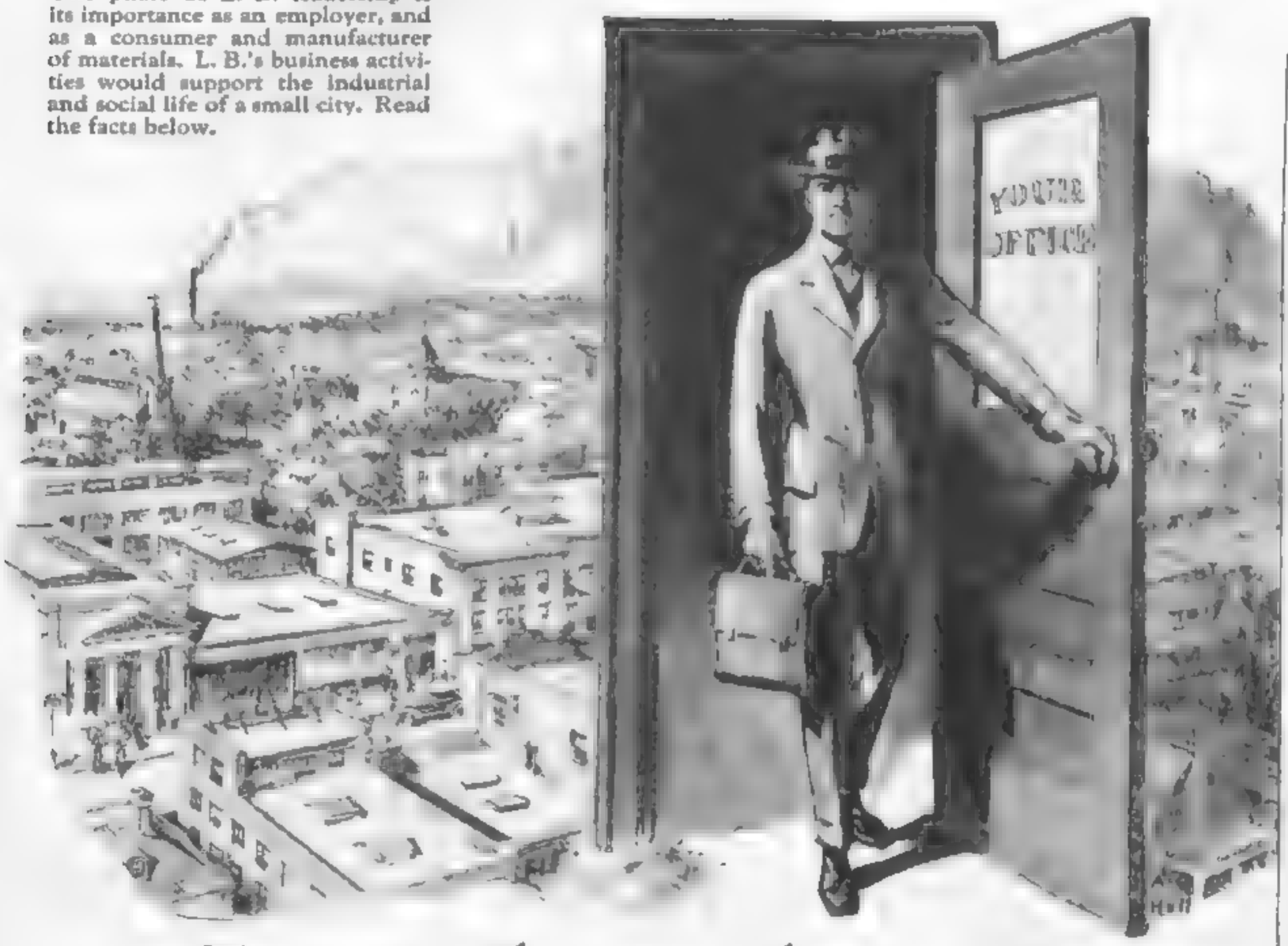

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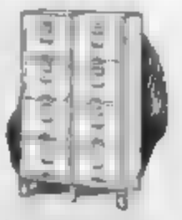

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(Continued from Page 92)

and legs and no body 't all, Uncle Zone used to say. A kind of snipe, I expect," she explained. After a moment's silence she went on more seriously: "He used to make fun of Uncle Jude's eyes too. Used to say he looked like an owl. Used to call him Hoot Owl, and Hoot. He found some nests of young owls, and caught them; and once he winged an old one and got it alive. And he brought them home and made that pen for them, against the barn. To bother Uncle Jude."

"Was that why Mr. Pascal sent him away?" Rob asked, controlling his voice. He was beginning to dislike Zonas Pascal violently.

"I guess so," she confessed. He saw she was herself faintly puzzled. "I'm not sure."

"Why?"

She smiled. "I think Uncle Jude wanted me to be alone with him. Uncle Zone and I used to be together so much. Uncle Zone would make me come and sit on his knee in the evening here, and Uncle Jude hated that. He never asked me to sit on his knee."

"So he drove him away."

"Well—the night before he went away Uncle Zone had a headache. After we'd all gone to bed—he slept upstairs, right over Uncle Jude's room, there." She pointed toward a closed door at the end of the kitchen. "Uncle Zone's room was over that," she explained. "And my room is upstairs, too, along the hall, on the side toward the railroad."

"I know," he said softly. "I saw you at the window when the train passed here this morning."

"You saw me?" The word seemed to astonish and disturb her.

"Yes. I liked you too," he assured her, as one would reassure a child. She hesitated, was silent. "What about that night?" he asked.

"Why, Uncle Zone had a headache," she explained. "And he asked me to get some cold cloths and put on his head. Came to my door and knocked. I came down to get them, and Uncle Jude heard me, and came into the kitchen, and I told him what I was doing. Then he sent me back to bed, and said he would take the cloths to Uncle Zone. I heard them come downstairs together afterward, and they were talking angrily. I could hear Uncle Jude's tone; and I knew he was very angry, and it frightened me."

She paused; he waited.

"That was all," she said carefully. "It worried me. I didn't like Uncle Jude's being unhappy. So I was glad, a little, when Uncle Jude took Uncle Zone to town the next morning. He was going in the cart, anyway, to get some supplies."

Rob controlled his voice, treated the matter casually. "They just didn't get along together," he suggested.

"Yes. It was too bad too," she replied.

But Rob's thoughts were not so casual as his tone. He found himself feeling for Zonas Pascal a furious abhorrence; his fingers twitched to be at the man. Toward Jude he had a sense of gratitude.

VII

THEIR conversation drifted away from this topic of Uncle Zone and became desultory and casual. They wandered from books to fishing, and to his life in Boston; he had to tell her more about the city and its ways and the things people did there. She listened, not with wide amaze, but with a happy content, bending above her knitting, her eyes following the needles, her lips smiling with faint satisfaction as though the things he told her were confirmations of her dreams. Her little rocking-chair was very low, the sill of the window was almost level with her shoulder, what gray light came in from out of doors struck down across her figure. Rob found an increasing pleasure in being here with her; he began to wonder how she would fit into the life of a city. Would she like theaters, automobiles, dancing?

"Do you dance?" he asked.

Dora shook her head. "I never did with anyone," she confessed. "Uncle Jude has told me about it. How when the dance was very austere, people thought it was wrong; but now when it is like an embrace to music, even the elders of the church delight in it."

Rob laughed aloud at this curious view of the matter. She wondered why he laughed, and asked him; and he explained his amusement.

"But is Uncle Jude wrong?" she asked. "You tell me about it."

He shook his head. "He's right enough," he said. "Of course he's a little behind-hand. It's true that church people, especially some denominations, used to say all dancing was wrong; and it's true, too, that the waltz and the two-step and the schottish were pretty mild compared to some of the dances of a few years ago; even two or three years ago. Yet a lot of people did them who were old enough to know better. But it's mostly the young people who dance now." He eyed her quizzically. "Did you ever hear of a flapper?"

She shook her head. "What is it?" she asked.

He chuckled. "Well, if you lived in Boston you'd be one," he told her. "You'd have your hair cut off just below your ears and sticking out all around your head; and you'd wear rather a tight little dress that came just below your knees; and you'd put red stuff on your cheeks and lips to make them so bright that everyone would know they were painted; and you would dance rather recklessly, and smoke cigarettes, and drink rotten whisky and raw gin made from crude alcohol and drug-store stuff. And in the winter you'd wear big arctic overshoes and leave them unbuckled so that they'd clop about your silk stockings as you walked."

She smiled a little, bent above her work. "No, I wouldn't do any of those things," she said.

"Then you'd be hopelessly behind the times. All our best young ladies are doing them. Have been doing them. The times are passing, it's true."

"I would be a little ahead of the times," she suggested. A slow animation came into her eyes. "If I lived in Boston," she told him whimsically, "I would let my hair grow as long and thick as it would, and do it up as prettily as I knew how; and my dresses would all be either white or rather a dark blue with white cuffs and collar, because I look best in dresses like that; and I'd put nothing on my cheeks but soap and water; and I wouldn't smoke, and I'd drink nothing but perhaps warm milk, or tea in the late afternoons. And in the winter I would wear woolen stockings and stout shoes when I went abroad. And I would read a great many books, and see a great many plays, and hear music." The gayety in her tone had become a wistful note; her voice broke a little with longing, and she stopped, nodding her head firmly. "That's what I would do," she said, and smiled at him.

Rob thought: "You sweet thing!" He wanted to say it; and for fear he would say it he got to his feet. He compromised on: "You'd have a lot of fun down there." He looked past her, through the window. "The rain has stopped," he said. "It's getting dark. It must be late."

"It grows dark early in the valley here," she replied.

"Mr. Pascal hasn't come."

Faint concern, always manifest in her tones when she spoke of her uncle, sounded in her answer now. "No. No."

"I believe I'll take a look around," he suggested. "I might run on to him."

"I'll have supper in about an hour," she said.

"I really ought to go out to Twin Falls," he confessed. "I'm due back in Boston tomorrow."

Dora shook her head. "It's late. It would be dark before you got to town. And it will rain again, perhaps."

"I'll take a little walk," he said. "My ankle needs exercise. It stiffens up when I sit still."

He escaped, trying to convince himself that he was not escaping. He went out into the barnyard, and told himself it was because he wanted to do so, and not because he no longer dared sit and feast his eyes on her.

"Poor little kid," he thought. "Hidden away here. But she belongs here. I've got to keep my head."

The rain was now no more than mist, which frosted his garments and dripped from the trees. It had grown warmer; the stagnant waters of the mill pond steamed. He heard a hissing splash as half a dozen wild duck dropped in, a hundred yards from the house. The chorus of frogs had begun; their clamor rose and swelled boomingly, with a sound—when they croaked in chorus—like a mighty sawmill at work. The chorus came in waves: Silence; then one frog began, and one by one others

(Continued on Page 97)

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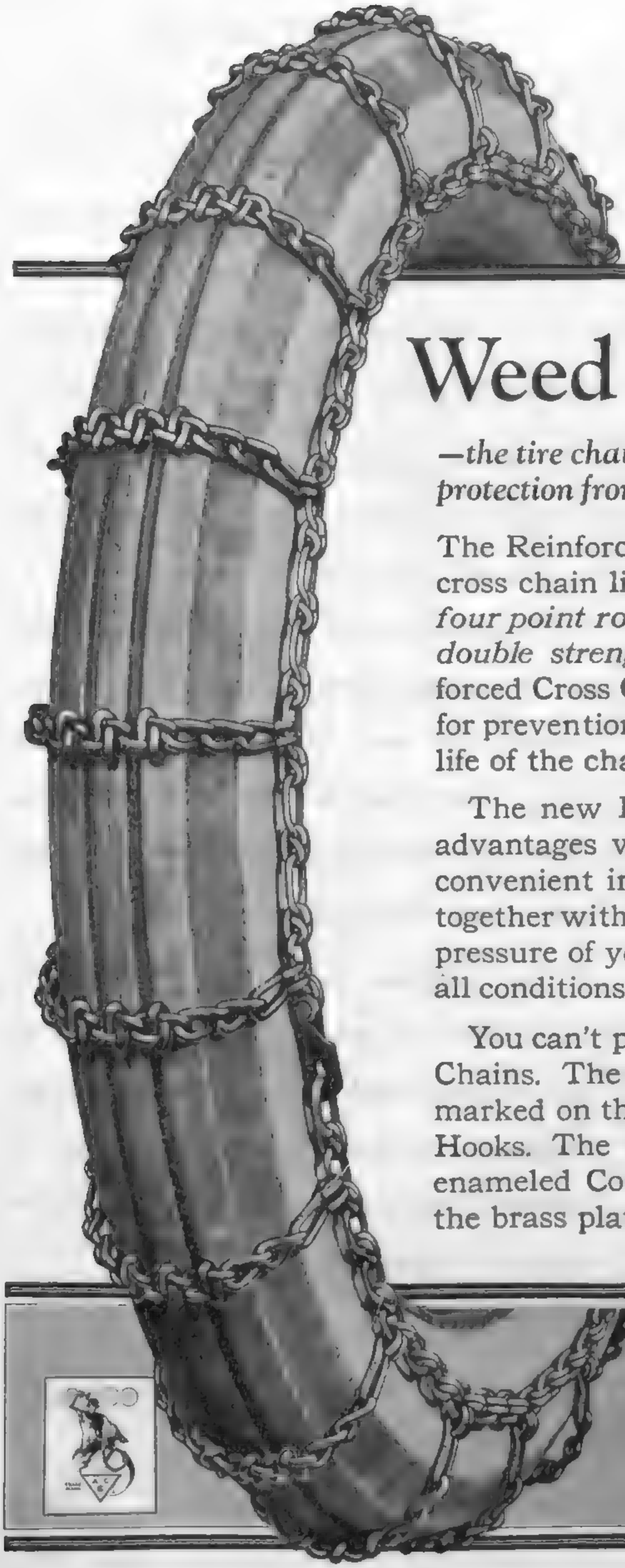

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(Continued from Page 95)

joined in till the booming reached an apogee, from which it tapered down to silence again. He thought the croaking, in this musty glen, a hideous sound and turned away from it toward the barn and went into the dark interior. Little scurryings in the corners told him where rats fled at his approach. He was glad to leave the moldy old structure behind and step through the door into the cow lane. A rotten sill crumbled pulpily beneath his feet. The lane was a muck; but there was muck everywhere about the mill, and he had forgotten to be fastidious. Trees, overarching, shut out what little light remained. He emerged into the pasture and saw the cows drifting toward the lane. No sign of Judah Pascal.

In the open pasture—trees had been felled or girdled, alders had replaced them, the thin grass was cropped close—there was more light, and looking at the sky he saw clouds scurrying before a more favorable wind. They began to break away, with a promise of clearing. He turned to the right, down toward the course of the stream, and heard the chuckle of quick water and found a little rapid. The dull waters of the mill pond were here, by the mere fact of movement, transmuted into something living and beautiful. He imagined trout must lurk here, and at the foot of the rapid found a wide pool. The brook flowed in at one side and out again, at right angles, around a huge bowlder. In the sweep of the bend there was a gravel bar; but immediately beneath the bowlder's flank the water was deep and dark. He lay on his face and peered down into it, imagining that he could see the motionless forms of fish; but it was too dark to be sure. In a farther progress of a hundred yards downstream he reached another dead water, which stretched ahead of him for a considerable distance before it turned to the right. Yet this had a more wholesome appearance; it lacked that air of stagnant death which made the mill pond such a noisome sheet of inky water. While he watched it a trout flipped, and another, and he wished for rod and flies.

A thickening, a clotting of the shadows under the trees about him warned him that night was coming on. He remembered, with a glance at his watch, that it was just twenty-four hours since he left Boston; scarce a quarter as many since he reached the mill and first saw Judah Pascal, and first spoke to Dora. With the recollection, the weight of his bewilderments once more descended upon him. There was so much here he could not understand. He wished he might read the riddle of Jude Pascal; and remembering Dora again, he realized that there was a riddle in himself, which concerned her, and which must also be read. She was so gentle and gracious and composed. He had, when he thought of her, a sense of richness, of fullness without repletion. There were so many things about her that he wished to know; he wished so ardently to know the girl herself.

Thoughts of her somewhat hastened his stroll back to the mill. As he approached the barn he heard the cows lowing and ruminating in the tie-up, and heard the tinny hiss of milk into a pail. He wondered whether Dora was milking the cows. But when he came in through the door from the lane, and his eyes became accustomed to the gloom of the place, he saw Jude, his forehead pressed against a cow's flank, his hands busy with her udder. The warm milk scented the air; it foamed in the pail. The sweet breath of the cows came pleasantly to him. Jude looked around at his arrival, but said nothing; and Rob stood in the door, watching and waiting for the other to speak. The cow yielded three or four quarts of milk, and Jude skipped the next one and passed on to the third.

"She's coming in in November," he explained, with a movement of his hand toward the cow he had passed by.

"You didn't get much milk, did you, from that first one?"

"They don't have any feed except hay and the like," Pascal explained. "The pasture's pretty thin. They give all we need."

"Wouldn't it pay you to feed them up, and make butter or something?"

"Too far to get it to market," said Jude.

He pressed his head against the side of the cow and the milk came hissingly.

By and by Rob asked, "What do you think had best be done about Miss Pascal?"

"I've been thinking," Jude replied noncommittally. "I'm still thinking about it. It comes almost providentially."

"You think she'd best go to Boston?" Rob's heart lifted curiously at the prospect.

"Have you spoken to her?" Jude asked in counter.

"No; I waited for you."

"You stay overnight," Pascal directed.

Rob laughed. "I'll almost have to now," he confessed. "Seems like forcing myself upon you, but I want to settle this if I can."

"We've an empty bed," said Jude. He repeated the words, his tone curiously grim. "We've an empty bed for you."

"That's mighty good of you."

"We'll talk it over with her after supper."

Rob felt himself dismissed; nevertheless, he waited while Jude finished the milking. They went into the kitchen through the shed, Jude carrying the milk in a pail. No more than six or seven quarts, from two cows. Jude set the pail on the sink, and Dora—she had lighted a lamp, and the kitchen had a warm and comfortable look now—strained it into earthen crocks and set them to cool in a cabinet built about the spring barrel, where the water flowed always cold. Rob picked up a book, effaced himself. Jude washed his hands and face. No one spoke. After a time Jude went out into the barnyard again. It was by this time quite dark.

Presently Rob heard the chock of an ax, the splinter of wood. Jude, getting out firewood, he supposed; but when he glanced at Dora he saw that she was surprised. She looked over her shoulder toward the window, looked at him.

"Just chopping wood?" he suggested.

"The wood is in the shed," she replied.

This sound was, in fact, in the barnyard itself. They listened a moment longer, and then a glare flickered across the window, and Rob cried, "He's built a fire!"

Dora moved swiftly to the window; he went with her. Outside, by the light of a leaping flame, they saw Jude. He had carried hay from the barn, heaped it high, touched a match to it. On this fire now he was throwing the fragments of the crate that had held the owls. It was this his ax had torn apart. While they watched he went to the left, out of their range of vision, the ax in his hand, and they heard it working again. He returned with a board which Rob recognized as the side of that skiff he had seen drawn up on the mud.

There was, Rob now perceived, a fury in Pascal's movements. He worked with a swift and relentless force. He disappeared, came back again, dragging behind him the shattered skiff itself. His ax dismembered it, broke it into fragments, tore it apart. He tossed the fragments into the fire, the oars atop all. He stood, a gaunt figure, silhouetted blackly against the blaze, watching the owl cage and the skiff burn in the fierce heat of the blazing hay. Dora, Rob perceived, was trembling.

"He's burning up the boat," she whispered.

"Yes. Why?"

"I"—she looked up at him, dropped her eyes—"I don't know." Her hands were twisted together. "He's been so strange since Uncle Zone went away."

Jude went into the barn and came back with a stout stick, which Rob recognized. It was that brake handle which he had found beside the road where Jude had lost it. Or thrown it away? The man used this stave as a poker, thrusting the burning boards together to make a fiercer flame. He jammed the end of the stave into the heat of the fire till it caught, pulled it out and swung it once like a torch, watching it flare, then stabbed it deep into the fire again and left it there.

The flames burned brighter, reached their apex, and slowly began to die away. Still Jude stood, between them and the fire, black and tall, a somber and forbidding figure. The fire began to burn down. The flames seemed to shrink back into the earth. They became mere flickers; yet Jude did not move. They became embers while he stood there, a tense still shadow.

Rob and the girl remained at the window. Rob was oppressed by an inexplicable foreboding; he felt himself compassed round with mysteries. He thought Dora, at his side, seemed to crouch, seemed almost to cringe. A fiercely protective instinct awoke in him.

VIII

IT WAS a train, a heavy freight, rumbling interminably down grade past the mill, that broke the spell which held all three of them. Jude, his loose garments draping themselves about him in strangely stirring lines, moved uneasily at the train's sound, and seemed about to turn. Rob and Dora were at the window, light behind them, the flicker from the dying coals in their faces; each abruptly realized that Jude, when he turned, must see them. Dora went back to her work about the stove with a movement as swift as flight; she clattered pots and stove lids nervously. Rob drew away from the window more slowly, sat down again near the lamp and pretended to read. He could hear his heart pound; there was something terrifying in the very air of this place. In this bonfire which Jude had made, in the curiously chosen ingredients of the fire, and in the man's own demeanor there was something indefinable which made the hair creep and crinkle on the back of Rob's neck. This was an actual physical sensation; he found himself hunching down so that the collar of his coat would thrust up and comfort the prickling hairs. He tried to laugh at his own fright; for, after all, there was nothing so very frightful in what he had seen. But when Jude laid his hand on the latch of the door Rob moved in sudden alarm, and Dora at the stove stood still as still, trembling. So Judah came in.

The man came in and closed the door behind him and looked from one of them to the other. Before Rob saw his face he perceived the relief and reaction in Dora; when Jude looked his way and he met the man's eyes, himself was likewise reassured. For Jude, whose countenance had been grim with stark trouble before, now seemed almost benign. His large yellow owl's eyes no longer offended; they were rather gentle and bland; and his lips, half smiling, were full of peace. Whatever it was that had tormented the man, his torment seemed now to be over and done with.

Rob smiled in relief, and Judah, washing his hands at the sink, said over his shoulder: "I expect you'll be ready to eat some supper, Mr. Druce."

"Yes, sir," Rob agreed. "I'm pretty hungry. And I've done nothing either."

Jude glanced toward the stove, the table. "I see Dora's about ready; we might as well sit down."

They sat as before at the little rectangular table in the middle of the room, and Dora brought—fried fat pork in its own fat, boiled potatoes, cornbread, butter, apple jelly, apple pie and coffee; doughnuts, pickles and cheese as a matter of course. Jude asked a blessing upon this fare. There seemed no disposition to converse while they ate; but Jude this night ate slowly, abstractedly, and ate very little.

He was done before them; and he pushed his chair a little back and watched them, and at last said to Rob, with a gesture toward Dora, "Mr. Druce, I guess you better tell Dora what you were telling me."

Rob put the situation before the girl with some care, choosing his words. He confined himself to the story of her grandfather, and his threat to her mother, and his stubborn refusal to confess repentance, and finally, the amend he now wished to make.

Dora interrupted him once to say, "I don't think I like him very much."

Rob smiled. "He liked you," he told her. "That is, he used to like to talk about his granddaughter, and what she should be, and what she should have, when the time came. He felt, you see, that to send for you while he was alive would be to go back on his word. But he wanted you to have everything in the world, after he was gone."

When Rob had finished and made an end he waited for the girl to speak. She was not looking at him; her eyes rested on the oilcloth which covered the table; she traced the vine pattern with her finger. Jude also watched her; and Rob, glancing at the man, saw that he was smiling a little, peacefully. At length, when Dora continued silent, Jude spoke to her:

"What do you think about it, Dora? Would you want to go to Boston to live?"

She raised level eyes to his very tenderly. "Would you go, Uncle Jude?"

He shook his head. "I'll never go away from here," he replied.

She answered as frankly, "I'd like so much to go to Boston, but I won't ever leave you here alone."

They were silent again on that, and Rob felt his heart leap a little with delight in her. There were no heroics in her tone; she meant, quite definitely, what she said. This was clear to him, clear also to Jude.

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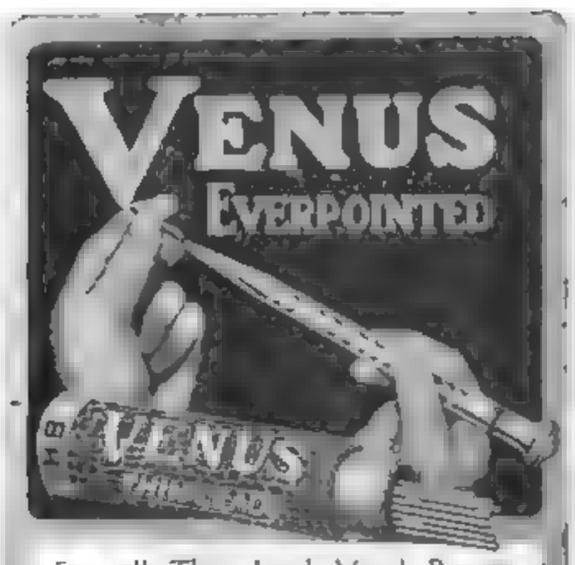

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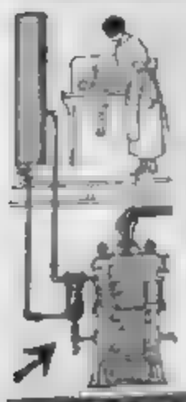

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But Jude forced himself to ask: "You don't really mean that, Dora? Do you? If I asked you to go?"

"I won't ever leave you, Uncle Jude," she assured him quietly.

He rose at that, with a swift movement like a start of pain; but Rob could not see his face, for the man moved slowly across the room and opened the door that led into the room he occupied. He disappeared, closing this door behind him, and Rob heard a match strike into flame, heard the clink of a lamp chimney as it was lifted to bare the wick, then the creak of a chair.

He was watching the door through which Jude had disappeared when Dora spoke to him. "Don't think me ungrateful," she said, almost in a whisper.

"It is for you to decide," he replied.

"He's been so good to me, for so long. And I love him dearly. I couldn't ever leave him."

"He wants you to go."

"He wants me to go for my sake; just as all his life everything he has done has been for my sake."

"I can believe this is true," Rob told her.

"It is true," she assured him.

And with no further word she got up and began the work of clearing away. Rob watched her gather the dishes and stack them; he smoked absently; and at last, with a chuckle, he rose and went to her side where she stood by the sink.

"Mind if I take a hand?" he asked. "I've washed dishes in my time."

"It's nothing," she protested.

"Oh, I know; but I like to show off these accomplishments."

She smiled. "I meant that I didn't mind doing them."

He chose to wash, while she wiped. "Then you can wipe off what I don't wash off," he reminded her.

She laughed softly at that. They began to talk, the gay and meaningless talk which fills such moments so pleasantly. After a time, when the dishes were almost done, they were both silenced by a sound from the other room—a door that opened and closed.

"He's gone outdoors," she said, polishing a dish.

"There's a door out from his room? Yes, I remember seeing it." They worked in silence for a little, faintly subdued by merely remembering that Jude was near. Rob looked toward the window and said, "I believe the moon has come out."

"I expect so," Dora agreed. "The wind changed. It was starting to clear."

"Does he often go out at night?" he asked. "Leaving you here alone?"

She smiled. "I always know he's near. There's nothing to bother me."

"A remarkable man," he said, watching her, wishing he dared say more, wondering if he dared question her.

"He is wonderful," she agreed.

"He must love these woods. The hills around here."

"Yes."

"I wonder why he burned the boat tonight. Doesn't he ever use it?"

"Hardly ever," she answered. "I don't know when he's had it on the water, except the other night. Night before last he was out in it. I heard him after I'd gone to bed. He rowed away upstream, up the dead water. There was a bright moon, and I supposed he felt like being on the water. I didn't see him come back."

"He needs sleep," Rob suggested. "His eyes look tired."

She nodded. "He hasn't slept well lately. But he's always out a lot at night. He's really like an owl, to see in the night."

The wind had begun to blow, even in this deep gorge between the hills; they heard the trees stirring outside, and as Dora finished her work curious groaning sounds came from somewhere within the great structure of the mill. At first Rob, faintly startled by them, ejaculated "What's that?"

She shook her head. "The mill is full of creaks and groans and squeaks when it blows," she replied. "I used to imagine all sorts of things; but I don't often notice them now."

The groans continued in something like a rhythm. Rob tried to imitate Dora's indifference; but the persistent sound disturbed him, jangled his already taut nerves. The croak of frogs in the dead water outside penetrated to the kitchen. A mouse or rat scurried between ceiling and floor over their heads with a little squeak. A great owl hooted somewhere on the ridge above them. Rob suddenly felt a hunger for the sight of an open flame; all here smelled so persistently of damp and mold. He opened the stove to knock the dottle from his pipe. "Do you ever have an open fire?" he asked.

"Just stoves," Dora told him. "One in Uncle Jude's room, and one up in my room, and the stove here. They keep us warm. The rest of the house is all shut up."

They stood still, listening. "That was like a voice," Rob whispered; for the groaning sound had changed its timbre. Now it abruptly died away, as though it had been cut off. He began to sweat.

"Let's go outside," he suggested. "I'd like to see the moon."

She agreed, faintly reluctant. She drew a shawl about her head. The mucky barnyard was glorified by moonlight. They heard a whippoorwill on the stone wall in the edge of the woods. It flickered, batlike, through the air over their heads as they approached it. The owl was hooting again, and other owls seemed to answer it. The timbre and tempo of their cries varied; were now fast, now slow; now deep, now hollow, now shrill.

"They're not really calling to each other," Rob said. "I've heard they hoot to frighten small game into moving, then strike at the movement."

"They seem to call and answer, often all night long," she replied.

The woods received them; she led the way to a bowlder near the water's edge, above the mill, and sat down there. He sat beside her. Mosquitoes gathered quickly, annoying him; but she seemed not to perceive them.

"Tell me more about Boston," she directed, her voice faintly wistful.

He spoke for a while, and now and then she interrupted him with questions: "Could I do what I liked? Would I be rich? Could I go to theaters?"

He told her about his father. "I don't want to urge you," he apologized. "But my father is a pretty fine fellow; and he'd take mighty good care of you. You'd have a good time, and be able to do what you chose." He added, almost humbly, "You and I would probably be pretty good friends, see each other a lot."

She smiled at him frankly. "I should like that," she said. "I think you are very nice."

Her eyes were so deep in the moonlight that he had to steady himself against their charm. "Don't be a fool, Rob," he thought. "Don't be a fool." His eyes wandered toward the mill, a little way below them.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "There's a light in there."

He saw that she was startled. The light had shown as two or three horizontal streaks; as though a candle were held within a room boarded horizontally, with cracks between the boards.

"That's where the machinery of the mill is, the saws and everything," she explained.

"It seems to be falling apart. Those cracks. Your uncle's in there."

She nodded. "I expect so. I never knew him to go in there!"

"The light's moving," he said. There was no reason why the light should not move, why Jude should not be in the mill room. Yet the facts seemed to Rob a part of all the little bewilderments of the last few hours; he felt again that surge of reasonless terror.

She strove to cling to matter-of-fact explanations. "The old mill—that part of it—used to be open on the sides," she explained. "Uncle Jude boarded it up when he quit sawing here. Just boarded it up with ordinary boards. There are cracks between them, but it helps keep the cold away from the part of the house we use."

"That's your room, in the end, above the wheel box, isn't it?"

"Yes." She pointed to another window, a window of the room above her uncle's. "That's your room," she explained.

He was watching the light that showed through those cracks; it disappeared.

"Mr. Pascal has gone back into his room," he said.

She rose, brushing her skirts down. "We'd best go in."

He followed her without protest, back to the house and into the kitchen. They could hear Jude moving about in his room. Dora busied herself with some last small tasks; Rob refilled his pipe and sat down by the table with a book. Jude came out of his room, looked at them curiously, and sat down across from Rob. For a little no one of them spoke. Rob could see Dora, from the shadows, watching her uncle furtively. He forced himself to speak.

"How long has the old mill been closed down, Mr. Pascal?" he asked.

"A good many years," Jude replied. "There's been no lumber taken out of here for fifteen years anyway."

"What did you do, junk the machinery?"

"It wasn't worth the haul out. No, it's still here. Rusted away, I expect."

"I'd like to look it over," Rob suggested. "It must be interesting."

"Place is all boarded up," Pascal said, a defensive note in his voice.

"Oh, I guess we could get in. Of course I don't want to bother you. Isn't there a door?"

"The door is nailed up," Jude replied, his yellow eyes fixing themselves on Rob sternly. "No one goes in there. Probably the floor has all rotted away by this time." His voice had a determined emphasis. "I haven't been in there myself for years."

There was a little silence. Rob nodded. "I see," he said, in a tone that he tried to make casual. "Well, it doesn't matter."

He looked at Dora, and saw that she was watching Jude with eyes full of bewildered terror. Because, as they both knew, her uncle had lied.

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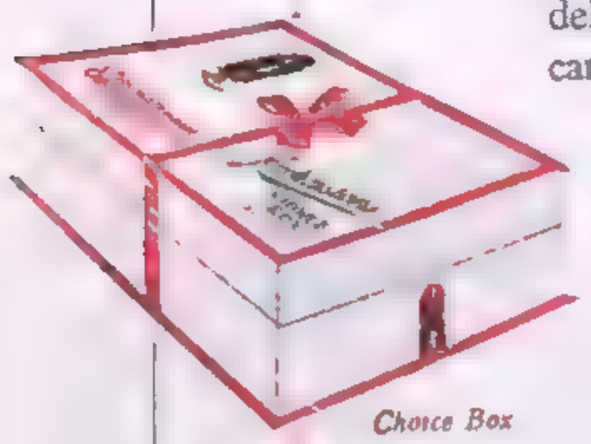

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THE GREAT DEMOLISHER

(Continued from Page 5)

out 50, 60 or 70 per cent of one's income in taxes. It is a cold, hard, discouraging fact. It is the dominant fact in every voter's life. It is the most costly, the most direct and the most harassing point of his contact with government. It is the sword that pierces his vitals. It is the basis of all election, political and governmental protest. It is the great, fundamental, determining issue in all elections, and will be for many years.

You can get a dozen reasons, all plausible, as to what caused the great revolt against Democracy in the United States in 1920. There is only one real reason, and that reason is taxation and the promise of the Republicans to reduce it. You have had, recently, a dozen reasons, all plausible, in explanation of the great revolt against Republicanism in the United States in 1922. There is only one real reason, and that reason is taxation. Similarly the politicians and the publicists in England, since the general election in 1922, have put forth acres of reasons for the majority given to the Conservatives in the House of Commons, but there is only one real reason, and that reason is taxation. Taxation was the foundation and the inspiration of the revolt against Lloyd George. Taxation was the inciting cause for the majority in the Commons that was given to Bonar Law. Taxation, in England as in the United States, is the great, dominating, national, political and economic grievance, and what happened in the United States in 1920, and in 1922, and what happened in England in 1922, happened because of taxation, when the processes of the campaign and the action of the voters are stripped of all the flubdub and flapdoodle and misinterpretation and partisan consideration and juggling, and examined in the true light of the feelings and the convictions and the protests of the people.

Consider the state of the English taxpayer. He is paying almost two billions of dollars a year in income tax. Moreover, the latest governmental budget called for four and a quarter billions of dollars in round numbers, which requires two and a quarter billions of dollars to be raised in other taxation than the income tax, in a country with but 43,000,000 population, exclusive of Ireland, and with a very large percentage of these 43,000,000 unproductive, in a tax sense, of any considerable amount of money. The 1913 English budget required a few dollars more than a billion for all governmental upkeep.

The Killer of Parties

That is England's tax story, and it is but a repetition of America's tax story. That is the plot, the scenario, the continuity and the production of the political tale that was told in the United States in 1920 and told again in 1922; and that is the gist, the essence, the spirit of the political tale told in England in 1922. Taxation! Get to the bare bones of these political movements and demonstrations and results, and you find that to be the genesis of them, the spirit of them and the actuating impulse of them, so far as the voters go—and, as results have proved, the voters go a great way; all the way, in fact, when their protest gets a political opportunity.

Taxation is the great demolisher of governments—greater than war and greater than peace, each of which has no mean powers in tearing down. Taxation demolished the Democrats in the United States in 1920, and demolished the Republicans in 1922. Taxation demolished the Lloyd George government in England in 1922, and will demolish the Bonar Law government at some future time. No policy, issue, plan or patriotic appeal will stand against the draining of the purse of the people for governmental upkeep beyond a certain limit. All taxation is onerous, but all increased taxation is deadly. It is the killer of parties. It is the destruction of party politicians. It is the basis of protest. It is the inciter of revolt. It is nonpartisan, universal, implacable, definite. It destroys those who impose it. There is no appeal to any phase of human political sympathies that will stand up against the necessity of giving a largely increased portion of an individual's income to a government, no matter what requirements may be urged. Patriotism ceases after the bands stop playing when taxes are concerned. The war? Yes. But the peace? No. Wilson found that out. Harding found it out. Lloyd George found it out. And so will Bonar Law.

Indeed, they probably knew it, at least subconsciously, before the stark realities of it were forced on them. Curiously enough, politicians, both in England and in the United States, seek to evade this rock-bottom feature of politics. They deceive themselves. Always opportunists, they predicate their taxation pronouncements on a hoped-for economy they know in their hearts they cannot accomplish, and a Micawber conviction that something will turn up to help them out. When the Republican orators in 1920 were promising that taxes would be reduced the Republican managers knew well enough there wasn't a chance for tax reduction on any scale of scope enough to satisfy the taxpayers. Yet they made their promises, were taken at their words in November, 1920, and taken at their deeds in 1922.

Mr. Law the Tranquillizer

Lloyd George, with his political situation and his governmental necessities and obligations, couldn't do with less than a budget of four and a quarter billion dollars, but he vaguely talked of economy, and sought to evade the issue by commissions to recommend lesser expenditures and all that sort of political claptrap. Bonar Law has similarly vague hopes of getting off a sixpence in the pound in the income tax. He doesn't know how he will do it, nor does anybody else, but he hopes. Meantime, standing over him, just as the American voters stood over Harding between 1920 and 1922, are the British voters, and if Bonar Law cannot contrive more than a sixpence off in a pound the British voters will demolish him.

The politicians straddle and hedge and beg the question and throw up smoke screens, but the dragon of taxation lies hideously in wait for them around the corner. There never was a political campaign more perfectly in illustration of this situation than the one just fought in England, which in its wider aspects was comparable to an American presidential election. It involved either the support or the rejection of the government formed to succeed the Lloyd George government, which received its final and fatal thrust when the Unionists refused longer to support George's coalition, and left him with but scattering support. The British public had been hacking at the George government for weeks and months, but no vital spot had been reached. Then came the *coup de grâce* administered by the Unionists, and there was no place for Lloyd George to go but out.

Now, as has been set forth, the basis of all the popular dissatisfaction and protest against the George government was taxation. That was the root of it, but piled on that were many other things, and the little Welshman staggered under a load that was crushing. He made his bold and typical effort to straighten himself with his specious Near East program, and lost. Then came Bonar Law. It almost seemed that Bonar Law, impressed by the virtues of normalcy as a political shibboleth, took that leaf from Harding's book. At any rate he announced that his appeal to the country was tranquillity. He said, in effect, that Great Britain had been disturbed, harassed, messed about, and held back by the individualism of Lloyd George, by his constant change of policy, by his lack of that stability that is dear to the British mind and soul, by his opportunism, his schemes for personal aggrandizement, his insistence on being the entire state, his disregard of the opinions and conclusions of others, and by the failure of his after-the-war programs. He saw a nation distraught, dismal and despairing. He saw foreign entanglements that he deemed evil, and domestic designs that were disquieting. He saw the Britons, led hither and thither, losing trade, political solidity, and, worst of all, not getting the money English tradition and precedent rule that all the world must pay to the British. In a word—chaos.

So, Bonar Law being canny—supercanny—New Brunswickian Scotch; all the traits—sought for a sentiment that would divert the minds of the English and the Scotch and the Welsh and the Ulstermen from their woes and turmoils, looked for a lullaby that would calm them and cajole them to his Tories and their Toryism. He rather fought shy of reaction. That was too conservative, but he felt that he might imply reaction and reactionarism in his slogan "Tranquillity," and he began, and continued, his campaign on that basis. He said in effect: "Peace be unto you, my brethren, but the only way it shall be unto you is through me. What we desire is tranquillity after the alarms and excursions of the past eight years, and I am the original tranquillizer. Let me lead you to the paths of concord, amity, and, most of all, to that calmness and serenity of government that shall descend upon you if you give me the warrant of your majority support."

That was about all. In his speeches he ventured no opinion, stated no policy, advanced no theory of government. What he proposed was peace—the good old days. Once, goaded to it, he trod cautiously around the edges of the foreign questions that involved the moment. Once he wished, with a sigh, that the nation had never gone into Mesopotamia. Once he promised that the discord existing between England and some of her former allies would be composed. But mostly he talked of tranquillity, and it was a catchy line of talk, in the circumstances, because the voters remembered the good old days of lesser taxation and translated tranquillity to mean fewer taxes, which would be tranquil indeed in the view of the entire electorate; and because the Labor Party, putting their political ideas before the people in a manifesto, laid greatest stress on their proposition to make a levy on capital for the purpose of paying war debts and getting back to normal in expenditures, and their proposition for nationalizing the mines and the railroads, and so on. Now to the tremulous Britishers who have more than five thousand pounds in fortune—which is, roughly, twenty-five thousand dollars; a bit less as the exchange goes—there is nothing less tranquil than that. That is positively incendiary and tumultuous in contemplation, even, to the British mind, and would be anarchistic in execution.

What the Voters Voted For

They told me, when I arrived in England at about the time of the downfall of Lloyd George, that the forthcoming general election would be the most important in a generation. Possibly they were right. I am here to say that whether or not it was the most important general election, it certainly was the dullest of which the mind can conceive. Bonar Law tranquillized it out of all semblance of an election. What it amounted to was the parading of a large number of eminent English, governmental or not, about the country, and the enunciation of more words and fewer ideas than were ever set forth in any similar circumstances in any similar length of time by any speakers of the English tongue. Nobody advanced a policy, save the Labor Party. Nobody advanced anything but the fervid prayer for peace—quiet—introspection—a complete and holy calm. The country, sorely wounded and sick unto death, needed the poultice of conservatism, and, please, good Britons, allow the expert Conservative poulticers to apply it.

Well, they got away with it, but not because the average British voter was deluded by their pleas for repose—not at all. The average British voter was fed up on that sort of stuff long before the campaigners were finished with feeding him. What he was interested in was taxes. The average British voter translated the tranquillity of Bonar Law into an inference that tranquillity would mean staying at home, minding their own business, building up trade and cutting down expenses. The orators were chary about economy. They were mostly experienced of government, and they knew how impossible economy is of practice in governmental affairs, especially after a welter of expenditure such as has been in England since the war began.

That translation, and Stanley Baldwin's panicky announcement at Newcastle, held the average British voter in line for the Conservatives, and the capital levy of the Labor Party clinched them. Conversely, the capital levy of the Labor Party brought many votes to labor candidates and for the same reason—taxation. There was something practical about that—something one could get one's teeth into. Take the money the rich have and pay off the debts

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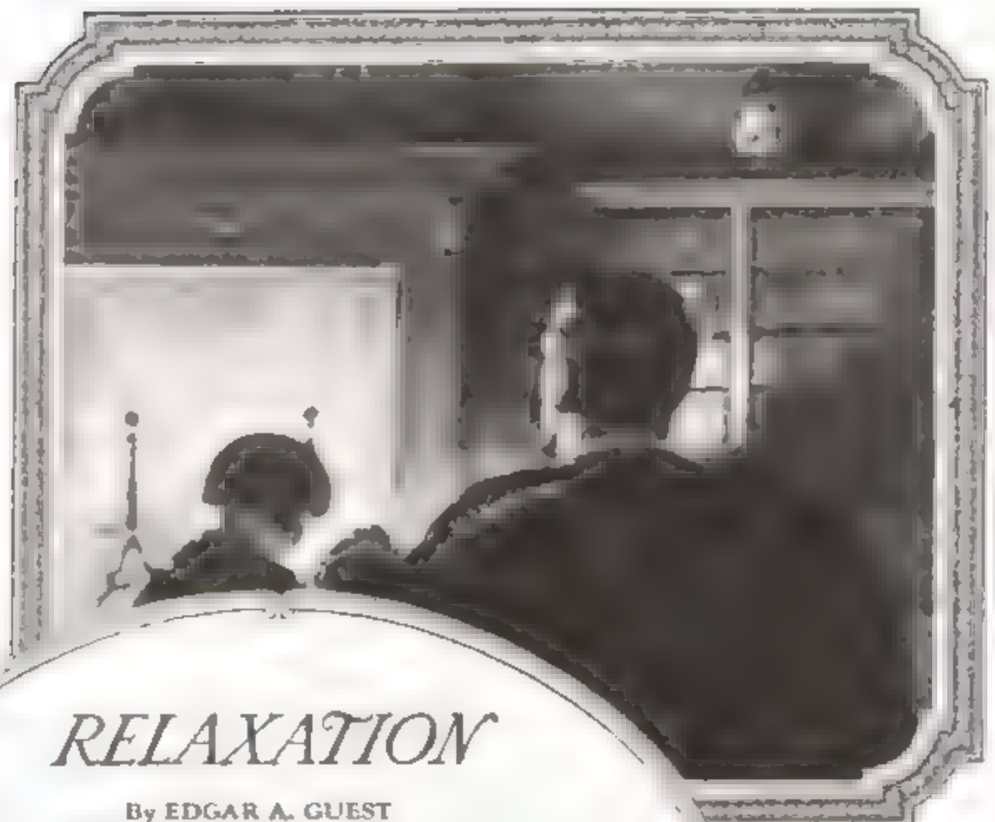

RELAXATION

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Now I have dropped the bonds of care
And watch the children at their play;
Oh, there is beauty everywhere
To close the trials of the day.
Home, to the ones who trust and love,
Home, to the eyes that brightly shine,
God help me to be worthy of
These staunch and friendly walls of mine.

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with it. That would relieve the necessity of further taxes in one big operation. So, as it worked out, taxation not only helped Bonar Law but it also helped Labor. The total vote for the Conservative candidates was 5,554,648. The total vote for Labor was 4,202,516, or a combined Conservative and Labor vote of 9,757,164 out of a total vote of 14,354,441.

Thus we observe more than five million British voters hoping to attain lower taxes through the medium of tranquillity, and more than four million expecting to achieve the same end through the tumult of a capital levy—but all voting with taxes in mind, primarily and secondarily; all voting with taxes almost exclusively in mind, notwithstanding the vast amount of explanation, conclusion, analysis and exposition that has been set forth since the election.

Other constructions have been put upon it, especially by the triumphant Tories. The result has been held to amount to this: That the kingdom, having been playing hooky for eight years, has returned to school, anxious and willing to sit at the knee of a Tory Britannia and learn anew the old procedures of conservatism, insularity, orderly politics and party government instead of personal government. In other eloquent quarters it has been said that the trusting and tumult-tried British have given the Bonar Law government a blank check on their resources, their support and their allegiances, and have told him to fill it in to suit himself with the assurance that it will be honored at the popular bank, which to all who know the financial habit of the English is the limit in political hyperbole. However, a great many people were very anxious to get rid of Lloyd George, and on occasions the English can be, and are, as sloppy as any of the rest of us, notwithstanding their sedulously created and heavily maintained self-ascription of nonemotionalism.

Of course the English and the Scotch and the Welsh and the Ulstermen, the whole comprising the residents of these interesting British Isles who voted in this latest election, have done nothing of the sort. What they have done is to make effective a protest against a government that had decayed on their hands. They have swept out the rubbish and installed a new set of governmental furniture. If this furniture does not suit they will junk that also, and the quicker the British political mind awakes to that fact the quicker the British Isles will get back to where they once were, by rights of history, achievement, capabilities and character. The British politician is a good politician, an expedient politician, and a practiced politician, but he also is a custom-bound politician, and he hasn't moved so fast along the new ways of the world as his constituents have. Nor have the British publicists.

Political Post-Mortems

A government majority of seventy-seven seats in the House of Commons following a general election might have meant at one time that back of that expression of confidence there was an underlying conviction of principle. It is not so now. The British voting public, like the American voting public, is entirely as expedient as its political leaders, whereas in the old days the British voter was the creature of his leaders. Often, as in the case at Birmingham, an intrinsically radical voting population has been organized and maintained and voted conservatively, and so on. Then, too, there was a time in England when the Liberal Party was the greatest political party this world has ever known. The politicians have not changed. The people have changed, and when they voted in Bonar Law in November they did not vote Bonar Law in because of any new-found or old-maintained adherence to the Conservatism of Bonar Law and his government, but experimentally, as the only expedient at hand, to see if relief could be obtained. If not—and this is the thing that the British politicians fail to appreciate—they will vote Bonar Law out just as effectively as they voted him in.

In a previous article about this British election I noted that a fundamental difference between an American general election and a British general election is that the Americans take six months to bring theirs about and the English get theirs over in three weeks. Another fundamental difference, which has been more apparent this time than in years, is that although the Americans do take months to their elections they accept the result as final and stop talking about it; whereas the English, using but three weeks to bring about an election, apparently never do stop talking about it. They continue to discuss, analyze, deduct and dissect for weeks upon weary discursive weeks.

The esteemed English are good winners but bad losers. They do not talk much about their victories, but they do spend a lot of time alibiing themselves for their defeats. Of course the good-winners part of it is based on that interesting national assumption that the Englishman is superior to all others of the species and that, such being the undoubted case, winning is merely a matter of course, to be expected, and therefore a detail that goes with superiority, and not a subject for comment—an acknowledgment, not a feat. Hence, when he loses he hurries to explain that in effect and in reality he did not lose at all, or, to put it another way, his opponent did not win. He must save that superior face of his.

No better example of this attribute is to be found than in the heavy pressure on the columns of the newspaper press, the periodical press, the party organs and among the letter-to-the-editor contingent by the defeated after an election to show that though their opponents may seem at the moment to be victorious, their victory is but a hollow one, not deserved, and susceptible to many explanations, all tending to uphold the defeated in their own estimations, no matter what the figures show.

The Alibi Specialists

The alibis took this turn this time: The total vote was 14,354,441, and of this vote Labor received 4,202,516; the Independent Liberals, 2,663,390; the National Liberals 1,467,223, and all others, save the Conservatives, 466,664. The Conservatives got 5,554,648. Therefore, adding all votes that were not Conservative, the plain and undeniable fact, the alibiers said, is that the Conservative majority of members in the House of Commons, which is seventy-seven, is a majority based on a minority; and hence the opponents of Conservativism really won, although, to be sure, the opponents of Conservatism are seventy-seven votes shy when it comes to the mere detail of controlling the House of Commons and the government.

We find so experienced a politician as Lloyd George advancing this view in a statement issued a few days after the polling day, probably with his tongue in his cheek. Lloyd George says:

"It is true the Conservatives have succeeded in obtaining the return of a majority of members to the new Parliament, but the most notable feature of the elections is the return of a decisive majority of members by a very definite minority of electors.

"I observe that the Prime Minister—Bonar Law—in returning thanks to the nation, claims he has received a vote of confidence by the people of this country. Out of a total poll of fifteen millions his candidates secured less than six millions. . . . This means that only two-fifths of the electorate voted confidence in the administration, while three-fifths voted confidence in other leaders or groups. A minority of three millions in a national referendum could hardly be claimed as a vote of confidence."

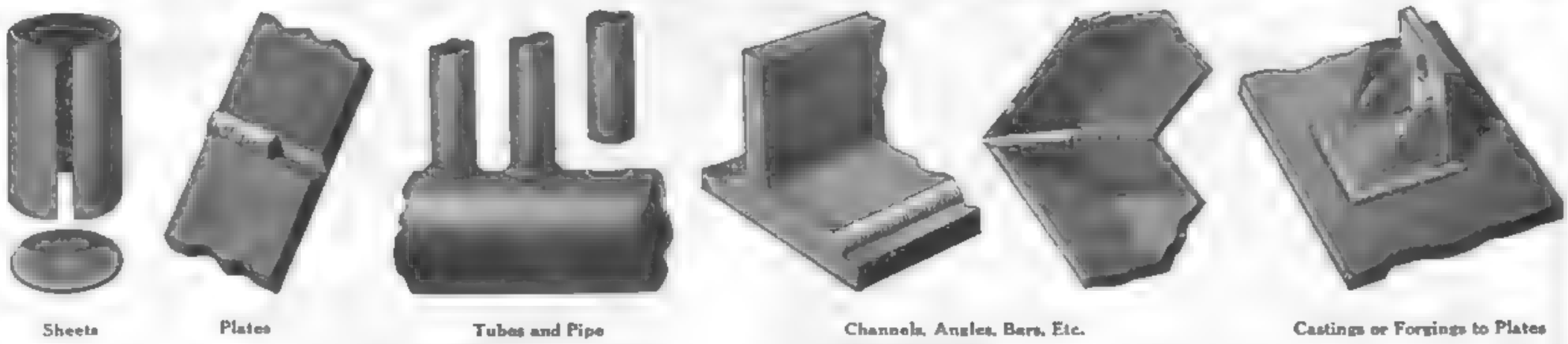
There was no end to this sort of argument, if it is argument, and no end to the long and labored discussion of the advantages of proportional representation, which is a complex theory of a division of seats in accordance to votes cast, or something of the sort, which the nation has not in effect, and hence was not particularly germane to the situation, except for face-saving purposes.

All this sort of thing, of course, is mere byplay. The fact of the situation is that under the election law at present operative in the British Isles the Conservatives show a clear majority of seventy-seven seats in the House of Commons over the combined opposition forces. There would be an argument in it if seats were selected not by constituencies but proportionally on the number of votes cast, but seats are not so selected. There would be an argument in it if the seats secured by the three-fifths of the electorate Lloyd George speaks about were seats of a combination, or of parties that could combine.

The alibiers lump all the opposition vote and call it theirs, and make their arguments on that basis, but the truth of it is that the various parties whose votes make up the

(Continued on Page 105)

LINCOLN ARC WELDER



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Doors (steel)
Fans and Blowers
Gears and Railing
Furniture (steel)
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Heaters
Ladders
Locomotives
Lockers
Metal Specialties
Mixers, Agitators and Tanks
Oil Stills
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Pedestals
Pumps
Racks
Sash
Safes
Pipes
Sheet Steel
Smoke Stacks
Structural Steel
Superheaters
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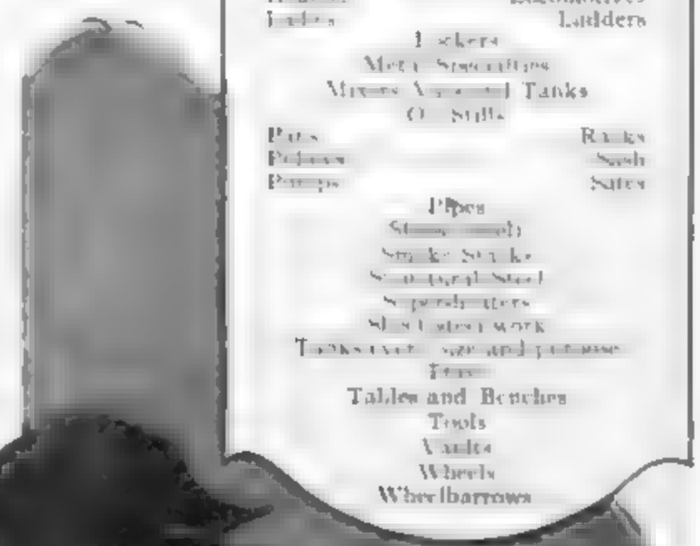
Wheels
Wheelbarrows



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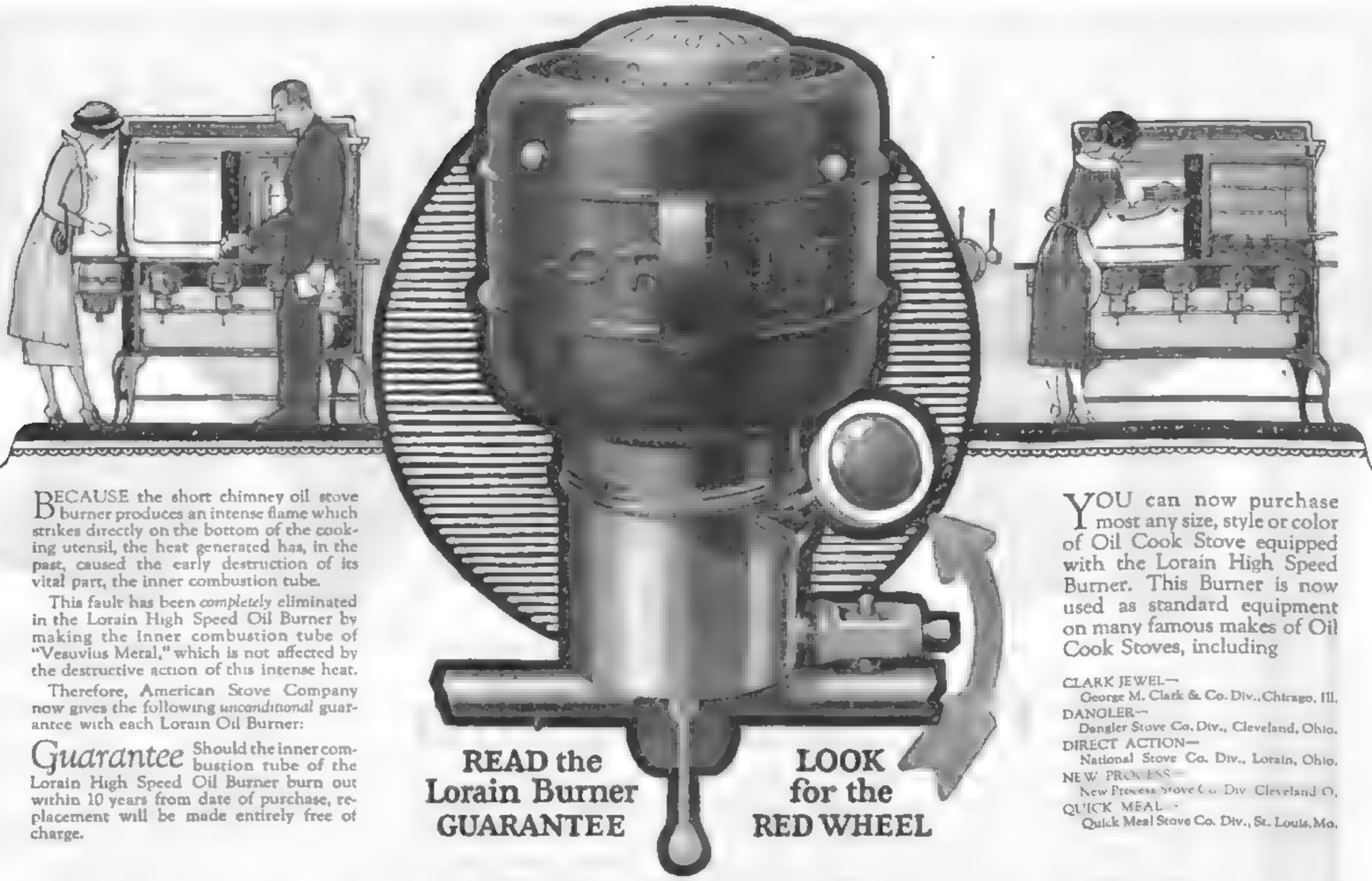

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Be sure to get an oil cook stove equipped with the Lorain High Speed Burner, the burner with the Red Wheel. Then, you'll own as fine an oil cook stove as can be made.

Look for the RED WHEEL

IF GAS is available you'll find no cook or appliance to compare with Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

LORAIN
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Sole manufacturers of Gas Ranges Equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator
World's Largest Manufacturers of Cooking Appliances

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED
OIL BURNER

(Continued from Page 102)

majority vote Lloyd George speaks about are mostly uncombinable. There is Labor, say, with one hundred and forty-two seats, and Labor will be hard to combine with the Asquithian Liberals, who have sixty-five seats; and though such a thing is not unimaginable, a combination of the Lloyd George Liberals and the Asquith Liberals would have its difficulties. That sort of stuff is tosh. Bonar Law won a big victory, and he has a firm control of the government. His tenure of control will depend on just what he is able to do in the way of reducing expenditure and thereby making tax reductions possible and on how long he can hold Lloyd George in check. That is the position in which Bonar Law finds himself, and he knows it too.

There is not opportunity in this article to refer, except briefly, to the Labor successes; but inasmuch as it is acknowledged by everybody, from the king in his speech opening Parliament to the letter writers to The Times, that the gravest question confronting England is unemployment, and as the Labor successes are closely related both economically and politically to that question, a fuller survey of that arresting and most important situation will be made in another article. Labor in this election cast 4,202,516 votes and secured one hundred and forty-two seats in the House of Commons. Labor had seventy-six seats under the Lloyd George coalition government, and practically doubled its representation and more than doubled its total vote either because or despite a manifesto of party principles that included a capital levy on all fortunes in excess of five thousand pounds, and much other extremely radical policy.

This was the great outstanding feature of the election returns—not Bonar Law's success or Lloyd George's small vote or the fact that one Prohibitionist and several Communists got in. England clung to her Conservatism, or went back to it, rather; but more than four millions of her fourteen millions who voted, voted for a capital levy—for the mulcting of those very Conservatives who type the riches of the country of the larger parts of their fortunes. That is something the explainers of the election have not yet explained.

Mr. Law's Tenure of Office

Labor finds itself in this Parliament with one hundred and forty-two seats, the second highest number, and with a better leadership than Labor has had for a long time. This situation comes at a time of extreme depression of trade, although there are signs that business is picking up over there, and in a country that is not only heavily overindustrialized but has, at smallest count, ten or fifteen millions surplus population. England is top heavy as to its industries and bottom heavy as to its people. The Labor Party fits itself into a situation like this, and with one hundred and forty-two votes in the House of Commons may be in a position to force many things that will cause consternation among the Conservatives if nothing worse.

The Asquith Liberals, or the Independent Liberals, the Wee Frees, secured sixty-five seats, with a total vote of 2,663,390, and the National, or Lloyd George, Liberals got fifty seats and a vote of 1,467,223. Together they have fewer seats than the Labor Party, and they are far apart. However, there are signs that a working agreement between them is being considered.

Just what did happen governmentally in this election will not be apparent for some months. It is smugly pointed out by the Conservative supporters that in the usual course, with a majority of seventy-seven seats, Bonar Law ought to stay in power for four or five years, but the smug pointers-out fail to appreciate the chief difficulty with that comfortable program, which is that the present is not the usual course. It is a highly unusual course. Bonar Law is not confronted with an ordinary opposition. He has confronting him David Lloyd George, admittedly the most skillful and the most resourceful politician in the empire, and a vigorous, elated, ruthless and, in sections, almost fanatic Labor Party, with a strong leader, Ramsay Macdonald.

Naturally, Lloyd George's combination to increase his personal element of opposition would be with the other branch of his Liberal Party, but Lloyd George will not stick at a combination with the Labor Party if he runs true to his political form, or with any other party, to get himself back into power. With his votes, the Labor votes and such other votes as he might gather, he might rather easily, on some liberal question, overturn the Bonar Law government.

Therefore, those who know George best predict that, after watching the turn of events for a time, and getting his bearings all around, he will proceed to capitalize the present situation in these islands for his own political benefit and in this manner: George is, at heart, a Liberal. His early career was devoted to such legislation as had in its broad aspects a bearing on the lives, employments and conditions of the working people. In his later career he has strayed somewhat from his earlier paths, but he is not the man who cannot go back to them expeditiously and enthusiastically. Wherefore he can harass the Law government and increase his own prestige by fathering a series of reform measures—housing reform, electoral reform, educational reform, taxation reform, land reform, labor reform, and so on. There is a lot of reforming that can be proposed in England by an earnest little reformer like George.

Hints of New Alliances

In fact, Lloyd George rather hinted at this in his summary of the election. He said, after expressing the pious hope that the Asquithians would substitute coöperation for conflict: "But progressive minds are by no means confined to the Liberal Party. I have met and worked with them in the Conservative Party, and the election will have taught many men and women in the Labor Party that violent and extravagant proposals impede progress. If the limits are not too narrowly drawn this Parliament may witness the effective association of men of many parties who are genuinely concerned in the advancement of mankind along the paths of peace and progress for the attainment of their common ideals."

That paragraph must have given Bonar Law the chill he had right after election, because when Lloyd George gets his heart set on advancing along the paths of peace and progress it will take quite a skillful majority to impede him, to say nothing of stopping him; and as he advances along said paths the Conservatives will be retreating along the same general lines.

Wherefore, the conclusion that Bonar Law's government will continue placidly—tranquilly—for any three or four or five years seems rather out of step with the facts of the situation. In the first place it must reckon with a most insistent disturber of tranquillity—taxation. In the second it must reckon with a violent and aggressive Labor contingent. In the third it must reckon with the most expert, the most adroit, the most intelligent political personality in the British Empire—David Lloyd George, who has not the slightest intention of remaining in obscurity, nor the least remission of his ambition to stand again at the empire's head. Mr. Bonar Law, the Prime Minister, has, as this is written, a majority of seventy-seven votes for himself, his government and his party, but if he is well advised he will keep very close tabs on it. Otherwise Lloyd George and some others may kidnap a few here and there and now and then.

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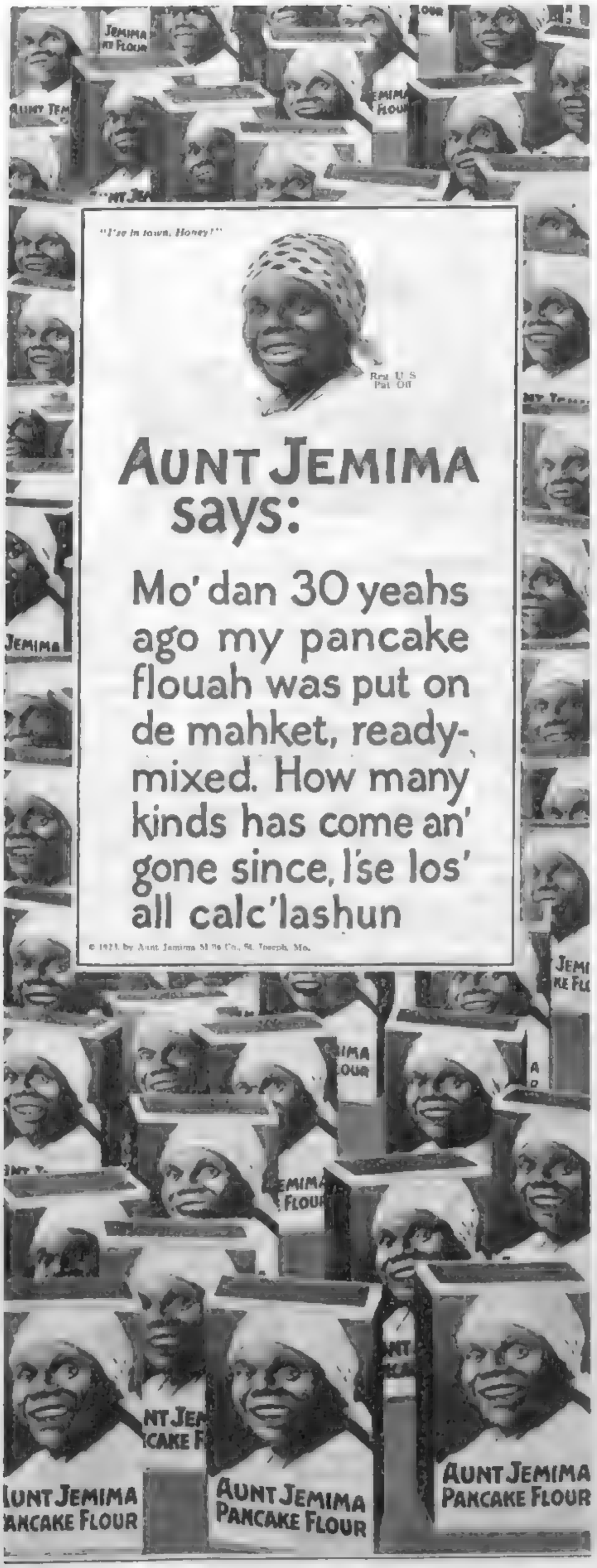
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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

turns to HEDWIG.) Are all preparations made for the ceremony? Where's the bridegroom?

PAUL *(entering)*: I am here!

[PAUL REICHMAN *is a retired sea captain. He is about fifty years of age. He is bald, and wears a stubbly red beard. He is dressed in a pea jacket with brass buttons. He is very lame, and as he limps toward the center of the stage you see that his face is ghastly white. Evidently something terrible has happened.*

PAUL: I can't go through with it.

MRS. BAUMGARTEN: What do you mean?

PAUL: I can't go through with this wedding. I'm not a good man.

HEDWIG: Paul what does it all mean?

PAUL: I thought I could keep it from you. This cursed lameness of mine

HEDWIG: The nurse dropped you when you were a baby.

PAUL *(bitterly)*: So they told me. And I believed them. I found out the truth by accident. One night, when we were tied up to the pier, there was a fire aboard ship. I was overcome by the smoke and flames, and when I came to I was in a hospital. A white-clad nurse stood by my bed. "You're all right, captain," she said. "Just charred your wooden leg a bit." I kicked off the covers and looked down ——

MRS. BAUMGARTEN: Don't, for heaven's sake ——

PAUL: She had told the truth. I saw that I had a wooden leg!

[*There is a tense silence which is emphasized by the sound of the tom-tom, which appears to be drawing nearer.* MRS. BAUMGARTEN *seizes* PAUL *by the shoulders.*

MRS. BAUMGARTEN: Paul! Paul! Look at me! Don't you know me?

PAUL *(as the truth dawns on him)*: My God, it's my mother!

MRS. BAUMGARTEN: Aye, Paul. I wanted to spare you the shame; that's why I left you. But now you must know all. I was only sixteen when I married your father. They warned me against him, but I was young and innocent and I trusted him. After we had been married three years I discovered one night that the man I had married had a wooden leg.

PAUL: Horrible!

MRS. BAUMGARTEN: I fled from the house in terror and shame. I left no address, for I wanted no one to know of my disgrace. The following month you were born—with a wooden leg!

HEDWIG *(pathetically)*: Paul, dearest! I'll marry you anyway.

PAUL *(sadly)*: No, lass, it cannot be. We must consider posterity. Think of bringing into the world our poor helpless little tots, hobbling through life on their wooden stumps ——

[*He turns and walks toward the door.*

PASTOR STOKES: Where are you going?

PAUL *(significantly)*: The mill race.

PASTOR STOKES *(clasping him in his arms)*: Paul! My boy! I am your father, the man who so cruelly wronged your mother here.

MRS. BAUMGARTEN: Otto!

PASTOR STOKES: Yes, Otto. But it's not too late for me to atone for my crime. Come, Paul—to the mill race!

[*They go out together.* MRS. B., *who crouches against the dingus, does not see* HEDWIG *slip into the next room. A pistol shot is heard from the next room. The realization of what has happened dawns on her.*

MRS. BAUMGARTEN: People don't do such things.

[*The throbbing of the tom-tom comes nearer as the curtain falls.* —*Newman Levy.*

What the Young Author Ought to Know

WHEN but a lad in the state university,
Reading and writing were all my delight;
Books I devoured with persistent perversity,
Stories I wrote with my uttermost might
Hoped that my works would show all that there is in life;
Now it is plain I can never go far.
What can I write who have never known prison life,
Never punched cattle and never kept bar?

Things I have written are varied and numerous
Stories, scenarios, ballads and plays.
Poems impassioned and tragic and humorous
These were the work of my earlier days.
What was the use, though, of all this activity?
What is the fruit of my scrivening toil,
Since I am not of an alien nativity,
Since I have never gone boring for oil?

When my new novel, the book of the century,
Meekly I lay on a publisher's desk,
"What," he inquires, "was your last penitentiary?
Has your career been at all picturesque?"
I, who have lived circumspectly and blamelessly,
I, whom the slightest commotion perturbs,
Have to admit the fact, boldly and shamelessly,
Nothing I've done is productive of blurbs.

Much have I traveled in realms that were aureate—
If I may paraphrase somebody's line—
Yet I am farther from being a laureate
Than if I'd labored in forest or mine.
Here is my counsel—try law or photography,
Gamble or ramble where spaces are vast;
Start while you're young to build up a biography;
Don't try to write if you haven't a past!

—*Stoddard King.*

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THE PUBLIC DEBT MANIA

(Continued from Page 4)

threshold by the banker. They may put their feet on his desk. It is a startling change. Hitherto they have had to importune the banker. Now the banker, whose customers are clamoring for tax-free bonds, is only too willing.

A town of two or three thousand people in Iowa is in better credit than the Pennsylvania Railroad, in better credit even than the United States Government, because it can issue tax-free bonds, whereas a railroad bond is taxable, and the bonds of the United States Government are tax free only to a very limited amount.

What would you suppose?

Prior to the advent of the Federal income tax the output of bonds by states, cities, counties and their subdivisions, all together, was between three hundred and four hundred million dollars in the very best borrowing years. It has risen to more than $1,250,000,000 a year and is still rising. And that is more than a quarter of all the available capital there is.

In 1913, the last year before the incidence of the Federal income tax, the total indebtedness of states, cities, counties and their subdivisions was $4,500,000,000. It now is $9,000,000,000. The increase is $4,500,000,000.

Most of this increase has taken place since the war. And it is continuing at the rate of $1,250,000,000 to $1,500,000,000 a year!

What do they do with it?

They spend it—literally, by the record, they spend many millions of it for playgrounds, parks, golf links, monuments, white-light ways, deficits, current expenses, Colosseums, railroad stations, decorative bridges, general improvements, to buy out private enterprise, hydroelectric light and power works, debts, repairs, banquet halls, natatoriums, libraries, unemployment, miscellaneous desires.

Much of it is spent in ways that are unreported. "Miscellaneous" and "general improvements" are very loose conventions. Money borrowed in such terms may with perfect propriety be spent for any purpose whatever. The creditors do not care. They seldom even inquire. The difference between public and private accounting for borrowed money is vast. When a private corporation, like a railroad, sells bonds it is obliged to pledge its assets and give sureties, and then trustees are appointed to see that the money is precisely employed in the ways intended and not wasted, and exact financial reports are required to be made periodically.

But from a state or a city or any of those political entities with debt-incurring power the banker accepts a declaration of intent. For the rest he glances at the tax rate and has a lawyer's opinion that the bonds are legally issued. Why anything more?

Let Posterity Pay

The security of a public bond rests not upon assets, which could not be pledged and could not be foreclosed upon if they were, nor upon earning power, for there is no such thing, but wholly upon the word of the community that it will pay, and its power to tax itself according to its word. Public credit is credit purely. Nevertheless, it follows that where there is no strict accounting for what is done with the money there will be laxity in the spending of it; also, that where nothing is pledged that the creditor may seize in the event of default the spirit is free from that anxious sense of debt which comes of the certainty that if you do not pay you will lose the house.

Public borrowing is notoriously carefree as to the evil day. Never was it more optimistic than now.

In Texas they are issuing forty-year bonds to build roads. If you say "But there is no such thing as a forty-year road. When these bonds come due there won't be anything left of these highways but the location," they say, "We'll all be dead by that time."

On the evidence of its statistics the Bureau of the Census says three-quarters of all American cities are living beyond their means. That is to say, they spend more than they take in. Yet in spite of this, perhaps because of it, never were they so keen to borrow on their promises to pay and never before have they borrowed at anything like the present rate. The spirit is naïve.

As to an issue of $1,750,000 bonds by Richmond, Virginia, the Richmond Dispatch of May twentieth said: "The funds to be derived from the sale of these bonds will be turned loose immediately. 'This,' commented sub-Chairman Carter B. Jones, 'will keep the city departments busy for months. No man out of work need go hungry, for there will be employment for all who want it.'"

Greensboro, North Carolina, wished a new railroad station. The Southern Railway said it could not afford to borrow the money to build a station. Thereupon Greensboro voted $1,300,000 municipal bonds to build its own station. The Raleigh News and Observer said:

"The plan is a novel one, unprecedented, and for that reason of great interest to every city on the Southern lines desiring a new station."

Complete solution of the railroad-station problem! Every city to build its own station and lease it to the railroad! Thus capital procured by the sale of tax-free bonds is loaned to a railroad whose borrowing power is impaired by the competition of those same tax-free bonds with its own, and to the extent of $1,300,000 private wealth is enabled to escape the Federal income tax.

Mortgaging the Future

A private corporation that issued bonds to meet current expenses would on the face of the case be insolvent. Nobody would take its bonds. Not so with a state or a city. The Des Moines Register on October fourth reported that the district court had awarded to L. A. Jester, a citizen, representing creditors of the city, a judgment for $250,540 against the city in a friendly action preliminary to the issuing of bonds for all outstanding debts and for the estimated expenses of the current year. The Register explained: "The law requires that the city confess judgment before bonds to pay bills can be issued."

This practice is not uncommon—quite regular, in fact, in state and municipal finance. In Ohio, at the last election, two constitutional amendments, one to prohibit the sale of bonds to meet current expenses and another proposing that the life of a public bond should be limited to the probable life of the work for which the proceeds were spent, were both beaten by a large popular vote.

In Oklahoma the practice of spending it first was carried too far. The attorney general was scandalized to discover that enthusiastic school boards desiring things greatly and thinking not to disturb public opinion about them, created debts unaware to the taxpayer, got themselves sued, confessed judgment in court and then certified to the state authorities that they were obliged to issue bonds according to the law. The Oklahomian said: "Too many county-school districts and municipalities desiring to purchase equipment or buildings or pay debts for which no estimate is made, have ignored the law, proceeding to purchase the equipment and then arranging with the district or city to be sued." For according to the law, if the debt has already been incurred and the creditor obtains judgment, bonds must be issued forthwith.

Even where it does not explicitly appear that the proceeds of bonds are used to pay current expenses it is often, indeed, very commonly true. Any competent controller knows how to clothe the naked fact. All those municipalities which according to the Bureau of the Census are living beyond their means, issuing bonds at the same time for general and miscellaneous improvements, which include repaving, repairs and reconstruction, are doing it. Three-quarters of the cities are doing it.

Then there is the spirit of enterprise.

In Alabama the city of Dothan, with only 10,000 people, decides to issue $750,000 bonds for a hydroelectric plant. A citizen brings an action to stop it on the ground that the plant will generate four or five times as much power and light as the city can use. The answer is that it will sell the balance, and the court holds that to be a wise answer. The city of Dothan already has a debt of $280,000. When it is through its per-capita indebtedness will be higher than that of Pittsburgh or Boston.

Why not? It will be in the power business. Is that not a good business? California had almost thought so. In ten years the total state, municipal and county indebtedness of California has increased nearly two and a half times, the per-capita cost of government has increased from forty to ninety-one dollars a year; and yet, on top of all that, it was proposed to issue state bonds up to $500,000,000 for the purpose of developing the state's hydroelectric power resources as a public monopoly. The plan was defeated at the last election. It is not dead.

The availability of capital to municipalities on tax-free bonds powerfully impels them toward public ownership of utilities, such as light, heat, power and rapid transit. They can borrow the money at lower rates than private corporations, and there is always the argument, very insidious, that taxes will not be increased. The properties will pay for themselves. Experience to the contrary is of no account. Always it was some place else where it failed. Public credit is increasingly sold in the form of tax-free bonds either to build street railways or to buy out the private owners of existing lines. Large new bond issues for this purpose are announced simultaneously with the offering of bonds by other municipalities to cover the running deficits of their street railways.

In several states it is proposed by constitutional amendment or otherwise to remove municipally owned utilities from the restrictions hitherto set by law upon public debt, and further to enable municipalities specifically to pledge such properties under future bond issues, with rights of foreclosure to the creditors in the event of default. This principle, if it should come into vogue, would open public borrowing to the wide wind. For then a municipality could issue tax-free mortgage bonds to any amount for anything, for chain stores if it liked, unhindered by the ancient superstition that its bonded indebtedness should bear a certain relation to the assessed value of private property.

There is then the spirit of emulation.

Bureaumania

To have the biggest, widest, tallest, damnedest finest thing of its kind is the only becoming aspiration. Make do is an extinct notion. Make new is the impatient idea. The temptation is irresistible. Why wait for the desire's satisfaction when you can borrow the money and enjoy life now? The answer in favor of the present has been so enthusiastic that many cities, departed only five or six years ago from the pay-as-you-go principle, now find interest and sinking-fund payments on borrowed money consuming a quarter, even a third, of their entire revenue.

Detroit is an instance. It is one of the cleanest, proudest, most forward cities in the country. Six years ago it was on a pay-as-you-go basis—that is to say, it improved itself out of tax receipts. Then it launched itself upon a program of Roman perfection, with the idea that anything the people needed should be done for them. It educates them, of course, in any style—classical, professional, vocational. It is midwife to them, sending public nurses ahead of the stork, even to the very best houses. It looks to their arms and legs through a bureau of safety, to their entertainment through a bureau of festivals, to the feeding of their children through a bureau of nutrition, and to the state of their health through public clinics. It has a bureau of serology and a bureau of serological inspection; a bureau for the education of the anæmic, recreation camps, community centers, skating rinks, parent schools, school gardens, a bureau of sign inspection and a research engineer. On one impulse forty new civic activities have been added. They are all very laudable, and wherein they are exceptional or unique they are the envy of other cities.

But how they grow! The bureau of recreation began with $10,000. It is spending now $400,000 a year, and does not go far enough, as may be proved statistically. Only 35 per cent of the field is covered. There is no stopping any activity short of 100 per cent. School feeding at lunch time is justified on the ground that children to become good citizens must be properly nourished. Quite so. All the more, if you are a conscientious city, you cannot feel satisfied that your children are properly nourished if all you are sure of is that they

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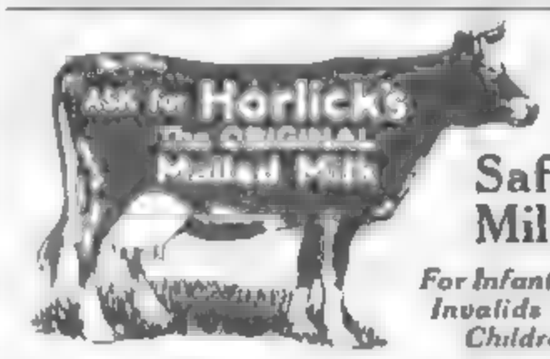

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get a good lunch, no matter how scientific that one meal is in calories and proteins. As that kind of city you cannot be content with anything less than three public meals a day for the future of citizenship.

In six years Detroit has spent or authorized to be spent more than $45,000,000 for additional schools. There is no legal limit to the amount of bonds that may be sold for schools. And the schools of Detroit, as they should be, are marvelous. There is the new intermediate high school that alone cost more than $1,000,000. It has, besides twenty-six class rooms, two music rooms, two art rooms, a model flat, three sewing rooms, three cooking rooms, two gymnasiums, two corrective gymnasiums, two play courts and two swimming pools, one for boys and one for girls. An hour of the school day is spent in the gymnasium and bath, and a special wonder of the girls' bath is an electrically driven hair dryer with a capacity of 100 heads an hour!

In this spirit Detroit has spent $100,000,000 of borrowed capital in the six years since it deserted the pay-as-you-go basis of living, its bonded indebtedness has increased from twenty-four dollars to $120 per capita, its tax levy has increased about fourfold, and it is nowhere near ready to stop. It is buying out its street railways and a $5,000,000 war memorial is projected. Its case is conspicuous, not unique, not at all exceptional.

Go to Amarillo, star of the Texas Panhandle. Amarillo City, with a population of perhaps 17,000 -according to the 1920 census, only 15,500—contains the Amarillo Independent School District; and Potter County, with a population of only a few hundred outside of the city, contains both Amarillo and the Amarillo school district. The point is that the people of the city, the school district and the county are all the same. In 1913 they had no funded debt. Then they began to issue bonds in the name of the county, in the name of the city and in the name of the school district, separately and independently. That is as they do it everywhere else; only here it is easy to see. The county knows nothing about the city's debt; the city knows nothing about the county's debt; neither the city nor the county has any official knowledge of the school district's debt. Yet they are all the same people. And now their per-capita bonded indebtedness is higher than the average per-capita debt of New York, Boston, Pittsburgh and Chicago.

Where the Money Goes

What have they spent it for? Why, for a new environment. It is a cattle-and-wheat town. It has no large industries. It hasn't enough water, and to get water for industrial purposes will increase the per-capita debt one-third more. But it has thirteen and a half miles of velvet streets, eleven miles of municipal street railway, three hospitals, a natatorium, two parks and twenty-seven blocks of white way; which is a finer white way, they tell you, than the one at Dallas; for on the Amarillo standards, eight to a block, are clusters of five lights each, whereas in Dallas there is but one light to a standard. Maybe it is two.

But wait! You have not seen the town. There is building in Amarillo a wonderful thing. It occupies one whole block. It is too big for a single name. It will be a Coloseum, museum, civic center, municipal building and American Legion banquet hall all in one—the biggest thing under one stage in all Texas. For that matter, the stage will be one of the biggest in the country. The seating—so the representative of the seating company told them—will be the most expensive in the world. In the whole world? Well, anyhow, in any public building you can think of—full-upholstered mahogany seats.

Ask them, "How did this idea crystallize?"

Answer: "The cattle people around here were talking about a place to hold cattle fairs. That gave us the notion."

"So all of this came from that. How interesting! And where is the place for the cattle fair? What part of the building is reserved for that purpose?"

They look embarrassed, and then begin to smile with you at themselves. There is no such place. The cattle were forgotten! The contractor has an inspiration.

"There's lots of room under the balcony for a cattle show."

There is, indeed! On the orchestra floor, just back of the full-upholstered mahogany seats.

So they spend it. That was the question at the point of digression—what did the states and cities and thousands of minor political subdivisions with power to incur public debt do with the $1,250,000,000 they borrowed each year on tax-free bonds? That is what they do with it. They are doing it everywhere.

The general manager of a Southwestern railroad stood for an hour in a little town gazing at a beautiful, an amazingly beautiful piece of architecture spanning a little stream he could have jumped across in two jumps. It was for the eye alone. The sight of it stunned him.

The rest of the day he spent guessing how much ballast and steel and new equipment he could have bought with the money that bridge cost. And the people of the town were denouncing him for the state of his railroad.

There are those, even thoughtful persons who say: "Suppose they do. Suppose they spend it for Colosseums. That's wealth, and the money isn't lost. It can be used again for anything else."

A Charge on Wealth

Of all the troublesome economic fallacies that will not lie, this is perhaps the one most insidious and subtle. True, the money can be used again—in time. But it has been disbursed from the reservoir of capital. For an indeterminate time it will pass from hand to hand. Before it can be used again to build freight cars, railroads, houses, factories, machines, or even another Colosseum, it must find its way back to the reservoir. That is to say, it has to be saved all over again. Moreover, a Colosseum is not wealth, any more than a pyramid. It is a charge upon wealth. You have first to create wealth. Then you can build Colosseums, not before. And a Colosseum creates nothing. It cannot reproduce itself. A brick, as such, is wealth. If you set it in a chimney it works. It is the means to a further creation of wealth. It enables men to produce either two more bricks or the equivalent in other things. But if you set it in a monument it is idle for all time. A monument—well, but take the exact illustration:

Wichita, Kansas, is a very rich city. In one year the investors in and around Wichita bought $30,000,000 worth of the tax-free bonds of municipalities. Among them were the bonds of Amarillo. In Wichita there is an important flour mill. This past year it has been working below capacity because it could not get enough freight cars. The railroads did not have the cars. There has come to be a chronic and very serious shortage of freight cars on the whole American railroad system. Now, if the Wichita investors had loaned that $30,000,000 to the railroads to build cars with instead of lending it to little municipalities to build Colosseums, Wichita's flour-milling industry might now be working at full capacity. Would that be better or worse?

The very municipalities that boast of their Colosseums pay for them dearly in ways that are indirect. They do not know it. Amarillo, for instance, derives its wealth from wheat and cattle. In October Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, comparing the price of wheat at Liverpool with the price at Chicago, estimated that the want of freight cars in which to move surplus wheat to seaboard for export was costing the American farmer nine cents a bushel dead loss. And at the same time, for want of cars, fattened cattle in the Texas Panhandle, as elsewhere, were either losing weight or eating up the cattleman's profit because they couldn't be shipped to market. And the town of Amarillo, in the midst of wheat and cattle, bursting its seams with pride in a Colosseum in place of which a mile or two of freight cars might have been added to the stock of railroad equipment!

The amount of capital saved each year is a definite quantity. No more. You may use it to build either civic temples or universal wealth-producing utilities. You cannot do both at the same time. Our transportation machine is creaking badly in its essential parts; it is starved for capital; it is unable to serve the vital needs of municipalities in an adequate and economical manner. Yet never were those municipalities so lustful to use capital in works of their own self-expression, most of them unproductive, even though intrinsically excellent.

(Continued on Page 113)

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH THE VALUE OF ART IN YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION

How school art stimulates self-expression

WHAT is more vital to your child's success in life than the development of his power of self-expression?

The young mind is absorbing impressions which are fast becoming a part of his store of knowledge. But, if he goes on taking in without giving out, his mind will soon be gorged with a mass of dead facts.

Always it has been the act of expression that has given an idea clearness and character. And yet this factor, self-expression, upon which the future of the child so largely depends, has too frequently been lost sight of.

This vital need now recognized

It is clear then that unless the child is to be the loser the work in home and school must stimulate this power in him, for self-expression enters into every phase of life.

When the boy becomes the man his success in business depends largely on self-expression, by word and by letter. When the girl becomes the home-maker her growth likewise depends on her ability to express her individuality in the home she creates and in the interests she acquires.

Today this problem is being met by many ingenious methods. Teachers are placing emphasis upon those subjects that allow the child to turn impression into expression. With classes in art they are developing initiative. The child is no longer a passive receptacle for facts; he is becoming a creator.

Mr. Gordon Strong says: "It is difficult to over-estimate the value of art as applied to manufacturing, or the need which we have as a people for education in artistic taste. All the way from architecture down, we spend our money on products a large proportion of which, at no greater expense, might have from twice to many times the artistic character."

What school art accomplishes

School art is no longer unrelated to the problems of daily life. It is, in fact, largely responsible for the changes for the better that are so familiar. Ginger-bread architecture has disappeared. Chromos are gone. What has become of the hideous furniture of twenty years ago? Today in every town may be found gift shops offering objects of real beauty, and at prices within reason. And it is just this sort of self-expression that school art facilitates.

This training turns the child's thought from the vague to the definite. With problems in design the schools are building habits of keen observation, perception and deliberation. The teaching of the hand to express adequately and the eye to see accurately is the very basis of self-expression.

Your active support is needed

In spite of the tremendous advance that has been made in school art, it is still backward in some communities. And this is largely because parents have failed to lend themselves to its support. For years the school boards, school superintendents, art directors and teachers have continued an uphill struggle against a discouraging public indifference.

It is important then, for the welfare of your child and every other child in your community, that you study your own school art situation and co-operate actively with the men and women who are attempting to direct the young thought into constructive channels.

And if there is no art work at all in your schools, you should individually and with other parents urge the adoption of such courses.

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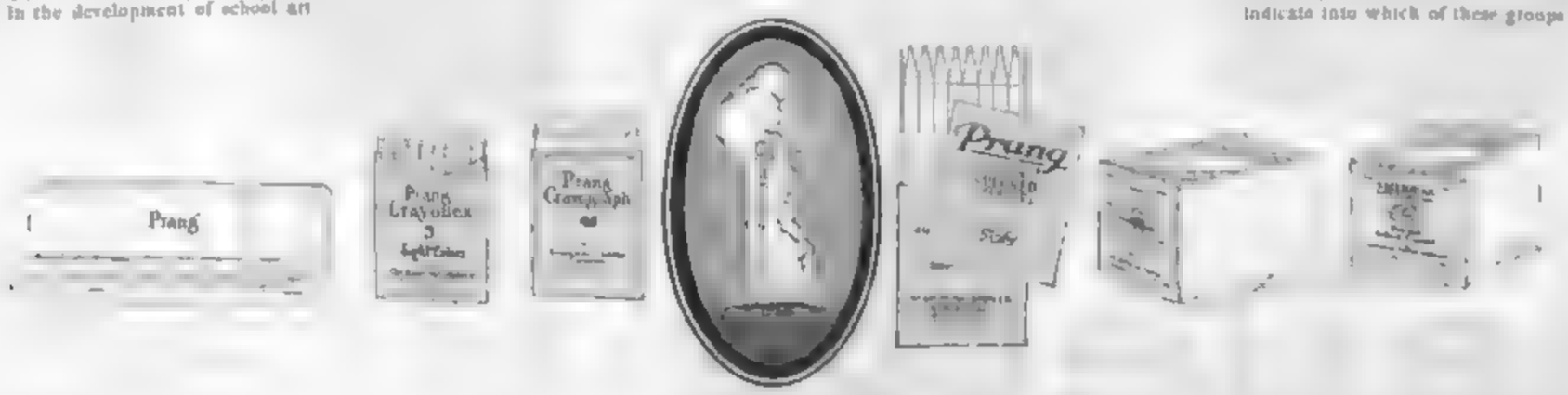

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(Continued from Page 110)

Something like that must have happened in Egypt. Pyramids rising; irrigation works falling into disrepair.

Another dangerous fallacy, very widely accepted for the reason that people wish it were true, is that by borrowing money you can get something for nothing. New Jersey offers the perfect illustration and the case is typical. The state was building a new highway system of 500 miles out of taxes, and would have completed it on the pay-as-you-go plan in about ten years. But people became ambitious and impatient. They wished to increase the system to 725 miles and they couldn't wait ten years. They wanted it all at once. So a $40,000,000 bond issue was moved and carried at the last election on the popular representation that by borrowing the money the people could get their roads immediately without any increase of taxation, without ever paying for them in any way that they could feel. How? Why, by applying to interest and sinking-fund payments on the bonds the $4000 a mile hitherto "wasted" in the upkeep of old roads. The assumption is that new roads costing $60,000 a mile can be maintained at a nominal cost—something less than 1 per cent a year.

The politician says, "Business prospers on borrowed capital. Why not a state in the same way?"

Because it is neither the same way nor the same thing. That is why. A business borrows capital to increase its profits; out of its increased profits it pays interest on the bonds and sets aside a fund to redeem them. But a state has no profits, no earning power. It is not a business. It derives its income from taxes. If a $40,000,000 bond issue for highways were moved on the argument that the new roads would so increase the value and productivity of property that people could well afford to pay higher taxes, then it would be on a sound business basis. But if a politician said that, he could not bring off the vote. People would not have it. He has to tell them they will get the roads and all the benefits for nothing. It is not so. It will not work out that way. And the difference between the cost of maintaining old roads that cost $10,000 a mile and new roads costing $60,000 a mile will not meet interest and sinking-fund payments on the bond issue. Taxes in the end will increase. It had been much safer to increase them in the first place.

Roads are wealth. Good roads are a very high form of wealth, almost no matter how they get paid for at last. And yet road building on a very wide and costly scale, in partnership fifty-fifty with the Federal Government, has both complicated and intensified the problem arising from tax-free bonds.

The Federal-Aid Scheme

In 1917 Congress created in the Department of Agriculture a Bureau of Public Roads, with authority to subsidize state and county roads to the extent of one-half their cost up to $20,000 a mile. A state intending to improve its highways submits a plan to the Federal engineers for approval. They adopt it. Thereupon it is certified to receive Federal aid. The state issues tax-free bonds for its half of the cost. The United States Treasury pays the other half out of the national revenues.

This began in a small way. The first appropriation was only $5,000,000. But it grew very fast. The Bureau of Public Roads outgrew the precincts of the Department of Agriculture. It now occupies one whole commercial building in the center of Washington, with a publicity bureau on the top floor—a publicity bureau for a bureau that is giving away money! Federal road aid has been apportioned among the several states, according to area and population, to the amount of nearly $400,000,000. There has been actually disbursed nearly $200,000,000, and 16,000 miles of road have been completed. But this is merely the beginning. The Federal-aid scheme contemplates 180,000 miles of highway connecting every county seat in the country. That would call for two or two and a half billions of Federal money.

The point to be made lies not against roads as such. Nor does it lie against the theory of Federal aid. That is a separate debate. The point is limited, and it is this: Each issue of tax-free bonds for road building on a fifty-fifty basis with the Government is another hole in the Government's income-tax law, and each issue of tax-free road bonds on that plan creates a demand on the United States Treasury for more money. Thus the Government's income is jeopardized by the multiplication of tax-free state bonds and its outgo at the same time is increased in a way that causes the Secretary of the Treasury to groan in his sleep. And it is in such fashion that the Government, as before said, nourishes the nullifying fact that lets away its revenue.

Now, it must have been seen that the evils arising from an annual output of tax-free bonds amounting to more than one-quarter of our entire capital supply are chiefly these:

The Federal tax law is defeated both in its theory and in its power over revenue. A way is provided whereby those very fortunes for which the high surtaxes were devised may legally escape any Federal tax whatever.

As the larger unearned incomes escape, the burden increases upon earned incomes. This is a form of discrimination elsewhere unknown and by no one anywhere defended. In Great Britain, where there has been long and intelligent experience with the income tax, it is the other way. Unearned incomes are taxed more heavily than earned incomes.

Enormous sums of capital that would normally flow toward industry and transportation are captured by the public borrower for uses that are wasteful and unproductive. Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, says:

"The constantly increasing volume of tax-free securities constitutes a real menace to the revenues of the Federal Government. The yield of the surtaxes is dwindling and there is a premium on the issue of bonds by cities and states. In the last analysis, this is at the expense of the Federal Government, and it is having a most unfortunate and far-reaching effect upon the development of the whole country because of the diversion of wealth from productive enterprise."

Professor Seligman's Opinion

Taxes increase at an alarming rate. In the cities it is notorious. In the country it is quite as bad. On a farm of 160 acres near Lincoln, Nebraska, owned by William J. Bryan and his brother, taxes increased in six years 500 per cent.

Loss of revenue to the Federal Government. As to this, Professor Seligman has said:

"Within a short time consequently, we shall have so large a part of the property of taxpayers invested in these state and local tax-exempt securities that the Government of the United States will have to do one of two things: It may in the first place have to increase the rate of its income tax to unheard-of figures. Instead of a normal 8 per cent tax we may have a normal tax of 20 or 30 per cent. We shall either have to do that or we shall have to get the money from the states as we did in 1912."

Per contra—as the accountants say when they try to balance the book—*per contra*, you must imagine thousands of miles of concrete motor roads glistening in the cornfields and prairies where only yesterday were dirt roads; you must imagine hundreds of the finest schools in the world; you must allow much for the cultural value of beautiful parks and libraries and museums and monuments and civic Colosseums. Probably never before in the history of the country, or any country, has civic environment been so rapidly improved. Yet there is the moral fact quite overlooked that as to many of these extremely desirable aesthetic possessions, if a community cannot afford to create them out of taxes direct, it cannot afford them at all.

There has suddenly appeared a very large literature on the subject of American cities—how to make them finer, cleaner, happier and more self-conscious. There are books without end, illustrated periodicals, technical journals. There is a city managers' manual and a city managers' yearbook, and the city manager is a new figure of importance in the world. Nowhere is the subject of finance more than glanced at. Attention is focused upon works for their own sake; works of substance and works of service. Each new activity begun has within it a power of growth and defense like an organism. There are so many fine things to be done and everything calls for money, more and more money. And by a curious irony the Federal Government, groaning at the loss of revenue entailed by the unchecked output of tax-free bonds, is

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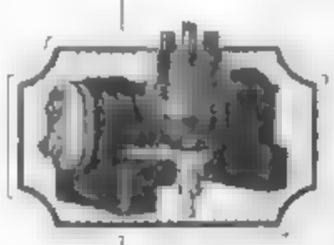

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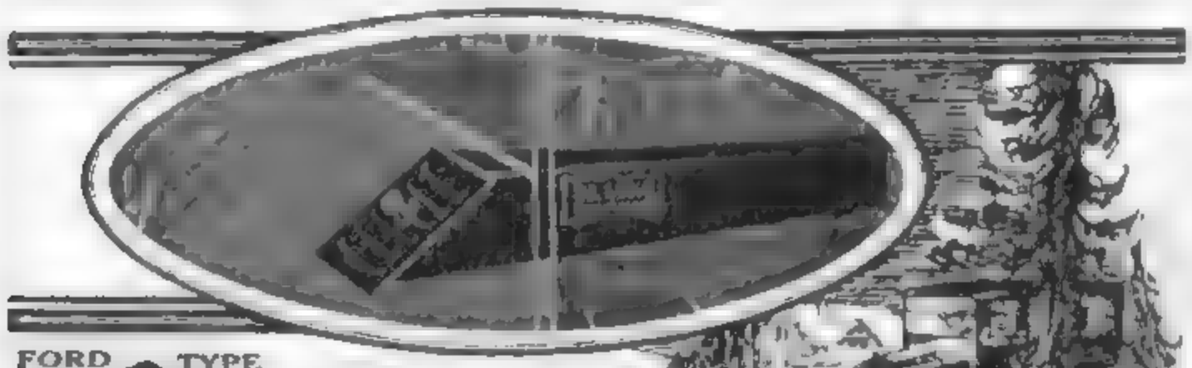

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through its own agencies, by propaganda or otherwise, encouraging municipalities to issue them. The Bureau of Public Roads encourages states and counties to issue road bonds. The board of education encourages municipalities to build larger and more expensive schools, and sets before them the advantages of issuing bonds for that purpose. And through the whole of it runs a subtle evasion, a kind of unconscious misrepresentation of the ultimate economic fact. The taxpayer, where he is in a majority at the polls, must be persuaded that taxes will not be increased, or, at most, very little. For if he has to take it out of his pocket at once he will say no. And where the direct taxpayer is in the minority the appeal is made to the majority that does not pay directly. This is in the large cities.

Meanwhile the Federal Government has clearly defined its own problem and now seeks a way out. President Harding has said:

"The tendency of wealth to seek nontaxable investments, and the menacing increase of public debt justify a proposal to change the Constitution so as to end the issue of nontaxable bonds."

The dilemma was but vaguely perceived in the beginning. In its present proportions it was quite unforeseen. This for two reasons: First, that one who had predicted the outpouring of tax-free state and municipal bonds that has occurred and is occurring would have been scoffed at, and, second, that there were many who thought the Government, through the constitutional amendment that made an income tax legal, had acquired the right to tax state and municipal bonds. That is still a very subtle question.

The reason we were so long free from a Federal income tax was that in 1895 the United States Supreme Court decided that an income tax, being a direct tax upon wealth, was unconstitutional because the Constitution said direct Federal taxes should be apportioned among the several states according to population, not according to wealth. Therefore in order to have an income tax at all it was necessary to amend the Constitution, and that took nearly twenty years more.

A Fine Point of Law

The amendment as finally ratified in 1913 is one of thirty words, known as Article XVI, and reads:

> The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever sources derived, without apportionment among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration.

What would you make of that? If the phrase "from whatever sources derived" does not give Congress the power to tax incomes derived from state and municipal bonds there is no sense in language whatever. The Hon. Charles E. Hughes, now Secretary of State, was governor of New York when the amendment was before the New York legislature, and he opposed ratification specifically on the ground that it did confer that power on the Federal Government. But there is much more to these matters than the sense of language. There is the question of intent. Nothing shall be read simply by itself. The Hon. Elihu Root, supporting the amendment, argued that the phrase "from whatever sources derived" did not give Congress power to tax incomes derived from state and municipal securities, but merely nullified and was meant only to nullify the old word of the Constitution that direct taxes should be apportioned among the states according to population. This became the prevailing view. Otherwise probably the states would not have ratified the amendment.

Now, the singular fact remains that although the question is practically closed, it has never been positively and directly decided as a matter of law. A state judge whose salary was taxed under the new Federal income-tax law refused to pay on the ground that the constitutional amendment, though it permitted the Federal Government to levy taxes without apportionment, did not give it the power to tax what was nontaxable before, and the salaries of state officials were not taxable before. Therefore he would not pay. The dispute went to the United States Supreme Court, which held with the judge, saying the constitutional amendment did not extend the taxing power of Congress to new subjects. It is a very fine distinction—much too fine for a lay person.

And still the pointed question, whether under the Sixteenth Amendment Congress has a right to tax the bonds of states, cities, counties and their subdivisions, has never been brought to the United States Supreme Court. To get it there the Federal Government would have to levy the tax, then select as a test example someone who had refused to pay and hale him to court. It might take two years to get a decision. In the meantime finance would stand in a state of extreme, perhaps disastrous, suspense; and besides, in view of the decision upholding the state judge who refused to pay the tax on his salary, the Government would expect to lose its case, wherefore all that time and labor would be wasted.

So the only practical way out that the Government can see is to amend the Constitution again. There now is pending in Congress a resolution which proposes to the states for their ratification a second amendment. It is to be unequivocal, so far as grammar can make it so; and also reciprocal. It says, or will say, specifically that the Federal Government shall have the right to tax the bonds of states, municipalities, and the like; and also, turn about, that the states shall have the right to tax the bonds of the Federal Government.

This idea is supported by the Treasury and by the Administration as a whole. Congress seems to be for it. There is a good deal of country-wide sentiment for it, too, because of the rise that has taken place in taxes. But it takes a long time, two or three years at the quickest, to get a constitutional amendment ratified by three-quarters of all the states, and it is always doubtful until the end. Meanwhile the output of tax-free bonds will continue. Nothing ever can be done about those already existing, or about those that shall come into existence while the amendment is being ratified, if ever it is.

Repudiated Obligations

Wall Street says the phenomenon will in due time limit itself. It will be limited by the borrowing capacity of communities. If they begin to exceed that capacity investors will turn away. But that capacity is relative, not absolute. It is an X factor.

Twice before in the history of the country the states and municipalities were seized with a mania to borrow money. Consequently in our financial annals are two very distressing chapters, under Repudiation.

The first of these two periods was from 1830 to 1840. In three years the public indebtedness of states increased fourfold. The money went for canals, turnpikes, buildings and other very important improvements. A good deal of it went into state banks that were to have made credit a cheap and democratic commodity, according to a delusion persisting to our time. After the ecstasy, black depression. In 1842 even such strong states as Pennsylvania and Maryland were temporarily unable to pay interest on their bonds. Three others defaulted. Two deliberately repudiated their obligations.

The second period was from 1870 to 1880, and that was a great deal worse. The amount of county and municipal indebtedness alone repudiated in this period was estimated at $1,000,000,000, which was then a colossal sum. That was besides what the states did. It is remembered that a great many reconstruction bonds were disowned by the Southern States at about this time. What the record tactfully fails to remind us of is that repudiation had its vogue both North and South.

A controversy arose as to whether public debts could be collected by process of law. It was settled by experience, not by logic. They were uncollectible. You might obtain a perfectly good judgment against a county, but what could you seize to satisfy your judgment? The courthouse perhaps. What would you do with it? To whom would you sell it? You might mandamus the county officials to levy a tax. Could you make them do it? And if you could, how would you make the people pay it?

One important city at this time was unable to find a good excuse for repudiating its debt. Still, it was resolved to do it, and hit at last upon the amazing idea of declaring itself nonexistent. It got the state legislature to annul its charter. Then whom or what could the creditors sue? It finally compromised with them for fifty cents on the dollar and became a city once more. It is in good credit again and borrowing heavily on tax-free bonds for improvements, among which is an amusement park.

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 23)

I am a strong believer in the League of Nations and am sure Mr. Wilson's devotion to that great cause was and is sincere.

During the Peace Conference in Paris I did everything in my power to bring about the coöperation of this country with our Allies, and still believe we shall have to join in some such movement before Europe can get out of her ghastly situation.

Many cables and letters passed between Colonel House and myself. I will print only the two following:

COMMISSIONER PLENIPOTENTIARY
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PARIS, April 25, 1919.

Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: Your letter of April 7th reaches me this morning and I want to write and let you know how much I appreciate both your cables and letters.

Of course we realize that the Covenant is not a perfect document, but no American who was on the ground while it was being formed, could fail to recognize the many and delicate problems we had to face and overcome in order to have a workable League.

Everything has been very tense here during the past week on account of the Italian crisis. Orlando has now gone home in order to try to work out something with his Parliament. I am sorry for him as he is one of the finest characters in the Conference. I hope we may yet be able to come to some agreement.

I have definitely decided to remain in England during the summer in order to work out with Lord Robert Cecil and some others, questions relating to the organization of the League. The sooner we succeed in getting it in shape to function, the better it will be for the entire world.

We are hoping that matters will be ready to close here by the end of May. We expect to detach "specialists" from now on as they finish their particular subjects, and only retain those who are actually needed.

With warm regards and good wishes, I am,
Your sincere friend,
(Signed) E. M. HOUSE.

HON. H. H. KOHLSAAT,
The Chicago Club,
Chicago.

It has been a great comfort to both the President and me to feel that we had your sympathy and support.

COMMISSIONER PLENIPOTENTIARY
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PARIS, June 26, 1919.

My dear Friend: Your letter of June 9th comes this morning. You can never know what a comfort your friendship has been during these trying months. In my opinion, no one has done more to further the cause of the League of Nations than you. Your influence is so great, and your suggestions are so practical that you have accomplished more than seemed possible.

I am leaving for London in a few days and in the future please address me in care of the American Embassy there.

I shall miss our dear Lady Paget. Of course, you know that she died here some weeks ago.

The articles you send from the Times, the New Republic and the Tribune are illuminating. I have read them with the greatest interest and will pass them on to the President.

With all good wishes, I am,
Sincerely your friend,
(Signed) E. M. HOUSE.

H. H. KOHLSAAT, ESQ.,
Chicago Club,
Chicago, Ill.

P. S. Since dictating this I have your letter enclosing the plan of the Princess Cantacuzène which I shall bring before those who are working on the Russian problem. Of course, matters have moved considerably since she wrote and doubtless to her satisfaction. I am also writing to her.

President Wilson left Paris in the end of June, 1919. After his arrival in Washington I saw him three times during July and August. During my first visit, July tenth, he dictated the following: "The President is open-minded as to every proposition of reasonable interpretation, but will not consent to any proposition that we scuttle."

To maintain privacy the President suggested I address the outside envelope to Mrs. Wilson, and inclose my letter in another envelope addressed to him.

On my second visit, about July twenty-fifth, he came into the Blue Room at 9:30 in the morning, looking very ill. He was weak and trembling.

I said, "You are too ill to take that long trip to the Pacific Coast. The heat will be intense in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. You will break down before you reach the Rockies."

With his voice full of emotion he said, "I don't care if I die the next minute after the treaty is ratified."

The President indulged in no heroics. We were alone. He meant it.

I suggested he postpone his trip three weeks and send for the Republican senators one at a time. He did so. After he had seen a dozen or more the threatened railroad strike took all his time and strength.

I saw him again August seventeenth and urged him to accept the Lodge reservations. He promised to send me a memorandum of just what changes he would stand for. I returned to New York and received the following letter on the nineteenth:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

18 August, 1919.

My dear Kohlsaat: I have not sent you the memo. we spoke of because immediately after I saw you I learned of the wish of the Senate Committee to come to the White House for an interview (a public interview), and it at once occurred to me that the best use I could make of the occasion would be to make my whole position as clear as possible, and I knew no exposition I could send you could reach you in time to be serviceable. I hope that the conference tomorrow will clear the air, in a sober and wholesome way. If it does not, other ways must be found. The editorial in yesterday's issue was a "cracker jack."

Cordially and sincerely yours,
(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

P. S. This is my own handwriting, though it may not look like it! W. W.

A few days later Mr. Wilson started on his trip to the Coast, and came home a wreck, September twenty-ninth.

October twentieth I wrote the President, again strongly urging him to accept the Lodge reservations rather than have the treaty rejected entirely, inclosing my letter in an envelope addressed to Mrs. Wilson. On the twenty-fifth I received the following note from Mrs. Wilson:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Oct. 23, 1919.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I am returning herewith your note addressed to the President. As the doctors insist nothing be brought to him which is not absolutely essential and not knowing the purport of your message I think you will appreciate the wisdom of their precaution.

Cordially yours,
(Signed) EDITH BOLLING WILSON.
(Mrs. Woodrow Wilson)

XLI

THE question has been asked many times—What caused the break between President Wilson and Colonel House? I recall that an admirer of President Wilson's career and policies was asked this question. He replied, "I believe Mr. Wilson is constitutionally incapable of sustaining a lasting friendship."

It is probable Mr. Robert Bridges, of Charles Scribner's Sons Company, and Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, both of New York, will protest this view, but whether

COMMISSIONER PLENIPOTENTIARY
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Paris, April 25, 1919.

Dear Mr. Kohlsaat:

Your letter of April 7th reaches me this morning and I want to write and let you know how much I appreciate both your cables and letters.

Of course we realize that the Covenant is not a perfect document, but no American who was on the ground while it was being formed, could fail to recognize the many and delicate problems we had to face and overcome in order to have a workable League.

Everything has been very tense here during the past week on account of the Italian crisis. Orlando has now gone home in order to try to work out something with his Parliament. I am sorry for him as he is one of the finest characters in the Conference. I hope we may yet be able to come to some agreement.

I have definitely decided to remain in England during the summer in order to work out with Lord Robert Cecil and some others, questions relating to the organization of the League. The sooner we succeed in getting it in shape to function, the better it will be for the entire world.

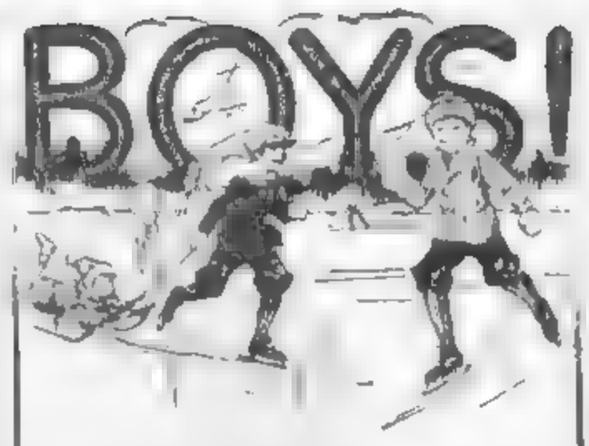
We are hoping that matters will be ready to close here by the end of May. We expect to detach "specialists" from now on as they finish their particular subjects, and only retain those who are actually needed.

With warm regards and good wishes, I am,

Your sincere friend,

Hon. H. H. Kohlsaat,
The Chicago Club,
CHICAGO.

The Letter From Col. House to Mr. Kohlsaat



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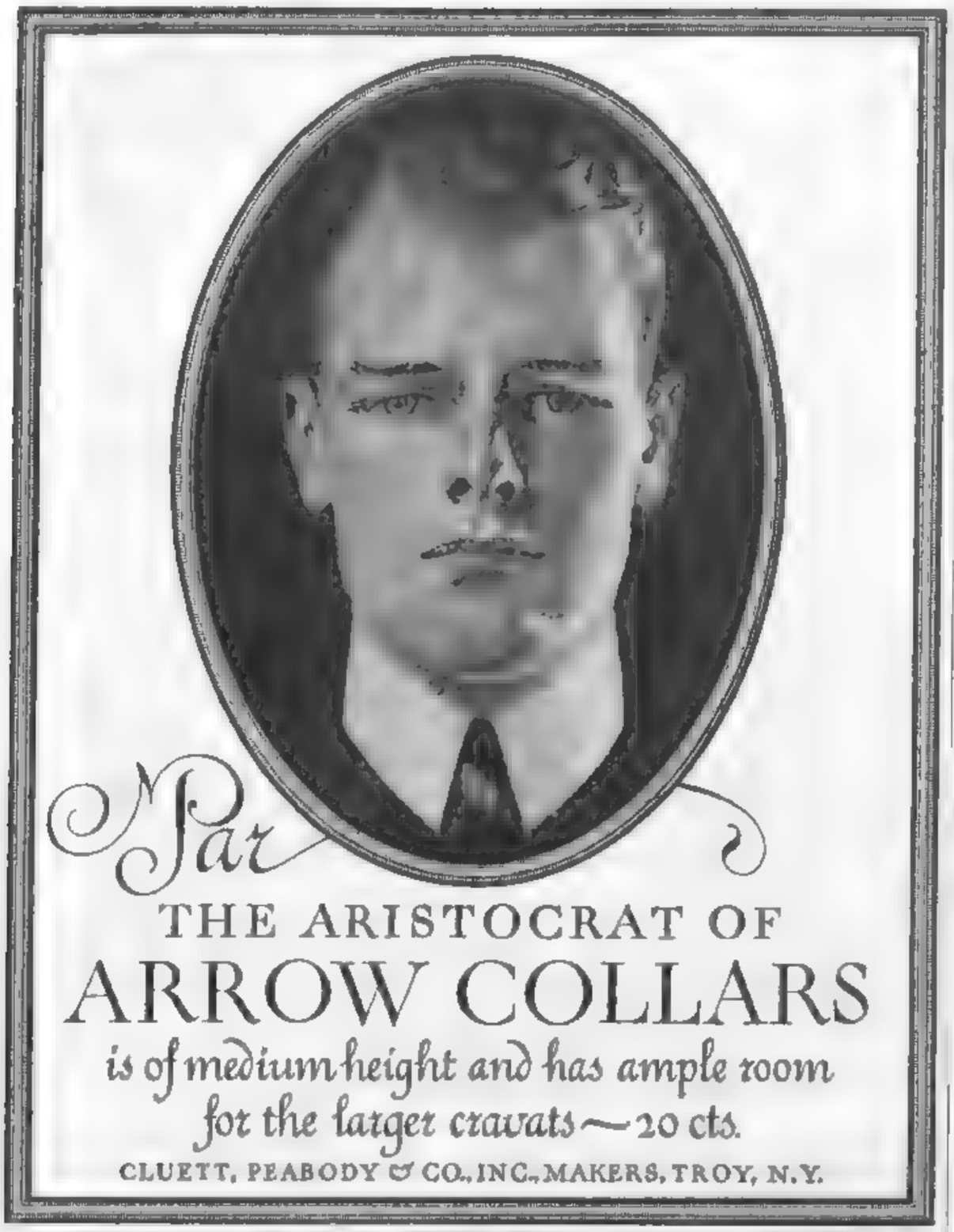
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correct or not it is my belief that if Mr. Wilson had retained the friendship and followed the advice of Colonel House he would have seen the League of Nations an accomplished fact, with over 90 per cent of the articles of the treaty ratified by the United States Senate.

I know Colonel House intimately. We walk together nearly every day. We have one bond in common—neither of us ever had any political ambition or desire for office. He has repeatedly told me he does not know why President Wilson dropped him; neither verbally nor by the written word has he received any explanation for the change in their relations.

Under great pressure to grant interviews, he has refused to talk or write on the subject. No man ever deserved the title of The Silent Man more than he.

When Colonel House realized President Wilson no longer sought his companionship or advice it cut him to the heart, but no one ever heard him utter a word of complaint. He greets the humiliation of the newspaper gibes with a smile. He knows he gave Woodrow Wilson all it was his to give—loyal, whole-hearted, devoted support, with not one thought of self. He probably could have had any office in the gift of the President or his native state of Texas, but declined every honor.

Under the nom de plume Pollio a writer in the New York Times, March 29, 1921, tells what he thinks caused the break. He says:

Mr. Lansing in his book "The Peace Negotiations," says with the exception of Colonel House the United States Peace commissioners were ignored by President Wilson in Paris.

The reference to Colonel House brings up the frequently asked question on both sides of the Atlantic, "What was the cause of the break between President Wilson and Colonel House?" No answer to that question has ever been made, simply because there was no break. A close friend of both men says that there never was any disagreement, verbal or written, and that Colonel House is completely in the dark as to the reason of Mr. Wilson's change in his attitude toward him.

The friendship began in 1911 and continued until about the time Mr. Wilson started on his trip across the continent in August, 1919, to make his plea for the League of Nations.

Colonel House was asked to remain in France by Mr. Wilson to be on call for any emergency that might arise after the President left for the United States in the end of June.

The President returned to Washington from his Western trip Sept. 29, completely broken down with a nervous collapse. On October 4 he had a stroke of paralysis and was unconscious for nearly a week and semiconscious for over a month. His partial recovery was very slow and for three months he saw no one but Mrs. Wilson, his doctors and his nurses. During that period all State papers were given to Mrs. Wilson first. If she was in doubt as to the possible effect that they would have on the President she submitted them to Dr. Grayson. If he thought that Mr. Wilson was strong enough to pass judgment on them without excitement, they were shown to him. If not, they were passed upon by Secretary of the Treasury Houston and one or two others in whom she had confidence.

When the President returned to Washington, a very sick man, and it was uncertain when he could again take up the duties of his office, Colonel House, who had been advised by surgeons in Paris to have an operation, decided to come home with Mrs. House. About the end of October he returned to New York, a very sick man.

For the next few weeks he had no communication whatever with the President, which fact was made a subject of much unpleasant comment and conjecture in the newspapers.

Since then there has been but little correspondence between the two and none of the old relationship.

The only possible explanation of the cause of the severance is one of deduction which the reader can draw for himself.

Mr. Wilson was an enigma to the European statesmen. His position was so powerful they wanted his help and influence, but did not know how to approach him. He does not encourage intimacy. As one of his greatest admirers, a well-known American, said: "I have known the President for many years and have great respect and admiration for him, but I would as soon think of striking him in the face as to slap him on the back or put my arm around his shoulder."

During the tense days of the Peace Conference President Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando, the so-called "Big Four," met nearly every day. Frequently Clemenceau would call on Colonel House, an old friend, and discuss the questions that were likely to arise. Premier Orlando and Lord Robert Cecil, representing Lloyd George, also an old friend, were constantly in conference with the Colonel, as were the Premiers, delegates and public men from every country represented in Paris.

Percy Hammond, correspondent for The Chicago Tribune at the Peace Conference, wrote:

"Mr. Wilson was visiting Colonel House when the British Premier's card came up. The Colonel, graciously excused by the President, returned soon after and resumed the conversation. A few minutes later M. Clemenceau asked for a private interview, and again Colonel House bowed himself out with apologies. He had been back but a short time when Signor Orlando was announced, requesting a moment's conference. Mr. Wilson once more waited, and on Colonel House rejoining him showed nothing of annoyance at the contretemps, but according to the casual historian of the Crillon, the incident darkened the landscape of a great friendship and the President and the Texan were intimate no more."

The Colonel is still true to his old friend. No expression of resentment comes from him.

To publishers who have approached him to write the inside facts of the Peace Conference, he has said, "I will write no book."

XLII

THE last Republican National Convention met in Chicago, June 8, 1920. It was a headless affair. A Mark Hanna was needed to guide the chaotic mass of delegates, many of them in a national convention for the first time.

The awful heat, the steaming crowds and the strike of hotel waiters made life almost unendurable for those poor mortals that were compelled to live in hotels and committee rooms. There was very little sleep for anyone.

Gen. Leonard Wood and Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, were the leading candidates. Friday afternoon and Saturday forenoon it looked as if Governor Lowden would be the nominee. He had proved himself to be a great executive. When he took office he found a little over five hundred dollars in the treasury and a lot of unpaid bills. At the end of his term, four years later, the state was free of debt and had a couple of million dollars in the treasury. Illinois at that time—1920—was a state to emulate.

Governor Lowden's fame had gone over the country. It was a period that needed a business administration in Washington to straighten out the aftermath of the World War. Friday, June eleventh, he led the voting with the largest number of delegates, but was defeated by the unfortunate blunder that was made of sending twenty-five hundred dollars to each of two men in Missouri. The money was sent to them for hall rent, music and other legitimate expenses.

The incident was seized upon as an attempt to buy the Presidency. It was a false issue, but it accomplished its purpose.

Saturday afternoon, the twelfth, Senator Harding was nominated, Governor Lowden throwing his delegates and influence to him. At night Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, was nominated for the Vice Presidency, the nomination he would probably have received if Governor Lowden had been successful and had control of the Vice-Presidency nomination.

Senator Harding made a dignified campaign, following the example set by Governor McKinley in 1896. He did not leave his front porch in Marion, but received delegations that called on him, and made speeches that were sent broadcast. His plurality of seven million in November, 1920, was the largest ever received by any candidate, on any ticket, for any office.

December 26, 1920, I wrote the President-elect that the newspapers reported he had applications for every office in his gift, and wondered if he had given the office of brutal friend to anyone. If not, I made application, as it was the office I had held under McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson.

He wrote me the following letter, which he has given me permission to publish:

UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARION, OHIO,
January 2, 1921.

MR. H. H. KOHLSAAT,
c/o The Biltmore Hotel,
New York City, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: It was a joy to have such a letter as you wrote under date of December 26th, and I will be very glad to have you accept for a full term of service the extremely important office which you have so aptly suggested. I have no doubt it is highly important and extremely valuable to have a brutal friend. I am sure it is exceedingly important to have some source of unfailing truth. If you will assume that responsibility you will be rendering both me and the country a very great service. I am always glad to hear from you and I would be glad to sit down now and chat with you for a half hour or more to get your view on pending problems. I had thought to ask you to do me that favor, but have been thinking perhaps you

(Continued on Page 121)

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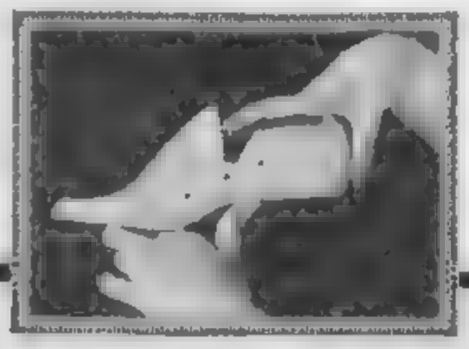
Start your children on the road to health with Buster Brown Shoes—the only shoes made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts — the shoes which develop the feet correctly and naturally. Then, at maturity, arch supports and other artificial aids to foot-comfort will not be a necessity.

Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00 and up. You will be delighted with the new styles shown, and also with the perfect fitting qualities and the service these shoes give. Made by Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, Manufacturers of Brown bilt Shoes for Men and Women.

The Brown Shaping Lasts gradually raise the arch until, at 15, the curves of arch and instep correspond with this illustration.



Each change is so delicate that it is hardly noticeable. Bones and muscles are gently but firmly held in proper position.

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

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Directed by HENRY KING

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HOW did the fury come into Boy Leyton's clean soul like the fury of the wind-lashed sea?

Though the old Captain battered and bruised his boy, to wipe from Boy's face the mother's look that was salt spray on the raw wound in his old heart (for there had been another man)—Boy kept his faith in his father and the shore-waiting image of Minnie in his heart.

Till the dying Captain told Boy the story, and his love for Boy, and swore him never to marry till he had squared the account with the other man.

Bitter hard for Boy and Minnie! But how were they to know—'til Boy meets his man on a storm-swept deck—that the Sea has a way?

Big with the passions of sea-going men. Strong in the fidelity of their shore-waiting women. Vivid with the life of the Limehouse.

"Fury" was created by the same author, director and star who made "Tol'able David" the winner of the Photoplay Gold Medal for the best picture of the year.

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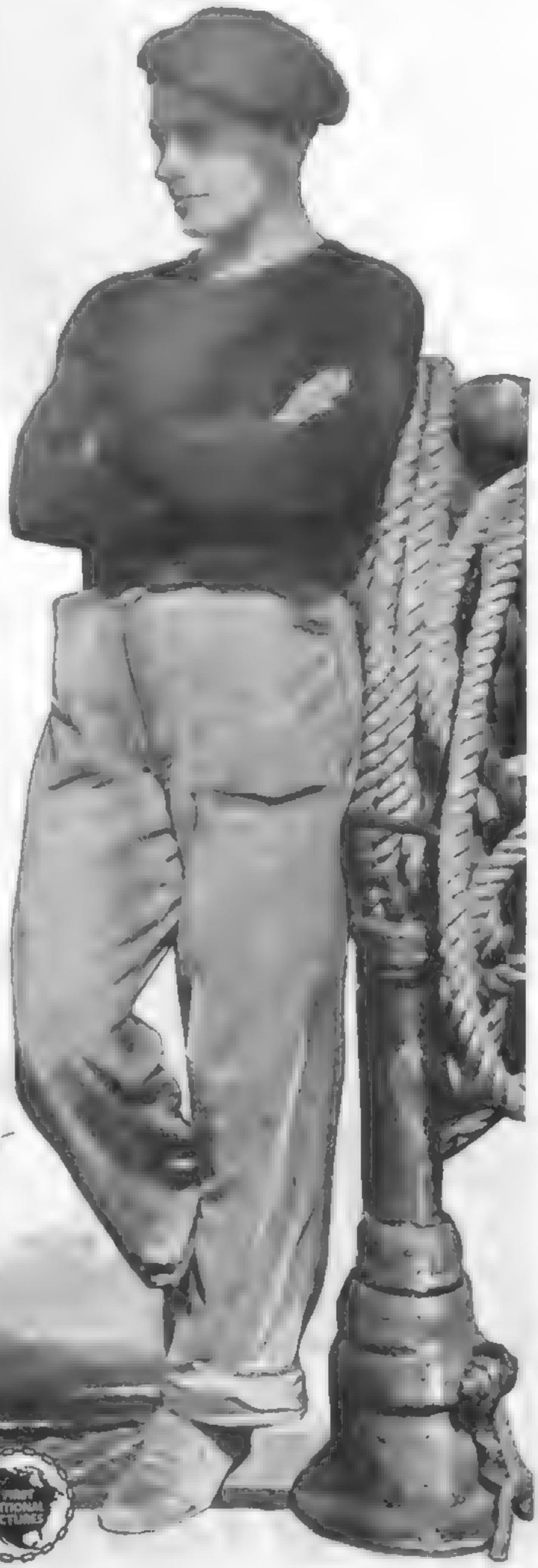

INSPIRATION PICTURES, Inc.
Charles H. Duell, President

A First National Attraction

(Continued from Page 118)

were going to take a run to the Southland and that I might more conveniently to both you and me see you in Florida during the early part of February. Pray do not wait to have me sent for you. When you have anything I ought to know see that it gets to me either in person or otherwise.

I am complying with your request respecting the return of Colonel Roosevelt's letter.

With very kindest regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) WARREN G. HARDING.

WGH-EBU

The letter from Colonel Roosevelt that Mr. Harding refers to was the following from Cairo, Egypt, as he came out of the Nile from his African trip:

CAIRO, March 27, 1910.

Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I have already told the Hamilton Club that if I speak in Chicago it will be to them, that is if I speak within the next six or eight months. So I cannot accept the Commercial Club's very kind invitation. I was greatly pleased with your editorial the other day in which you referred to Roosevelt's brutal friend! Good-by, "brutal friend."

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

H. H. KOHLSAAT ESQ.,
The Chicago Record-Herald.

President Harding has given me little opportunity to function as brutal friend. My only criticism has been his appointment of Colonel Harvey as Ambassador to England, and I am ready to modify that criticism as reports from London, through the press and returning travelers, indicate Colonel Harvey has gained the respect and personal regard of our English friends, and also of Americans who formerly were his strongest critics.

In October, 1922, Mrs. Harding was stricken with an almost fatal illness. Leading physicians and surgeons were summoned to the White House. Bulletins were issued at intervals, and the whole country was stirred with sympathy for the wife of the President, who, in eighteen months, had endeared herself to the people. She had taken deep interest in throwing the White House open to the public. Thousands passed through the historic rooms every day. She gave many brilliant social events attended by the diplomats and society people of Washington, and also lawn parties for wounded soldiers and sailors, and Easter egg-rolling parties for the children. When the doctors' bulletins were made public they greatly alarmed the country. Prayers were offered in nearly all the churches and in public gatherings for her recovery. I attended a luncheon in the Lawyers' Club in the Trinity Building. There were several hundred men present. A gentleman rose and rapped for order and asked the waiters to stand still in their places and then said, "Gentlemen, I will ask you to stand for a moment in silent prayer for the recovery of the wife of our chief magistrate." The waiters stood with their trays held high in the air, and the members of the club with their heads bent in silent prayer. It was a sight I shall never forget. Mrs. Harding has taken her place beside Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Roosevelt as a White House hostess.

The Harding Administration by the conference called for the limitation of armaments, November 11, 1921, when Secretary of State Hughes electrified the world with his proposition for disarmament, will, I believe, go down in history as having done more to advance the cause of peace in the world than has been accomplished in two thousand years.

I hope I do not violate a confidence when I tell of a talk with the President in January, 1922, about a week before the signing of the treaties by the powers gathered in Washington, and some two months before they were ratified by the Senate.

We were sitting before the fireplace, where a few sticks of wood blazed brightly. Resting his head wearily on his hand, gazing into the fire, the President said in substance:

"The success or failure of this Administration depends on the ratification or rejection of these treaties. Every Administration's name in history rests on one or two acts. If these treaties are ratified by the Senate, then this Administration's name is secure in history. If the treaties are defeated nothing I can do the balance of my term can be more than of passing interest, which will be forgotten in a few years."

The reader can find no better theme for thought and discussion than to enumerate the great acts of our Presidents. Try it.

XLIII

I HAVE a dear friend ninety-seven years old living in Galena, Illinois—Mrs. John G. Baker. She held me as a baby in 1853. When McKinley delivered the first Grant-birthday oration in 1893, in Galena, I took him to call on Mrs. Baker in her one-story brick cottage, two rooms deep. She led him to the kitchen, a lean-to, and had him dive his hand into a tin box filled with gingersnaps; she told him I used to do the same on my way home from school in the early '60's. McKinley complimented her cooking highly.

In 1900 Colonel Roosevelt was the orator of the day. After his speech he went to the little cottage on the hilltop and was put through the same experience. He stuffed his pockets and between bites said, "By George, Mrs. Baker, you make the best gingersnaps I ever tasted!" Both McKinley and Roosevelt were governors when they called on Mrs. Baker. It is doubtful if any other little cottage ever entertained two Presidents-to-be—men who were to fill so great a place in the world's history; perhaps Mrs. Baker's gingersnaps had something to do with it.

When President McKinley entered the White House, Mark Hanna was a daily visitor and often dined with the President and Mrs. McKinley. I was present one evening, along with eight or ten others. Mr. Hanna was among the guests. He had what he called chalk on the knee. It hurt him very much to get up and to sit down again. McKinley was more active than usual, passing from one guest to another. Etiquette demands everyone must rise when the President does. Hanna had gotten up a half dozen times or so with great difficulty and pain.

Finally he blurted out, "William, for God's sake sit still!"

McKinley laughed and said, "Mark, you are absolved from getting up when I do for my full term of office."

During the Red Cross parade in New York, May 18, 1918, Victor F. Lawson, of the Chicago Daily News, and I called on President Wilson at the Waldorf Hotel to urge him to advocate universal military

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training. It will be remembered Mr. Wilson, on foot, led the Red Cross nurses' parade down Fifth Avenue. After the procession had broken up I was passing Delmonico's, corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street. Three little ragged East Side girls stood talking together on the sidewalk. One about four years old was crying

Her sister, a girl of eleven or twelve, said, "Shut up! You make me tired. You are the darnedest kid I ever see. Yesterday you were crying for an all-day sucker, and today 'cause you didn't see the President."

Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury in McKinley's cabinet in 1901—when McKinley was assassinated—and Elihu Root, Secretary of War, who is now seventy-seven, are the only members of that cabinet living. Mr. Gage, now in his eighty-seventh year, wrote me on June 16, 1922, as follows:

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA,
June 16, 1922.

MR. HERMAN H. KOHLSAAT,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Kohlsaat: During the passing years, which have flown so swiftly, I have been frequently visited by returning thoughts of you. These thoughts of you were always bright and cheering in their nature, containing in no degree whatever, as so frequently happens, any element of the disagreeable.

No! The current of friendly sentiment has flowed steadily on uninterrupted by back wash or disturbing rapids, and I have carried the hope that reciprocally the former days with their memories of our friendly intimacy, possess an undiminished value of their own to you. With me they are endearing pictures which brighten my days.

It isn't much the fashion for men to indulge in sentimental expression to their fellow men, but age has its privileges and immunities, and into that group we call the aged, I have come. You, yourself, will join that group, when time allows, and even now the disparity in years, is hard to realize, since I feel assured the hearts of both of us still beat with the spontaneity of life's full vigor.

The foregoing is rather a long preface to what I am now impelled to write. Impelled I am at the moment by the reading of your articles in the "Saturday Evening Post."

Speaking generally of these articles, they are charming by their naive frankness and bring into vivid life the historical and political events of twenty-five years ago. Numbers of my friends have expressed their delight in the reading of them.

To some of them, it is a story of "long ago," but to me, it's as fresh as the happenings of yesterday. Of course, to me and mine, it has the added value of personal reference and I feel quite "set up" and revivified by your most kind and friendly narration as, in a modest way, I am involved therein. I see that Brother Lodge is not satisfied with your statement of memories concerning him. But as for me, why I'll stand by Kohlsaat.

I shall be looking for the articles yet to come with growing interest. Having had my "day in court," I shall be glad to be now dismissed from further notice, and pleasantly reflect that of me there will be no probability of "further mention."

I congratulate you on the quality of your presentation. It is a decided contribution to the gathered facts which go to make up history. I am glad you are doing it, and join my thanks to all the others you will deserve and no doubt will receive.

Not knowing your address at the moment, I am mailing this to Chicago, on the theory that you will get it in due course, wherever you may be.

Cordially yours,
(Signed) LYMAN J. GAGE.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—In an interview sent out by the Associated Press, June 5, 1922, Senator Lodge denied he had received from me a copy of the Gold Plank adopted by the McKinley Managers, June 12, 1896.

If the Senator from Massachusetts will read Page 325 of "The Autobiography of Thomas Collier Platt," Senator from New York, written in 1910, he will find the following paragraph:

"That night Governor Merriam came to Mr. Platt, and Mr. Kohlsaat went to Senator Lodge with a draft of the original Hanna Plank with the word 'Gold' inserted," etc.

The "original Hanna Plank" was written Friday, June 12, 1896, and was accepted that night by Governor McKinley after a long distance telephone talk with Melville E. Stone and Myron T. Herrick.

Senator Lodge says he arrived in St. Louis Sunday, June fourteenth, two days later. Consequently, he had no hand in "forcing Mr. Hanna to accept the word 'Gold.'"

Senator Platt is in error in stating the interview "between Senator Lodge and Mr. Hanna took place Sunday night." It took place Monday morning, June fifteenth, between 10:30 and 11:00 o'clock, in Mr. Hanna's room, as related in my article in this magazine, May twenty-seventh.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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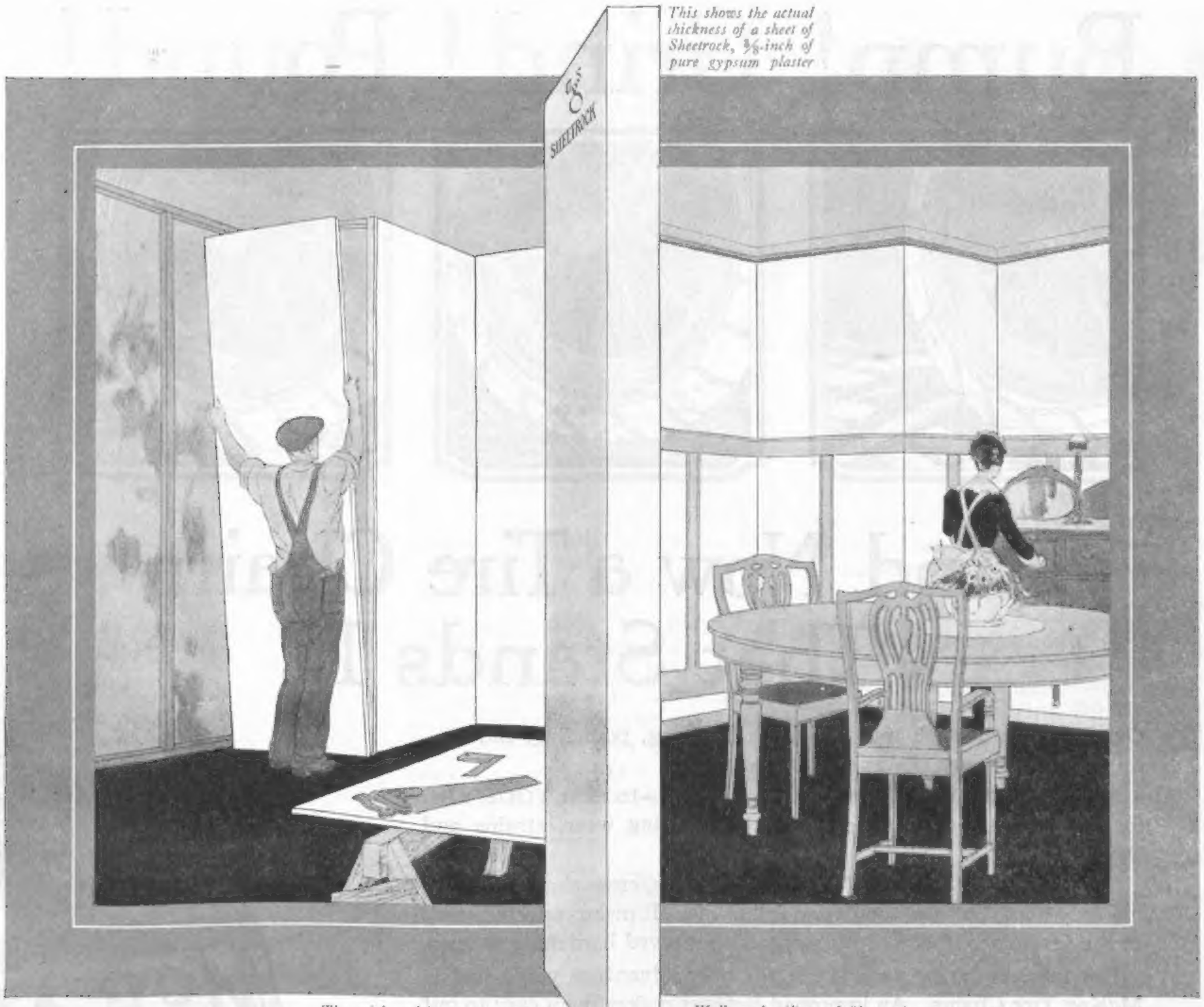

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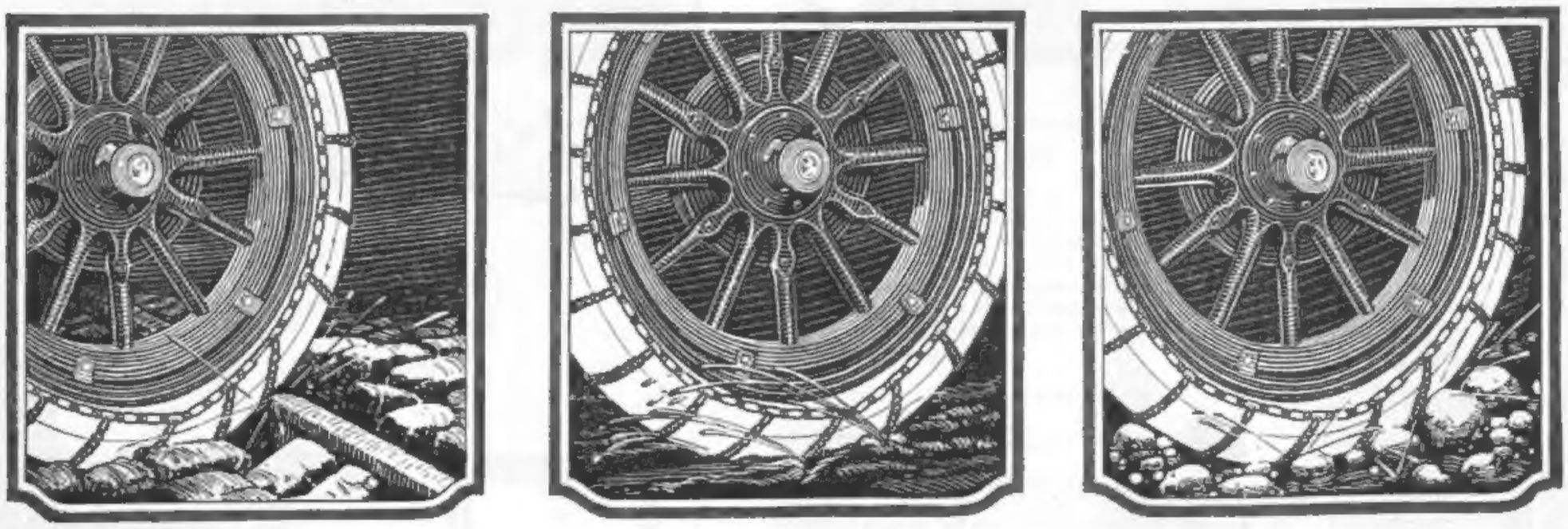

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